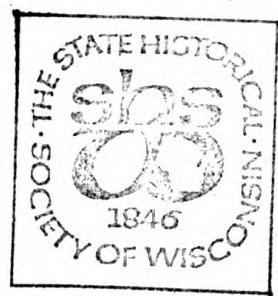


A DIARY
OF MY WORK OVERSEAS



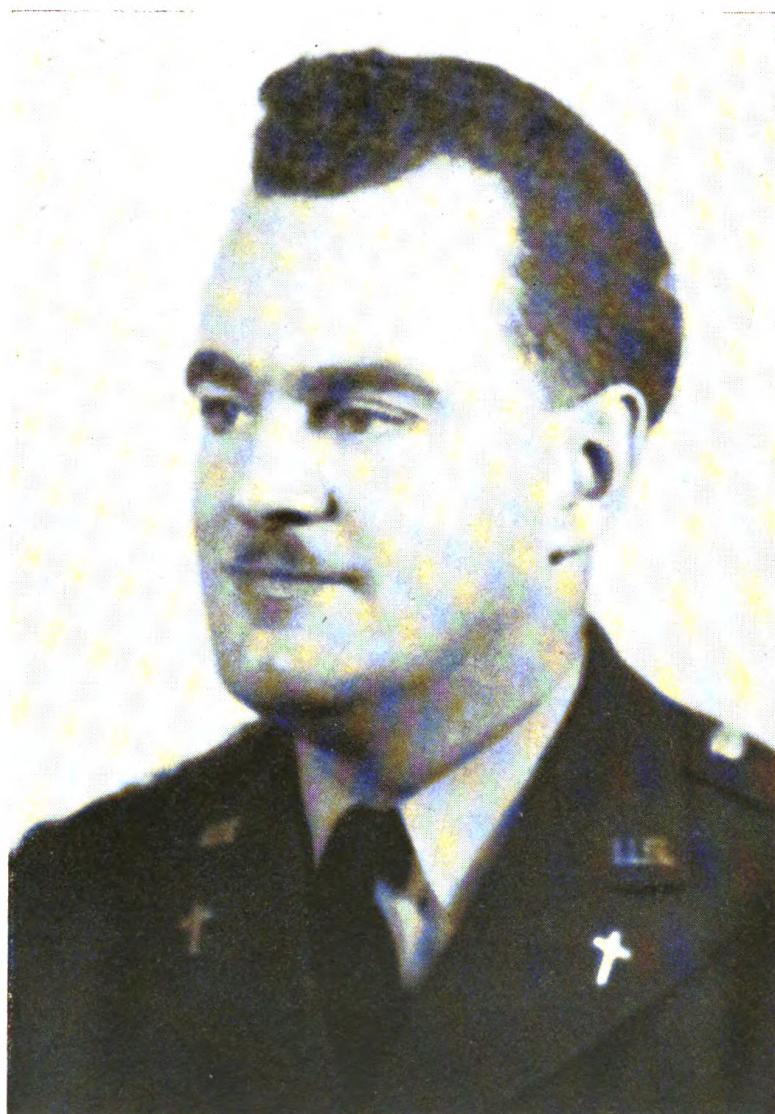
CAPTAIN CLYDE E. KIMBALL



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A DIARY OF MY WORK OVERSEAS



A Diary OF MY WORK OVERSEAS

By

CAPTAIN CLYDE E. KIMBALL

*Chaplain of the 1128th Engineer Combat Group
United States Army*

NASHUA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

1947

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Citation

SILVER STAR

“For gallantry in action on 19 December 1944 in * * *. When medical personnel was not available to render aid to a unit suffering heavy casualties near * * * Chaplain Kimball, displaying great personal bravery, volunteered to pass through fierce enemy machine gun fire in an effort to render treatment and to evacuate the wounded. While on his courageous mission, he was ambushed by infiltrating Germans and received severe wounds which resulted in his death. Chaplain Kimball’s conspicuous valor and unflinching devotion to the welfare of his men reflected credit on himself and the military service.”

1942

AUGUST 20. It is terrifically hot in many parts of the ship and I'm in an inner stateroom without a porthole. Our poor men are necessarily in crowded places. I've been down to them several times. I hope in my inevitable lonely moments I'll remember my many blessings, such as the extra times with Ellen. At this moment, just before we pull out, the actuality of the separation begins to be a reality—and I can't dwell on it.

AUGUST 21. So short a time since I saw Ellen, yet so long it seems already. But I am so sure of her constancy that I can stand the long time away. We are at a beautiful port. I wish the boys could see the amazing number of ships. It's night, and as we came in, a band on one played for us. I never saw so many ships, scores and scores of them. Two sunken Norwegian ships were a grim reminder that this was no pleasure trip. Evidently convoys are forming here for Russia and the British Isles. I am taking a phonograph over the ship for the men and calling in the "sick bay."

AUGUST 22. Called on fifteen in the hospital. I have busy hours; have a phonograph and records which I loan here and there on shipboard; listen to tales of woe; plan for church, etc. Have been made duty officer for four hours daily in section D-1, six decks down! The rolling is more apparent there, and the heat terrific. Afraid I may get seasick, and I am breaking army rules by doing it, but ? ? ? At ten p. m. I was in my stateroom conferring with two men, when we heard a loud explosion, or rather two explosions. Those on deck reported a flash of light nearby. Some say it was a torpedoing; others say several ships collided; they saw sparks as steel hulls scraped. Have put the clock ahead an hour twice.

AUGUST 23. Last night's occurrence has everyone speculating. There are four of us chaplains on board. I had service in the lounge for two hundred and fifty. They draped the British ensign over a table and a white cloth, and the Stars and Stripes on the wall. I also had a service for twenty-five Jews, spent four hours down below, and called on men in the jail. The Gulf Stream makes it warm and muggy. Have my clothes in a pressing place on board. Looks like there was a longer voyage than I anticipated. They had a show last night, which will be repeated several times in various locations. Imagine twice the population of Suncook here! They stay up half the night, but tired me must go to bed to dream of his loved ones.

AUGUST 24. This was on the bulletin boards: "Hdg., 'Duchess of Bedford,' Office of C. O. of Troops, at sea, on the Atlantic, August 24, 1942. The following information is an explanation of the occurrence that happened the other night. The transport is safe in harbor. It collided with a destroyer. A second destroyer proceeded to scene, was rammed by a tanker. Depth charges exploded. The destroyer, U. S. S. 'Ingram' sank. Tanker and damaged destroyer proceeding to port under escort. Copy from Admiral to convoy." This saddened everyone. I have just come in from the deck; the sea is like rippling satin under a full or nearly full moon; but the rails are lined with officers and nurses, two by two—and I feel as lonesome as a—I guess a skunk in a parlor! It's not been a very easy day for me. I was way down below with the men for four hours, then three hours in a chaplain's office we rigged up, then hospital calling, so I was below from breakfast to supper. The clock went ahead another half hour last night and again tonight. We are interested to see swallows here far from land. Some say they have seen porpoises. Everyone greets me in a most friendly manner.

AUGUST 25. Since we heard oranges were \$3.00 each in Europe we have fun eating one at night. Lt. Weyler is getting his three dollar's worth! He puts his face right in it and gets it up his nose! Our time goes ahead another half hour—that's three and one half hours ahead —means

lost sleep, and tonight I go below to be with the men in case of emergency. For the second year I missed Clyde Jr's birthday. Last year I was in Louisiana in the war games—this time I am out on the lonely North Atlantic. We had boxing matches on deck. The sea is very calm, and seems more so in such a large steady going ship, 20,128 tons.

AUGUST 26. Thank goodness I'm a busy man, or I'd be still lonelier. I have been 'tween deck, four to eight a. m. and in my office. Had a number of English sailors in from the crew. Gave out Testaments, etc. One wanted to pay (others also) and when I refused brought me cigarettes and matches to give to some "broke" American soldier. Another has come home three times to a newly bombed home. It sure would thrill my boys to see the escort we have and the maneuvers they do. Definite announcement that we are en route to Iceland; a surprise to many. Three-fourths of those on board are southerners, or northerners transplanted to the south—and now Iceland! I think I prefer it to the tropics.

AUGUST 27. We are three and a half hours ahead of New York time. Have to take this into consideration when wondering what home folks are doing. Saw a spar from wrecked ship floating by. There must be many such grim souvenirs of torpedoings. It's midnight and I'm finishing a two hour stretch in my office downstairs and a four hour stretch in the troop quarters. (The only chaplain to do duty with the troops.) I'll set my clock ahead half an hour, making four ahead. Have a new duty now. At muster for lifeboat drill, the chaplains have to entertain the men while they stand around in groups for an hour—lead in singing, have tug-o-war, etc.

AUGUST 29. Increasingly rough—a long swell. Most of the convoy left us at "Iceberg Crossing," also known as "Torpedo Junction," two hundred miles or so off Ireland. Ultra clear weather. How strange to see the ships turn and dwindle and disappear—old friends with whom much had been shared. A big British Sutherland flew over. We lost our destroyer escort as they turned for England. Picked up smaller British destroyers, amazingly well camouflaged. We

are four and a half hours ahead of E. D. T. I had a "command appearance" at the cabin of the ship's captain. He is seen by few; is in his room or on the bridge nearly twenty-four hours a day. A picturesque, bearded, desk pounder. Led the singing at a boat muster. Went into various depths of the decks announcing services. Spent a number of hours in my office and with the troops. Ten days or ten years since I saw Ellen?

AUGUST 30. What a busy day! Up early for a 7:30 communion service, then missed 8:30 breakfast because of sudden onset of seasickness. Back up to preach to 225 in a troop dining hall at 10:30; then 11:15 Jewish service. Then at 2:00 conducted memorial service for the Duke of Kent, who was killed while flying to Iceland. 400 attended. At 8:30 I'll preach again. The memorial service was difficult. To be sure to use proper liturgy and say appropriate words, and keep on my feet in a rolling ship, while not feeling too good, was hard, but I am persuaded God has always helped me in such times. I guess this was my most unusual Sunday ever. Reports are that we stop at our first port and drop the 49th Station Hospital and some tactical units. At 10 p. m. a picture could be taken; at 11 p. m. a newspaper could be read.

AUGUST 31. Reached the country during the night. We may take several days to our port. Chaplain Hart and I stayed up late last night. The ship went through complex maneuvers, heading at one time or another in every direction. Probably subs nearby. In the morning we woke to find our three ships, the "Ormande" and a tanker, and the "Duchess" in the harbor of Reykavik, capitol of Iceland. This city has 40,000—one-third of the total population. Surrounded by ocean and towering mountains. Met Col. Stewart, a British C O, who at start of war was listed as "too old," and has since been in the battles of France and Norway and now is off to head a Tank Force Commando unit! Lost his son, twenty-one, a pilot. He saw boatload of survivors of a torpedoing brought in here; machine gunned in their lifeboat—twenty-eight arms and legs amputated from twenty-two occupants. In the two weeks preceding our arrival, planes have bagged two subs, and one plane. Underwent a red

air alarm, Jerry high overhead. Up anchor and off around west coast between Greenland and Iceland.

SEPTEMBER 1. Awoke to find we were going up a long fjord. Rain didn't keep us from seeing beautiful mountains. Ice and snow high up, tiny, neat farms clinging to the mountain side. British destroyers on either side serenaded us with American songs on "gramaphones" with loud speakers. The blackbearded young skipper of one megaphoned "This is a conducted tour up the Riviera."

SEPTEMBER 2. Shipbound. Fascinating, however, to watch the huge holds begin to empty. Jerry planes overhead brought a red alarm. (Heard much later, thru N. Y. paper, that he was bagged.) Brr! I'm cold,—two-thirds of those on board just came from the south of the states. It is rainy and damp. Sent folks cablegrams yesterday. I believe by now Ellen has the "safe arrival" cards. I long to hear from her, but I'll be patient. One poor fellow wrote that he hadn't got an answer from his wife, so he wasn't going to write! How could he hear in the middle of an ocean! I'm itching to visit the town so near and yet so far. Last night people could be seen going to a church service.

SEPTEMBER 3. This day was highlighted by an officers' call addressed by General Chambers, EDA commander. He told us that General Bonesteel is C. G. over all allied troops in Iceland. We are under General Eisenhower, C. G. of the European Theatre. Two areas, EDA and WDA (Eastern Defense Area). I'll be in the Eastern Sector, EDA under Lt. Col. Blair, Inf. Must be alert: there have been deaths by exposure; eight, for example, on the mountain behind our hospital site. Some have burned to death, when wind shipped sparks. Wind will blow buildings away, make crawling on ground necessary. Except cities, roads are one way; drive on left, from turnout to turnout. Only emergency trips in thaws, roads easily caved away. On twenty-four hour alert; especially our section, only three hours from Jerry air base. Work by British defense schemes 'till U. S. plans given out. No Britisher leaves gun or any post, till relieved by Yank. Adjacent camps hold different reveille, etc. to keep from

giving Jerry a pattern. For chaplains, any day is Sunday. British twice had church parades strafed. Must learn code words. Don't spend meager daylight hours inside. Watch for suicides, mental cases, perverts. Good recreational facilities, Red Cross helpers. Some outposts isolated at times. Ammunition available, but not in guns. On pass, unarmed. No man in Class V doing guard duty. All pay in Icelandic money, business forbidden in U. S. money. Strict fishing laws. No marriages. Icelandic girls under eighteen don't go out in society. Keep children out of camps. Remember, living on someone's land. No beer or liquor in possession in town. Sober twenty-four hours a day.

SEPTEMBER 4. To town at last. Changed my good American money for Icelandic paper and coins (base metal). With Chaplain Inglis, British, who goes home on the "Duchess," I called on Sirra Fredrik Raphna, (Bishop Fred the Raven,) Bishop of Northern Iceland. My first introduction to "coffee and cakes" an Icelandic must. At 4:30 p. m. we left for our next stop. Full speed, or nearly so, into storm, unaccompanied. All U. S. troops except 8518 and 0444 shipments now off. A sub that followed us was bagged the next day. Between eleven and midnight, we went into the Arctic Circle, and the weather felt it. By crossing this imaginary circle, I have become a "Bluenose",—four times I almost left on voyages across the Equator, here I am in the opposite direction. Actually we crossed the Circle twice.

SEPTEMBER 5. Awoke in the morning to find we were in a very narrow fjord. Mountains almost near enough to touch—scores of waterfalls. About noon, the English padre, Chaplain Inglis, was in my stateroom to hear my Board of Education religious records. I put on the Easter one—the voice said, "There was a great earthquake" and—boy! I felt one, then a whistle. Jerry roared out of the clouds to drop three bombs. Two whistled into the water near us, and one hit the shore road, injuring four boys, the age of mine. One had to have a leg amputated. How bad I felt for them. What targets Jerry missed—a fuel tanker to which were tied on one side, two destroyers and on the other three subs, our 20,128 ton "Duchess" and the British aircraft carrier

"Avenger", a freighter, and several other destroyers—all huddled together—and seven or eight subs.

SEPTEMBER 6. Last night we went through extremely mysterious maneuvers: eventually discovered our anchor had been inadvertently put down among the mines and had to be cut loose. Our first taste of Icelandic gales sent the ship round and round, on one anchor, while three destroyers and several drifters loaded with British troops waiting to board followed us around. Hours later they got aboard. At dawn, after a thorough scouting for subs, reported waiting by our destroyers, we went out at full speed. As we neared the fjord at about nine, Jerry in the shape of a Focke-Wulf, came overhead, and was in and out of sight for an hour. All personnel were ordered below, but I persuaded the Britisher, the padre belonged outside. We were bombed three times, the ones I saw straddling us, one altogether too near where I stood. How our guns roared, the ship being better armed than the aircraft "Avenger" we saw yesterday! Kept him up three to five thousand feet. American made, British owned, Norwegian flown Northrups came out and one was fired on by a destroyer. We anchored at last but one anchor would not hold us in the gale. I heard the order given to up anchor and head for England! And then the wind stopped and we piled hastily off to land in our new home for ??? months. Our hospital we found to be half built. We are billeted with a group of Fifth Engineers. Red air alarm, Jerry high overhead. Had a triple faith service for 90, carrying guns, helmets, and gasmasks. Another red alarm as I gave the benediction. An American supper of beans and hamburg, after weeks of English food. Still another red alarm called us out under the brilliant Northern Light.

SEPTEMBER 7. Cold wind gone. After breakfast, Lt. Wayne Southwick and I took the nurses on a hike up to one of the beautiful waterfalls for a view of distant sea, glassy fjord, boats making victory V's, spectacular mountains, and the welcome sight of two Lockheed P-38's that might have done wonders yesterday. They cruised around for a couple of hours. Visited "Hyde Park" and "Mindon", two of the camps. After supper, supervised unloading at the wharf.

Went on board the freighter and caught two fish by a queer, unsporty method of pulling a bare hook through the water. Two hundred were caught this way.

SEPTEMBER 8. More reconnoitering the fjord. Awkward situation being at Engineer camp, while forced to set up a makeshift hospital and several dispensaries elsewhere. My work is in the same fix. Transportation consists of a few—too few—British desert type trucks. We certainly will never take pleasure rides bumping over these roads in the back of these trucks. The Jewish New Year is three days away, so I spent considerable time sending appropriate cablegrams for them.

SEPTEMBER 9. A day of bumping up and down our one road in the back of the truck (higher rank gets the front seat). Found the British Y. M. C. A. man, Craig, a Congregational minister, and the U. S. Red Cross man here to see about taking over from Craig. Arranged for Sunday services and a Jewish New Year's Eve service. Visited our partly built hospital. Two-hour air-raid alarm, plane flew over, high, but dropped no "eggs." Ellen might be interested that I have seen the women here washing the laundry in the brooks. Another interesting thing about the tiny nearby village is that houses all have names instead of numbers.

SEPTEMBER 10. A day of cold driving rain that left apparently deep snow on the mountains. Spent the day supervising twenty men building our new hospital. Then tonight, I held a New Year's Eve service for the Jews. It turned out to be a day too early, but no one minded. They said it made a greater impression on them than at home—possibly because of the events preceding it. It was held in a dimly-lit mess hall, where the fire had gone out. Long ago I had ascertained various ideas appropriate to the Jewish holidays. I was without time to really prepare, but took the story of the sacrifice of Isaac by Abraham.

I might also mention that I was introduced to a native family today in order that I might see if they would do our laundry. A sergeant who has been here quite a time, and knows a bit of the language took me. We had an amusing time understanding each other.

SEPTEMBER 11. Called on three at our temporary hospital at Hyde Park. Two were from British ships. Taught sector adjutant my meager Icelandic. Got hymnals, organ, and flag at Mindon. Bought cigarettes for patients. Got money changed for some of our men as U. S. money taboo. Sent more Jewish cables. Two hour visit with men to sing and talk.

SEPTEMBER 12. Sermon work in the morning. Visited three camps today and took three men fishing after supper. Saw enormous trout, but our bait of chicken failed to attract them. Took Sgt. Leahy to Icelandic home to introduce him as laundry agent. The usual "welcome" coffee and cakes which one must offer or accept. Hired three ponies for the Colonel. Got forty-two steel chairs from Q. M. for religious and recreational use. Gave ten year old girl picture of "The Good Shepherd". She was scrubbing the floor on hands and knees. Mother was in the hayfield! She thanked me sweetly. I now know twenty words. Nothing has arrived that was packed up in the States in the way of equipment, so I am nearly out of such things. We expect them soon, however.

SEPTEMBER 13. A day that became progressively colder and rainier. Held "regimental mass", (3 faiths) at Town Camp. No notice given, no fires built. Organist gathered fifteen together for service, in dirtiest mess hall imaginable. Gave out ten religious items such as rosaries or prayer books. Service for CA at Frannes. Talked briefly to seventy-five men at mess. Visited with officers and got well-acquainted. Had service for sixty at Engineers, a discussion for eleven and a sing for eighteen. Was certainly a busy day and hard riding in the bumpy truck, sometimes bouncing right off the floor. Haven't been paid yet!

SEPTEMBER 14. In the morning it was so beautiful I climbed up a roundabout sheep path to the top of a cliff behind our camp and spent an hour reading my Testament and planning future sermons. Called on another chaplain in the afternoon and took my phonograph to the men in the hospital. Visited two camps. I have just been given an assistant. The most capable men are earmarked, but I managed to get

a college graduate. He can't play the organ, but can type fairly well. He happens to be Jewish. I have just been laughing with Lt. Weyler: our officers are on special service here and there, so for a while, he is Officer of the Day, Dental Officer of the Day, and Medical Officer of the Day, and Assistant Supply Man,—aside from that he has nothing to do!

SEPTEMBER 15. Broken sleep, but up and at it for a busy day. "Horizontal" rain (wind so strong)—nearly impossible to walk from building to building. Went down, however, for a strategy meeting with Chaplain Cowherd. and visited the patients. Had dinner there and noon hour sing with our enlisted men. Back through storm to serve as a line officer on board investigating fire. Little damage, but near tragedy. Visited with our officers, then attended the Fifth Engineers anniversary of one year in Iceland. Had cocoa, coffee, milk, cheese, and fine sugar doughnuts for eighty. Helped lead singing.

SEPTEMBER 16. Have just been to a camp and held service for thirty men. I had in the service a Catholic corporal come foward and lead them in Catholic prayers. I knelt with him and joined in. Wrote a sermon this morning and this afternoon went up to our new hospital area to help supervise the building crew. The Colonel and I went hiking. I remember how Dr. Miller admired Crystal Falls. Fifty yards behind our hospital is fifty times better. Time does manage to go by. God grant it will speed more and more till we can again know the joy of a united family. We are trying without success to pick up home on the radio and get 'most any country except.

SEPTEMBER 17. The end of a long and tiring day. When I mention hard work that is more or less just to show that I have earned my pay! I spent the morning visiting four camps, riding in the ambulance with a doctor making rounds to hold sick call. Early this morning three Norwegians, R. N. A. F. crashed in a Northrup narrowly missing the hut where Lt. Southwick was sleeping. I took charge of their personal effects. Never saw such broken bodies. These

men, hardly more than youngsters, gave their lives protecting us, just as did the men on the U. S. destroyer "Ingram," in our country. This evening I went to a camp and held church service for thirty men and then a "sing" for them. Eerie ride back to camp in blackout, in a British truck, over roads where a few inches too far meant death.

SEPTEMBER 18. Did some supervising at our hospital building project. Discovered that this had been a British firing range; reported it to sector headquarters and when a check was made it was learned that the British had left word an HE shell was there, unexploded, but marked. No signs! The engineers are to make a dam there. Needless to say, all is held in abeyance. The head chaplain for this country was here today. We visited nine camps, and he seemed tremendously impressed with the fact that we chaplains were already so well known and had held so many services and were so well received. He announced that I was to be transferred, probably to a Coast Artillery outfit. There aren't Chaplains enough, so the other one here will carry on. Chaplain Hart goes elsewhere, and I go to a strung out territory. Looks like a hard assignment with much travel.

SEPTEMBER 19. A day of work and some real fun. In the morning I helped again at supervising our building crew and also looked into the question of unexploded shells in our area. In the afternoon went about two miles from where I live, but in sight of here, and because one of the sergeants knew where to go, had some time! Broke three lines and one pole on big ones. Brought home twenty-four brook trout! The shortest was eleven inches, the longest nineteen inches. All caught in one hole, and there seemed to be more when the bait ran out than when we began, and they were getting bigger and bigger. I have never seen anything to equal it, but this sergeant said they get them two feet long.

SEPTEMBER 20. I held an 8:30 a. m. service for seventeen men in a tiny camp of forty-four. Every man that could be spared came. This afternoon I sent forty-one cablegrams for the boys. Evening service at Ali Baba and forty-five came in spite of mud and rain. Deeply gratified to know the

service pleased the four faiths present, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish and Mormon. Two British boys took rosaries and told me their army never gave away such things.

SEPTEMBER 21. It is a driving rainstorm and I have just come in the open truck we have from a Yom Kippur service. This is the Jewish high holiday, Day of Atonement. I had a lieutenant read the service and persuaded the other chaplain to preach. I did the managing and gave the prayer and benediction. Also spent the day at our new hospital area. Just think, no pay yet!

SEPTEMBER 22. Heavy rain continued. When clouds lifted at times, the mountains were white with snow. Each storm brings it nearer our level. Foreman again. Gen. Chambers, C.G. EDA, came to inspect and I had to receive him and some caustic comments. Finally up and told him that there was only an Engineer Corp. to help supervise. This shouldn't be part of my job anyway. No more news about my transfer. I haven't asked for it and won't oppose it, or favor it either. It all comes because there are too few chaplains, and evidently I am needed for a bigger job. I hope I have the physical strength, and I believe God will give it to me. I wonder how I can find a bigger job than I already have!

SEPTEMBER 23. Rain, sleet and snow blowing off the mountains. Our hospital moved to this Engineer camp. This again filled our hut with officers, making it less as though we were rattling around in too large a space. Hospital beds and mattresses were brought in for us all. I was foreman again. Moved nineteen men to a hut they have completed at the new hospital area. Two yellow air raids—should have been red. Vattarnes sent a Focke-Wulf home, afire and an English Whitely as well, that failed to identify itself. Jerry has some Whitelys. After supper we went to the nurses' lounge to hear Major Johnson, ranking Norwegian medico in Iceland. He has fought in Norway, Libya, Spain, Finland, England, and here. Made our blood chill with his quiet stories; three out of five Norwegian hospital ships sunk; nurses in uniform machine gunned. His brother's hospital bombed. Ambulances with Red Cross on roof strafed. He is

a surgeon, and his brother a hospital C O. Asked for attack on Norway this November.

SEPTEMBER 24. Awoke to a howling blizzard, that stopped magically for moments of sunshine, but mostly sent snow sifting into our drafty hut. Temporary hospital set up now, here. Typically Army is time and effort wasted to clean up the amazing British filth, set up, and ten days later move here. I should have found some soldier to cut my hair tonight; it badly needs it. I had to borrow money so I could do such things, but a week or so should see a double pay day.

SEPTEMBER 25. Snow, wind, and cold, but I again broke the AR's to be a foreman. Had to hold all the services myself as Chaplain Cowherd was called to another area. Weather cleared tonight and I have been to the movies! Col. Butler sometimes gets four tickets and takes two nurses and an officer, and for some reason, asked me this time. Nine nights out of ten, I'm too busy, anyway. Saw "Oil for the Lamps of China." I remember seeing it in the States. Right now at 10:45, is the most beautiful sight outdoors I have ever seen. Brilliant moonlight, colorful aurora borealis, unreal snowcapped mountains, diamond stars, Budareyri's twinkling lights, all reflected in the fjord. I hope my family can see this someday.

SEPTEMBER 26. A morning in the ambulance arranging church services while Lt. Moore held sick call. The other chaplain has gone off to another area for a few days so tomorrow I'll hold services at 8:30, 11:00, 3:00, 6:30, and 8 p. m., and maybe a sing or two or discussion class. Had a haircut this evening with a tiny pair of scissors—took a long time, and I haven't looked in the mirror!

SEPTEMBER 27-30. Have been very busy with the usual tasks, preaching, sings, hospital calling, all in terrible weather, and tiring. One of our officers has just returned from a reconnoitering trip over the mountains. Nine hours where no one had been before. I have been buying for the men photographs of this vicinity. How I wish I could send some home! We hear the Whitley winged the other day reached Scotland safely.

OCTOBER 1. I rode thirty miles away today for an afternoon off. I fished for half an hour and got a 15" salmon and a 16" trout. Saw some extraordinary scenery. Saw a "forest" of 7' to 8' birches, government protected, high mountains and glaciers. Also great flocks of sheep en route to the slaughter. A great wind kept blowing my line out of the stream and soon sent me shivering on my way.

OCTOBER 2. A clear day. I visited camps and made arrangements for services. Just before lunch a red alert sent us running into the rocks. Half an hour later the yellow flag called us back. Vattarnes, twenty miles away, at the mouth of the fjord, fixed on the plane and drove it away. At night I was called to the R. A. F. camp to meet Chaplain Campbell of the R. A. F. at Reykjavik, and Assistant Chaplain in Chief of the R. A. F. Wing Commander Davies. Quite a thrill for me. I was asked to take the religious care of their men near here. I enjoy meeting the pilots. They seem to be highly intelligent and full of fun.

OCTOBER 3, and 4. Both days very clear. So many in a row was a record. I held Signal Camp's first service at 9 a. m. and left hymnbooks to be used by Lt. Cavanaugh with Catholic men. Service at 6:30 for 29 at Ali Baba. At 8:00 service at hospital at Engineer camp. It was such a beautiful day we were given half holiday for men to go fishing, to town, hiking, etc. Services on days off find men away or rushed with personal work such as laundry. Better to go on a workday or in the evenings. Lt. Cantor and I raided the mess to promote the makings of egg sandwiches, which we cooked on the potbellied barracks stove.

OCTOBER 5. A day that began with mist that turned to rain, and later to snow. Caused us to wade in slush and mud. Watched one of our Northrups roar up and down the foggy fjord in bombing practice, dropping small smoke bombs. Went to town to send cablegrams for men and other errands. Tonight I went to the R. A. F. camp and held service. Thirty out of thirty-eight came. Can any civilian church do so well? They had a social in my honor. They have many adventures to relate, matter of factly. Officers not

paid yet, and being financially embarrassed, did my own laundry. No further news of my transfer. The colonel says he'd be greatly disappointed if I did. Thinking of the hymn "Now the Day is Over" and God watching over us. He has!

OCTOBER 6. Muddy, misty, slushy weather. Caught at Mindon by red alert that sent everyone out to shiver. Later a yellow alert in driving snow squall. At sea, bad weather keeps planes from finding convoys, but they are so familiar with this territory that bad weather brings them in more than clear days when they are spotted. At R. A. F. camp, a Radar plane detector just installed was bombed out twenty-four hours later. Just had one (large) sardine from a can going the rounds! A. P. O. changed to 614.

OCTOBER 7. Still worse weather. Third dismal day. I had another cable sending trip and a conference with the other chaplain. I spent five hours this evening at a camp, had supper, service, and a sing. My visits are made almost a celebration. Drew a beautiful parka after my trip in the storm to Frannes. It is alpaca lined. I also have a marvelous sleeping bag. Expect to have to stay overnight at various camps and must take bedding.

OCTOBER 8. Bad weather again, or as usual. Ambulance riding with Lt. Moore on sick call. Am feeling grippy, but service at Mindon. Our long-awaited projector arrived and Lt. Johnny Stadwick gave two showings of "Tarzan's New York Adventure." I went to bed early.

OCTOBER 9. In bed with the flu, or rather dressed and on bed. Up for lunch and business but regretted it later. Corp. Schinski made my preaching dates by phone. Chaplain Cowherd plans to be at another area, so I must be up and at it. Fragmentary war news we get encourages me to believe we'll be back sooner than I expected—but it can't be too soon. Wonder what my boys are doing in school. School began here the first of October. Out in the farm country, the teacher spends a few weeks in various homes.

OCTOBER 10. In bed all day, dressed, but getting sicker. Good attention from doctors, nurses, and men. Chaplain

Cowherd, it turned out, missed the boat and came up, after all my services were arranged. So he will take four services and I'll try to manage two. Lt. Weyler has victrola going. Right now the song is "Good night, Sweetheart". How I wish we could meet tomorrow!

OCTOBER 11. Still abed with the flu. A fantastically beautiful day, clear and sparkling white peaks silhouetted against a bright blue sky. The peacefulness must have caused control room people to sleep at the switch because we got a yellow alert, meaning a plane, 100-150 miles away, but there he was, high over head. Nothing happened, however. I held only a service for my own group, the doctor calling Ali Baba up to cancel my service. Sudden snow and rain squalls at night. We learn that on Friday one of our Northrups set a Jerry afire.

OCTOBER 12. What a long holiday weekend this might have been if we were in civilian life. We used to take Columbus Day trips, but not to Iceland! I took the trip for the family. We have no holidays here and no unalert periods. Day of changeable weather. Alarm-yellow, fired on Jerry. Had social and service at R. A. F. Visited sick in their quarters. They have considerable less comfort than we. The men take four petrol cans, place boards across, a few blankets and call it a bed. A sergeant earns a dollar a day (our privates twice as much.)

OCTOBER 13. Half expected the 13th would bring me important news as it so often has, but it brought neither pay, mail, nor the expected transfer. Yellow alert. Wrote my August report. We listened to a recording of the "Breakfast Club". I have bumped in a truck today till my innards are scrambled. Tonight we had movies in the mess hall and I went—"Canal Zone", an old Ferry Bomber picture.

OCTOBER 14. Strong winds in the night, forty to fifty miles per hour. The clouds slowly lifted towards noon. Trip to town to send cables. Gas mask drill on Wednesdays, one to one thirty. I fell asleep with mine on, an accomplishment for me, as I am somewhat uneasy in one, being more or less subject to claustrophobia. Spent four hours at Frannes,

visiting with officers, supper with them, a sing and a service. Most of the men were Catholics. I had a Catholic corporal lead in some Catholic prayers and we sang one especially Catholic hymn. Had "special music" for the first time in any of my services; three of us sang "Abide with Me" unaccompanied.

OCTOBER 15. Another night of wind, rain, and snow. Yet at 10 a. m. out of the cloud and storm a four motor Jerry roared up the fjord, 900 to 1000 feet high, which meant 700 or 800 feet over my head on our hill. I recall thinking that he looked as large as the "Duchess of Bedford." How tragic it seemed to see him, missed by everything we fired at him—mostly by wide margins! A huge, broadside target! What was his purpose? He can and has, of course, taken pictures on better days. I am convinced God is watching over me. Tonight two of our officers cut up a sheep hide to make a pair of slippers apiece. They will be warm because the fleece is softer than our American type, but they paid \$4.50 or its equivalent for the hide and have all the labor. However, it may be worth it just for a time-filler at night, to say nothing of the use.

OCTOBER 16. Two months ago we left Edwards. Now we are in this place and at 8 a. m. had our 18th alert, a yellow. Half an hour later, as Col. Butler and I were en route to the new hospital, a red came and we put on speed, with me in the back of the truck bouncing like a cork. Fifteen minutes after we arrived, the Icelandic workmen spotted the red flag over by the Balfers gun and ran for the hills. The red lasted two hours. At noon a yellow came, but we ate lunch. I had a service at Mindon in their new mess hall, and a sing afterwards.

OCTOBER 17. At breakfast time, a rare combination of mist and late rising sun made everything unbelievably rosy. It seemed too beautiful a world for war,—yet we had a red alert and a yellow. However, we put out gun crews and ate lunch. I visited the Red Cross, sent cables, and wrote two sermons.

OCTOBER 18. Got up to another sunrise nearly as rosy as yesterday. Again war seemd unreal, but just as I pulled into Signal Camp we got a yellow alert. Had service for eighteen, then off in a rush for Hyde Park and service for thirty-six. Just at dinner time the all clear came, then in rapid succession, a yellow and a red, and there was Jerry coming in from a new angle, from the head of the fjord. Everything fired at him, the 3 gun on a freighter coming nearest, but he was gone in the mists. As he roared directly overhead, an officer in the same ditch with me said, "You religious men are to blame for all this! Your religion has failed to compel people to be good!" The remark of a quite naturally scared man who admitted he'd never been among those who tried to help religious work. We hear that Jerry was downed at sea by two P-38's. So far: 25 alerts, three times bombed, 9 times planes sighted.

OCTOBER 19. Wind, rain, and mud. Nevertheless, a two hour yellow alert. First pay in Iceland. Services at night for 22 at the R. A. F. Just as I closed the service, we got a yellow alert, then a red blacked out the light. We sang in the dark 'till all clear. One boy announced in an apparently pleased tone, "It's just like Blighty to be in blackout!" They asked me to teach them American songs. We soon got another blackout for red again. Jerry had been seen—high overhead. At 10 p. m. I decided there was no telling when trucks could move, so I walked the mile and a half home. A strange black dog appeared suddenly and kept me company on my lonely walk. He chased sheep away and kept with me to my very door. (I've never found an unfriendly dog in this country.) I found the officers all either out in the rocks or dressed on their beds. I got really into bed and figured I might as well be comfortable. Capt. Wessel and Lt. Canter went up into the rocks and the latter lit a flashlight to fix his watch strap, and up came an armed patrol!

OCTOBER 20. While down at Hyde Park waiting for a truck to return from Mindon, I noticed that it was nearly noon, and a Northrup had just landed, so I expected an air alert. They seem to come when the planes are down. In five minutes we got an alert! That was all our air activity

for the day. Service for eleven at Cos Theta, in their mess hall that as yet has no lights, so we used candles. On to a party at the Norse Camp. Good time. Got one of the Norwegian fliers to talk and tell me how he got here. He was an engineer, marked for work in Germany. The night before he was to leave, he set out, and including Norway and Iceland, was in sixteen countries on his roundabout trip, hiding from the Nazis. Even slept in a Buddhist temple somewhere in the East.

OCTOBER 21. A gray, wet day that cleared beautifully for my first trip to Eska. This is the prettiest spot I've seen in Iceland and the friendliest. Even little tots said "hullo" and gave an American salute. I shopped with delight, after a long time without money. About all I could buy was a Christmas present or two and a pair of rubbers. On the way back had yellow alert. I held service for 22 at Frannes and a sing for just a few. Had supper there also. The "Esja" or "Queen of Iceland," as she is sometimes called, the fanciest boat in these parts, caused some excitement by sneaking by the XV or examination boat. Next time, Frannes will shoot. I was at Frannes when the big light was turned on her.

OCTOBER 22. Jerry came off schedule, a yellow alert coming during a breakfast, then a red. Johnny Stanick and I decided the hot pancakes were too good to leave, so we ate them while Repko, our waiter, told of raids when he was a ten year old in Poland in 1914-15. All clear an hour later. I went from the mess hall to stay with the patients and nurse during the rest of the red alert. All the men obey orders and go into the hills, and I decided one should stay in the ward. At noon, two more yellow alerts, and at supper-time, half an hour of dizzy business. A phone call warned us not to worry, the Norwegians would be shooting for practice. At once came a yellow alert. Soon the all clear, then a repeat on the phone call, but no shooting! Was someone, in two-way touch with Jerry, hoping to throw us off the alert? Went to Mindon for service, ran into unexpected movies and details. At midnight I was with a boy having an emergency appendectomy; Mail kept us awake for hours.

Received the sad news of Ellen's mother's death. Have thought many times how remarkably brave her mother was.

OCTOBER 23. Caught at Norse Camp by red alert, watched the school kids marched into cellars. Moved on yellow and caught a Mindon by another red. Came back to eat dinner during a yellow. Got another letter from Ellen, a V-mail dated September 5. Learned that Frannes had driven off a Jerry that started up the fjord. Packages and papers arrived, including a package for me. Wrote an informal monthly report. Saw a "Gracie Allen" mystery picture. We've had forty alerts, been bombed once on September 5, and twice on the sixth, and seen planes ten times.

OCTOBER 24. A day of dreary weather, but a happy day for me because my two missing boxes of equipment arrived. They were packed on August 5th. Have attended to some official correspondence and arranged for tomorrow's services. Also sent sixteen cablegrams for some of my men. Jerry treated us kindly today, only a yellow alert. However, one of his planes was downed elsewhere at one of this country's unspellable places.

OCTOBER 25. I held service at 9:30 at Signal for twenty-two. Back about 11:15, just as the yellow flag went up. This was soon swapped for the red, and a Northrup went up to circle over, but he failed to arrive. The red changed back to the yellow flag since he was known to be still within half an hour of us. I held service at 2:30 for 13 at Mindon and 6:30 for 41 at Ali Baba and at 7:45 for 18 at our place. Not very large crowds to do the same work for that I'd do for two hundred. However, I'm doing what I've dedicated my life to. That makes twenty-three services in twenty-five days. Our new hospital is nearly completed. We'll have more patients then, as lack of space keeps some in quarters. I think surprisingly few are sick. Healthy place I guess. I gave out about 90 Testaments, prayer books, etc. today. Could use many more than I have.

OCTOBER 26. A day of drifting snow that kept Jerry away. I got some official correspondence out and held service at the RAF camp. Told them the story of Gideon and pre-

sented them Gideon Testaments. Also gave Catholic prayer books. Expect to go to a camp tomorrow that I've not yet visited. Means a boat ride of three hours or so. Roads are few hereabouts. The problem is when and how to get back. May be stuck two or three days.

OCTOBER 27. Deepening snow. Jerry paid us no visit, but was reported at the "duck," the northeastern tip of Iceland, so called by the shape. Lt. Weyler, Pfc. Meegan, his dental assistant, and I with others from the camps came to the most remote camp in my area, only twenty miles or so, but so located that it meant a boat trip, standing up in the open, in snow and wind. Spotted a whale. Somewhat seasick. Two and a half hours of tossing, then an hour's wait off shore 'till the MT boat decided to run. They tow a raft out to load men and supplies on; this is then held by a "cat," to become their only wharf. Glad to visit Lt. Wayne Southwick, who came out here on detached service from our group several weeks ago. Brought him a deluge of mail. When I read in stray newspapers of strikes, etc. back home, I think these men, isolated though they are, have better morale than men "deferred" for big-paying jobs at home. Have been laughing at enemy broadcast I stopped to listen to, telling of the "reign of terror" we have instituted here! The natives are growing rich on us!

OCTOBER 28. The snow has stopped. Fairly clear with a cold wind. No Jerries. This Radar installation was more or less expected to be bombed out this week, as at the RAF place. Seventy-five tons of coal waited in a drifter, but it was too rough for unloading. These men have this problem with all supplies. Capt. Zaponi, Lt. Williams, Lt. Davis, some Icelanders, and twenty men bound for Hoffun, and supplies were carried out by natives, who are *marvellous* handling row boats in surf. At night I held church service for twenty-four. 50% of the available men, their first religious service in Iceland. Gave 20 New Testaments, 15 R. C. Prayer books, 35 medals, 10 rosaries, etc. Two natives in for supper. Interesting conversational attempts. Used phonograph for special music. A few magazines are beginning to arrive, so I have reading material while here.

OCTOBER 29. Clear and not so cold, although the night was frigid and I was thankful for my sleeping bag. Held over by rough water. Believe the rest is good for me. Had a communion service this noon with a man who had requested it. I used the dispensary for privacy and warmth, with the door guarded by the Catholic dental assistant. Found a boy here today, Pvt. Milton Simmons, from Dr. Maurice Barrett's former church in Providence, now my father's pastor. Have enjoyed watching sea surf and birds today. However, the land scenery interests me more. Notified that Hudsons and Whitelys would be over, not to fire! This group has several friendly planes that roared over without giving identification! Saw only airborne (outgoing) and seaborne (incoming) Northrups. One blinked its identification, the other dropped colored flare. Saw a convoy of seven naval vessels. No Jerries came.

OCTOBER 30. The O. D. keeps a phone by the bed. Before we got up, the phone rang to tell us of an "X" (unidentified) plane, twenty miles away. Heading away, so no alarm. Later an X plane, thirteen miles away, same situation. Later, one at a distance of sixteen miles, coming in, so Budareyri got a red alert. We didn't see him, however, near us, but the seven ships still out there, probably mine sweepers—fired at him. Later a terrific explosion near them—mine exploding? A seven hour trip on the "Liv", with Lt. Southwick. Slow because men had to go ashore to look for telephone line breaks. Home through remarkably phosphorescent water. At ten o'clock this evening had the best meal yet in Iceland, fried chicken, fried eggs, pie, etc.

OCTOBER 31. A yellow alarm, after which one of our Northrups came back with 20 mm holes in it from a Blumen Voss. Trip to arrange services. Tried to reach another camp but turned back by deep snow. Came back to find Col. Butler relieved as CO. Capt. Elmer Wessel, 30 months in the army, commanding. He'll do a good job. No idea of Butler's future. He is a sick man. The Red Cross set up a recreation center here, run by two girls. Had their formal opening last night. We officers asked to be present for the show, a program with a number by each camp, and then

invited to clear out and make room for the enlisted men to enjoy themselves. That was proper. Lt. Canter and Capt. Wessell, and I walked the mile and a half home, refusing a ride.

NOVEMBER 1. Sunday is a hard day because it brings so many memories of services at home in which Ellen has sung and my two boys before me. Held service for 16 at 9:30 and for 26 at 10:30. This meant a grand rush. Some kitchen fellows just off from the mess hall, in between their duties, looked in the doorway. They asked me to have a piece of cake and a drumstick of chicken. I agreed, providing the same went for my driver and organist. So three of us had a bite. At 3:00 I had a service for 16 and at 6:30 another for 30, and at 8 for 25. Too bad they couldn't be transported to one special place. On the way back from the three o'clock service we stopped to go to APO to see if two arrivals had brought any mail, which they hadn't. While the car was parked, a very nice dog jumped in, sat down between the driver and where I sit, and rode with us home—stayed in the truck, rode with us to the evening service. Hitch-hiker I guess. A big shot is here giving the outfit and each of us the once over. He has been here five days, but I have only seen enough of him to be introduced. I am too much on the go. I was too rushed to eat more than a snack at supper time, and my missionary travels make me hungry. Red air alert tonight. We had no Jerry visitor, but nearby camp fired on him without success. Yesterday three Icelanders who lived near here and have been friendly and helpful, went out to their work as fishermen. They failed to return. Today the wreckage of their boat was found. Mine? Machine gunned? The Jerry flying boat that shot up the Northrup? No storm. I had watched them the day before thru a telescope, seen them come in, talked with them as they cleaned 20-40 lb. cod, and haddock on the beach, and had written Clyde and Dana about them.

NOVEMBER 2. My big news to record is a cablegram from my wife! To cable her and get an answer took only nine days. Canned messages but a contact. Made four store trips and bought many things to resell to my men at

cost, including four hundred photos of Iceland. Didn't manage to save any for myself. Hope I can get some more. They can't be sent home, but I can bring them some day. I bought many other things for my men. If I only had more hours and more hands! I could do so much for my men. Was at RAF from 6 to 10:15. Their CO, P/O Grant, and I were dinner guests of the non coms. Held service for twenty-six of their thirty-seven men. Then a grand sing and jam session with harmonicas I brought. Then coffee, and then I was flabbergasted to have them sing, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and give *me* three cheers. Nobody ever did that to me before!

NOVEMBER 3. Much shopping again, mostly for the men. Bought the makings of some altar cloths which the nurses will embroider for me. Held services at Cos Theta for seventeen, nearly half the camp. Came back to a sandwich and coffee party, the first we've had in our own quarters. Have been six months in the army's craziest outfit!

NOVEMBER 4. Increasing rain and wind, cold and gloom. The "Fighting Fifteenth" down in the dumps. Everyone wants out! Service at Frannes for twenty-one. I was saddened by a visit with our former CO who is there awaiting a boat—nervous breakdown. Our adjutant is accompanying him elsewhere, to be gone a week or two, and I in the shortage of officers, am temporarily adjutant, mess officer, detachment commander (of the men), recreational officer, transportation officer, gas officer and perhaps others!

NOVEMBER 5 and 6. All our outfit had moved to the new hospital except four of us officers, and we will go up tomorrow. We are in a more or less crazy mood, which is a good thing, because it keeps our spirits up. The cook sent us down an apple pie and it was good enough to make me homesick for my wife. She is a swell cook. Lt. Canter is trying to sell me a very pretty rock. Wish I could describe it to home folks. This country is the only one where it is found so I can't. I have held a service for twenty-one tonight. I felt encouraged because the same camp had thirteen out last time and seven the time before. Mail is definitely to

arrive tomorrow. I hope so, and hope it brings word of all being well and happy. The same boat is to bring us a new C O another officer to replace Capt. Quarton and a new chief nurse. I noticed some of our blankets today still in original boxes, marked from Stevens Mill at Dracut, Massachusetts!

NOVEMBER 6. Busy day moving to new, nearly completed hospital, getting acquainted with new officers, whom we are sure we'll like and trying to do some of my many jobs. They say this is the best laid out hospital in Iceland.

NOVEMBER 7. Our generator is not so good, and is having a ten minute break. Am writing by candle light. Have had a hectic day with my many duties. The weather has been drizzly or worse. We are in a chaotic state in our new hospital. We shouldn't have come in, but we had to vacate where we are. I am so happy at receiving mail from home. Strange how mail is so slow for some. Others have letters three weeks later. The V-mail comes somewhat quicker but are so short. Ellen's letters are the most treasured things I own just now. I have been down to the PX to buy candy, cigars, soap, razor blades, etc. for the patients. Also called at sector headquarters to make advance arrangements for an Armistice Day observance and a near-Thanksgiving Communion. The sector adjutant told me they got a telegram from the general asking if they knew who and where I was. What's up? ? If they transfer me now just as we get into our new hospital and I get things going well, I'll be MAD.

NOVEMBER 8. I am ready to call it a day if I ever was. I have held services at 9:30, 10:30, 2:00, 3:00, 6:30 and 8:00. The 2 o'clock service was an unusual one. It was held on an American naval vessel, and was the first service the ship ever held. The skipper of the U. S. S. "Uranus" said I was welcome to try, but no one would come to a service. Well, 80% of the personnel attended,—everyone that could be spared. It was a real experience. My boys would have been thrilled with it all, going up on the bridge, seeing all the fancy instruments, and so on. I went in the galley, and the cook gave me a big piece of blueberry pie!

NOVEMBER 9. A day of ordinary business, somewhat complicated by a red alert. This was apparently due to a plane over a nearby camp. We saw none. Held service at RAF and had my usual enjoyable time. They always have at least 50% turn out. Followed by a social time and we enjoyed "coffee and biscuits" (graham crackers). We sang for an hour and a half at a stretch. Also Holy Communion for 18.

NOVEMBER 10. A day of several pleasures. We took the Icelandic patient in the ambulance to the doctor. Visited in the home of the doctor and the bookseller, John Brillinson, and enjoyed "kaffi og Kaha," coffee and cakes, a must in Iceland. One of the paradoxes of the country is that they will be so apparently dirty as to slaughter animals on the front lawn, leaving the "left overs" to rot or be dragged around by dogs, and yet a tiny village of a few hundred supports a bookseller. Bought a book about Icelandic history, interesting because of its pictures, even though in Icelandic. On our way over at a height, we were momentarily in the sunlight, for the first time in three weeks. At this point, seventy-five miles or so below the Arctic Circle, the sun for months cannot show over the mountains, even when not gone completely. Icelandic people are very polite; "please" and "thank you" and "forgive me" are constantly on their lips. We are greatly encouraged by the world news at this time, although we get only partial reports. Radio reception here is usually poor. Service at Cos Theta, competing with PX time, mess hall cleaning, cooks celebrating first chance to cook pies in new kitchen.

NOVEMBER 11. The wildest day of rain and hail we've had. I held an observance of Armistice Day at the Red Cross hut for those able to get there, about twenty. The men at work elsewhere stopped at 10:59 for salute and "Taps." On the way back we twice had to stop because of the storm. Made my usual trip to Frannes, and was, as always, given a grand welcome. Twenty-one at service, eighteen of them Roman Catholics. Afterwards I rounded up thirty-five for a sing with my harmonicas and their "orchestra." I brought a homemade "bull fiddle" (stick and tight cord anchored

into a turned over tub), etc. I am relieved of several of my temporary jobs. Good thing! I am so very busy.

NOVEMBER 12. Weekly trip to the commissary to buy for the patients. They'll buy about anything I can get, but it means going down, buying, coming back, and selling dozens of items,—four hours of hard work. This is one of the unnoticed jobs a chaplain voluntarily assumes. Service at Mindon for twenty-five and a sing afterwards. This is the group that thought they couldn't sing, but I have long since learned that a sing is mighty good for a bunch of lonely fellows. I don't know how my voice stands it, though I average ten to fifteen services and sings each week. I am sure God helps those who are trying to help Him or His people. Am sorry to hear of Mrs. Seaver's death, but am glad Ellen felt able to go.

NOVEMBER 13. A long busy day. I worked all day at desk work writing sermons, censoring mail, etc. I have no assistant, which means more work. I held a Jewish Sabbath evening service. This was at their request and will be weekly, with prayers, reading of the appropriate "Torah" or Scripture. Have a book giving it for the whole year, and Old Testament sermon. That was my twentieth service this month. How we need more chaplains to take the burden off our shoulders! Had visit from the Icelandic doctor, his wife, and daughter.

NOVEMBER 14. Went up to our last place tonight for a Saturday night shower, as ours are not yet ready here at the new place. Came back for a haircut, visited some with the enlisted men, then went in to see several new patients who arrived all at once, men coming from a distant point.

NOVEMBER 15. Most of us spent most of the night wondering when the roof would blow off as the wind mounted to full hurricane fury. Our new officers' quarters, to be ready on Monday, lost a concrete block end; the enlisted men's steel latrine blew completely away, etc. Other camps suffered accordingly. Service at 9:30 at Signal for twenty-two, where I actually had to stand among the congregation to be heard above the wind. They surprised me with a fine

pulpit altar. Service at 6:30 at Ali Baba for thirty-five and at 8:00 at the hospital for eighteen. More would have been there except that an emergency appendectomy took several regular attendants.

NOVEMBER 16. I have had a fine busy day. I went to two stores and to the army commissary and bought about thirty dollars worth of local pictures, candy, smokes, fruit juices, tooth paste, and what not, and sold it to the boys at cost. None of the boys gyp me, but it is difficult making change in foreign money and so many small sales give more chance of error. I took the other chaplain for his first visit to the RAF and also three of our boys who wanted to visit. Chaplain Cowherd preached and I conducted the service, and afterward we had an hour and a half of singing. How they do sing! They enjoy learning new American songs. They tell me Monday night is the high light of the week, and that they couldn't do without it now. Lt. Weyler is opposite me, filing dental records in an ingenious homemade file made out of a petrol can. These cans are used for dozens of purposes. Some one is walking on the tin roof above me, and it sounds like thunder.

NOVEMBER 17. Got back my battered field desk I last saw in August. No lock now, but it gives me a desk and cubby holes. Wrote two sermons, "A Glad Prisoner" (Paul) and the "Worthless Man" (Onesimus.) Did office work and censoring. Cos Theta service called off. Red alert at noon.

NOVEMBER 18. Fine, warm day. Have been cataloging, sorting and marking for future reference my sermon notes, for the first time since my arrival in these parts. We hear rumors of a boat with mail, but haven't seen it yet. Should all cultivate patience in foreign service. We either do, or else go to the dogs. Only natural that not all can take foreign service, physically or mentally. It is a pitiful sight to see some crack up, and I pray that I will always be able to take it. I held an enjoyable service tonight. Took one of our cooks along, whose only pleasure on time off is just that. Also took the other Chaplain at his request. There was not a single vacant seat and afterwards I led them in a hilarious

sing. Had a Catholic corporal lead in prayers with a number of us Protestants kneeling also, in reverence and fellowship. I spoke of Joshua being "on the ball" in a sermon, and it sure tickled our CO. Came home in beautiful moonlight, that sent cloud shadows sailing down the fjord and made mountain tops gleam.

NOVEMBER 19. The weather here, at least, so far, is extremely changeable. It is a daily puzzle how to dress. Two Catholic boys from our APO just paid me a visit. They have no Catholic chaplain to whom they may go and have been increasingly friendly. And, naturally, it isn't anything to get mad about to be on friendly terms with men in such important work. They can be and have been very helpful. Our orderly, Bernard Eastman, a Vermonter with whom I have daily talks about New England, is mopping our floor. He does it every day, because the carpentry and mason work keeps the place dirty. One thing about his father's farm in Vermont is very interesting. A general at the time of the Revolution stopped for a drink one day, and thrust his cane, a green branch, into the ground by the well. It grew and to-day, a huge elm tree, is called the General's tree. It doesn't seem possible that it is three months since we boarded the "Duchess." Just the small length of time, and here I am in Iceland, seventy-five miles below the Arctic Circle. Just received phone call that I am to leave for another part of this country very shortly. The place, I have not heard; the reason, to "make room" for a Catholic chaplain. Wish we could be here together. I dislike to be going eternally among strangers.

NOVEMBER 20. Three months since we felt that queer feeling that only a member of an Expeditionary Force can feel as he feels the ship get underway. Held a pre-Thanksgiving service of Holy Communion at the Red Cross hut, with a Roman Catholic altar boy and Roman Catholic soloist. The Red Cross hut was beautified by candles, my new altar cloth, and my gleaming chalice and paten. Roman Catholic boys asked if they could petition for me to stay here. Can't be done. The many expressions of regret overwhelm me, make me feel I am doing what I came to do, what I gave up my wonderful wife and two fine boys for.

NOVEMBER 21. Still at the same old stand, but packing. 'Most everyone seems to think I am somewhat to be envied, having a change of scenery. This place is about the size of Stratford Hollow, so no place to go and nothing to do here. I have had spells of good work today and spells of sort of poking at it, because I feel rather bad about the change. I have so many friends in these camps, we crossed the ocean together, we shared many things, and to leave them and go among total strangers in a foreign country is hard. About bedtime tonight a boy from the RAF came in with a broken leg. He is their Irish cook. I held his hand while they Xrayed and gave him an anesthetic. I was once their guest at a special supper in my honor! For dessert they had what we'd call a pancake rolled with jam in it. They are very fond of it, and he remembered I ate two. He said it was an honor to him. I'll bet that I'll arrive at my new destination a seasick man. The ocean is a rougher place than when I came here. I have to sail a few hundred miles around the coast.

NOVEMBER 22. A joint service with Chaplain Cowherd at 9:30 at Flag Camp for sixteen. He preached and I conducted. Joint services at 10:45 at Hyde Park for thirty-three, conducted by him and sermon by me. I held my final service at 8:00 at the hospital for thirty-five. About 5:30 p. m. I was notified that I was to leave at 5:30 a. m. by drifter. I did some wild packing. Up 'till one a. m.

NOVEMBER 23. I was up at 4:10 a. m. and off by 6:00 a. m. on the drifter Njall. Out of Frannes and in the tremendous brightness of their 4,000,000 candlepower light. We made good time and, in fact, had to drift twice because we were a few minutes ahead of schedule and might get shot. Unloaded some very welcome fresh rations about dawn, 8:00. At 9:30 off again. What a trip! No place to sit except barrels or boxes, out in the wind. At times the waves splashed too heavily and drove some into a tiny cabin below decks, but I stayed in the open air and was not sick. Fortunately we had no storm, although it threatened. The ride was like on the Island Pond road. Twice planes appeared and we prepared to duck below, for uniforms on a drifter

are an invitation to strafing; but each time it was a Northrup. I spotted a sub, but glasses revealed the conning tower to be the prow of a little boat headed for us and the mast made a periscope. In the half light we were all fooled. The changing mountain colors and formations were fascinating. Waves splashed high against cliffs, seals stared at us. I speculated about lives and thoughts of those living in isolated farms. Finally, we passed the SV boat and went through the submarine net in the fjord. A strong wind met us and waves wet down the deck and those of us who stayed topside. The mail we had awaited for six weeks was loaded on this drifter to be shipped back. When will my share ever reach me?

NOVEMBER 24. Walked to town after sleeping late. I picked up for a souvenir a pony shoe nailed for "good luck" to the building that a bomb blew into the water, Sunday, September 5, 1942. This bomb intended for us injured four boys about Clyde's and Dana's ages. I visited the 14th Station Hospital and stayed for supper. Saw a beautiful sight; circular rainbow around the moon.

NOVEMBER 25. Tired out tonight! From just doing nothing. Read and dozed and reminisced and the hours dragged by. Tonight, in the Red Cross hut there was a picture, "They Live Dangerously." A newspaper reference to Iceland brought a cheer from the audience. There are five of us bunking together here awaiting transportation; two northerners and three from the south. We have fought and re-fought the Civil War.

NOVEMBER 26. Thanksgiving. All morning we heard, "You'll leave at 11:00" "You aren't leaving today"—"Half an hour to get to the boat"—"Trip postponed." Finally we were put in a big truck and went to the docks and boarded the large freight and passenger ship "Pleiades"—but they said they had no arrangements made for us and all space was taken! Here I am on the Coast Guard Cutter "Ingham" which took us in, although they had to let us fill up every bunk in their sick bay. Missed holiday turkey everywhere for the second year. But I am profoundly grateful for many

things. Glad to know I am useful. Glad for health. Glad for friends and family. Glad for my boys that I love so much, Glad, so glad, for a true, loyal, sweet, and lovely wife. And glad I've got a God I firmly believe in. Will read Psalm 103 and go to sleep.

NOVEMBER 27. Still in harbor and aboard the "Ingham." I bought peanuts and stationery tonight at their PX. This ship is frequently where it can get supplies, and so has more variety than army PXs. Am enjoying a good rest, talking with a fine group of officers and various enlisted men. We eat in style here; Negro sailors act as mess boys, and bring each item of food to us for us to take or refuse,—as a butler would. There's no question but what environment has a lot to do with the way food tastes. Last night was one to be remembered. A wind came up after the skipper and several naval and army officers had gone ashore. This wind grew in violence with each gust until it passed 75 m. p. h., which is full hurricane. It sent the instruments to their highest mark, and was, they say, 100 m. p. h. The narrow fjord was full of drifting ships whose anchors would not hold against the pull in deep water and on rocky bottom. We had 105 fathoms, 630 ft. out, and drifted a mile. The "Queen of Ulster," a British AA boat, just in from a bloody convoy run to Murmansk, was moored to us, and we both drifted. Finally, her heavier bulk crashed us, leaving bad dents. We cut the lines, which she had refused to do. (All hands had been called on deck "on the double" at 12:45 a. m.) We drifted beyond an apparently beached tanker, where the fathometer registered 18 ft. and we drew 17½ ft! Then across the fjord to scrape a wharf. Missed a tanker by 3 ft. and a trawler by inches. Lost two \$1200 life boats—a \$4800 self-bailing life boat that had been hopelessly smashed a few nights before. I am told they expected to pile the ship up at least four times. I may have had no turkey yesterday, but, as I have had to say before since I left America—I have much for which to be grateful. I am having some unforgettable experiences that I wouldn't miss for a mint of money, but I'll be ready to call it quits and settle down anytime they give me an opportunity.

NOVEMBER 28. Still at anchor. A pleasant, restful day. The seven of us army officers were invited to the captain's quarters for introduction and an enjoyable visit. Fine meals and plenty of books and a great deal to see on the ship. Saw a movie, "Tragedy at Midnight," which held some suspense since seven times it was stopped for a change of reels. I am having a cribbage board made from a piece of the wrecked boat, as a reminder of this ship and the hurricane. Made by William Steven Boonenberg, and carved by Richard Ernest Corbett. There is a Lt. Brodie, from Hampton, N. H., who is from Calvin Warburton's church. He is in the bunk above me. He got mail, and a letter was from Calvin, and he is now a chaplain. The Lt. likes antiques and old books and digging in ruined houses, but he is an amateur, so I'll tell him a few things.

NOVEMBER 29. Still here. Many pleasant experiences today. I held the first church service ever held on board this cutter. One hundred and fifty were present. I believe all not on watch were present. Oddly enough, the first man to ever receive a commission as a Coast Guardsman was a Hopley Yeaton of New Hampshire, and now a native of the same state holds a first service on a Coast Guardship. This Yeaton was commissioned by Washington. Many of the men talked with me afterwards, one from Berlin, N. H.—one from Concord and one from Hampton, N. H. My cross received some necessary repairs and it and the candleholders were beautifully polished. The latter, made a century ago to come apart and cup together compactly for carrying in stage coach and saddlebags, but never quite able to do as designed, were made to so fit, by the ships' machine shop crew. This all was done "in appreciation of my kindness." I get repaid in so many ways. The chief engineer took me all through the "works" of the ship, to see hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of machinery. The executive officer took me to the radio room to listen in on different countries for news; and then I was invited to the captain's stateroom for dinner tonight! He usually eats up there, near the bridge. It is fascinating to talk with such men who've lived adventurous lives. He says he was stationed near New York at one time,

living on Staten Island. The teacher gave his nine year old boy low marks and said he was untruthful—spoke of steering a square rigged ship, living with Eskimos, etc. He visited the school, heard the teacher tell of these shocking tales, and then said, "But they are true." His former station had been in Alaska with his family along.

NOVEMBER 30. Sailed at about 2:30 and before out of the fjord met a heavy ground swell and swirling snow-storm. The swells loomed high above where you stand on deck and toss the ship every which way. The officers pointed out that it was comparatively calm, since dishes still stayed on the table, but the furniture had to be secured after it began to pile up. The landlubbers among us, especially myself, turned green when lovely greasy pork chops appeared on the table, and I finally landed in bed, about seven, with "only the hope of dying keeping me alive."

DECEMBER 1. Up on wobbly feet for a slim breakfast. Then on deck to watch for the sunrise, hidden from fjord dwellers since October. I was thrilled by being in the sunlight. It is beautiful on the sea and the shore a few miles distant. The sun turned cold and forbidding. Vatujabull, world's largest glacier, a few miles away from us, was rose-colored and warm. The sea was quite calm. A fast and friendly plane circled over our small convoy. We escort the freighter "Pleiades" and tanker "Culpepper." There is a tiny puppy aboard. She has quite a time; sometimes a lurch of the ship tosses her off the couch or slides her across the floor. The New Hampshire Lt. who bunks above me wakes me up each night by talking in his sleep. He was not sick at all. The others were somewhat uneasy; one was sick, and I was the sickest. Hope the rest of the trip will be calm.

DECEMBER 2. Still must admit being wobbly. Up and packed early. We came near a trawler that failed to identify herself on question, but when we went after her with gun crews ready, she did. Into harbor at 11:00, climbed aboard a Navy boat for a splashy trip to shore, past the breakwater, and there I was, scrambling over several assorted tank lighters, to stand in the city I had gazed at in fascina-

tion on September 1 when we awoke to glimpse Iceland for the first time, but not the last as yet. We took Lt. Southwick, Brodie of Hampton, N. H., Kee, Logan and Orasey, out to the Tactical School. Then I went on to my new home. By a coincidence, my first taste of army life was when Ellen, Clyde, Dana and I stayed at Fort Belvoir, Va., in June, 1941. Here I am living at Camp Belvoir, Iceland, living with a regiment that was there that time. After three months at tiny Budareyri I am bewildered by the dozens of huts here, and from the high hill where we live, bewildered to see so many camps and the thousands of lights of the capital, and now home of half the country's population. I find the reason I technically belong to the Coast Artillery, while actually being with the Fifth Engineers, is because they have a chaplain, but for almost a year he has been with a hospital elsewhere. Perhaps they'll officially transfer him there and me here. Anyway, I'll be considered the official regimental chaplain here.

DECEMBER 3. The camp and the air are damp with first real snow. The Gulf Stream keeps this section quite warm. Zero weather is almost unknown. Went to Base Headquarters at nearby Camp Curtis to call on the Base Chaplain, Lt. Col. Ralph Rogers. Called on the Regimental C.O., Col. Riani, who, by the way, only came to this Fifth Engineers from the 7th Engineer Batallion, 5 Div. across this valley, a week ago. Col. Rogers tells me I'll have several other camps to attend to as well as this.

DECEMBER 4. A year ago today I arrived back at Camp Blanding, Florida, from the Carolina maneuvers and saw my family at Keystone Heights. Today, I'm in Iceland! In the midst of a shower, a few minutes ago, the light went out, but I smell clean and soapy, anyway. Talked with some officers spending their first evening in Iceland. They, like us, had a rather exciting convoy,—ship torpedoed, ship sunk in collision, etc. Received by "War Department Essential Air Mail," orders to go to Harvard for a four weeks Chaplain's School in October. This was dated six weeks after I sailed. That really made me mad. October at Harvard, forty miles away from my family! I've been plan-

ning my Sunday service today. Only my Fifth Engineers this Sunday, but after that I'll have a flock of other camps to attend to. The Base Chaplain said he'd fix me if he found me having time in which to write sermons!

DECEMBER 5. I found three of the newly arrived officers who are here at Belvoir awaiting assignment and transportation, wandering around in search of a place to shave, so I took them in. I guess they are somewhat disillusioned. They understood that there were 150,000 troops here, that there were more conveniences, etc. Had Sgt. Carl McAllister of the Band in to plan my Sunday music. Later, took in another of the casual officers. He is a relic of the short-lived Specialist's Corps, technically not even a member of the Army yet, yet a captain to begin with and up here expecting to organize glee clubs, and such like. I'm as much of a specialist as he is, a veteran of a year and a half in the army and two big maneuvers, and have been under fire, and I'm a Lieutenant! The Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Vaughan told me I had been chosen by them to fill the post of regimental chaplain here. That's flattering! A cold and howling wind outside tonight.

DECEMBER 6. After thirteen Sundays in Iceland, I began my ministry with the Fifth Engineers. They have had compulsory church attendance here, with two companies sponsoring the service each Sunday. Starting today it will be on a voluntary basis. We were uncertain how many would be present, but 49 braved high winds to come. I had two trumpeters, a trombonist, and a bass horn. A casual, Capt. Walton, was present, and turned out to be a Methodist minister, member of the Dakota Conference, but here as an Infantry captain. I told him he should transfer into the Chaplains' Corps; there are plenty who can be infantrymen, few who can be chaplains. He thought he had a "call" to his branch. Fine fellow, however. What we call a "casual," come to fill any vacancy that may exist. Had a non-stop trip through the city today. Went in a command car with hutt-mates, Gray and Strohlein, to where some Fifth men are working. Saw beautiful snowy peaks eighty miles distant across the bay. The city was thronged with skaters. This

sport, surprisingly, is not so often enjoyed here as in Boston, because of lack of cold weather. It is also interesting to see in customs and costumes, the old and new, side by side.

DECEMBER 7. First anniversary of Pearl Harbor, and first time I have ever kept a diary a full year. Spent the morning writing my November report. 31 services for 732 men. 8 prayer services for Catholics, led by laymen, arranged by me for 160 more. 25 hospital visits to 625, 11 sings or socials for 276. Daily service contacts for a total of at least 1000 more. Received my November pay. Rode into city in the afternoon with Johnny Gray who had some company shopping to attend to. Bought a frying pan for midnight snacks. Had four casual officers in, including the Infantry-minister, Capt. Walton, to tell them of Iceland and show them souvenirs.

DECEMBER 8. Called at the Infirmary and H & S supply hut. Went to the 208 General Hospital to visit eleven patients. Saw long range of mountains, 75 miles distant, so rose-colored it seemed impossible. Saw a brook steaming hot from famous hot springs. Attended my first Fifth Engineers Officers' Call. Addressed Christmas cards which will arrive for Valentine time.

DECEMBER 9. A busy day in spite of lashing rains. I visited several parts of my regiment, getting acquainted with the new outfit. Went to a monthly conference of the chaplains and met quite a group, and also obtained some material to distribute, such as Testaments, prayer books, etc. I have been assigned two other camps, besides my home regiment. These are fairly large and not too far from here. I also will be on night call at a hospital, half an hour's ride from here.

DECEMBER 10. Talked with Band Sgt. McAllister about music for Sunday and other times. Called at Personnel Office, RSO and Motor Pool. Supposed to visit Tripoli Camp and Gibraltar Camp with Base Chaplain Rogers, but the appointment was cancelled after I had dressed for the occasion. So I went to visit 13 patients at the 167th Station Hospital. Came back to receive mail forwarded from my

other place. There's nothing like it to thrill one, yet nothing like it to make the partially deadened sense of separation keener than ever. So far it takes about four months to get answers to questions and acknowledgment of news.

DECEMBER 11. Received cards and boxes. The mail orderly said, "The Chaplain hit the jackpot." Visited 16 patients at 167th Hospital at Alafoss. That is, I walked the corridors to find everyone of them at the movies—my ride and work for nothing. Spectacular aurora. Toured my "parish" with Base Chaplain Ralph Rogers. Arranged schedule for 168th Station Hospital, Tripoli, Air Base; Gibraltar Signal Corps. Called back in afternoon to visit a critically ill patient, McDonough. Saw Capt. Albert Quarton, formerly of the Fifteenth. Brought him back as dinner guest. Tried to take him to a movie, but power went off. Got him ride home, then loaned a towel to Capt. Walton Mouter, one of the most decorated men I know of, and we showered.

DECEMBER 13. Just as I had my first "circuit riding" in Iceland on September 13, so I had my first Sunday tour of my new circuit here, today. At Belvoir, 95, including about 60 recruits. After lunch, I addressed the entire group, 100, at their orientation hour, on my position in relation to them. Went to Tripoli Camp at the Air Base for 2:30 service and none showed up, so after sending word around again and a reasonable wait, the driver, two trumpeters, and myself, went on our way. The last services held there, only two came. Went to Laugerness Hospital and called on six, including a Capt. Jensen, Danish, in for appendectomy. I found he had been one of those whom Dr. Smith of the "Ingham" told of receiving after four days and nights lashed to a raft, just before a hurricane broke. Seven p. m. service at Gibraltar Camp, 16, sociable fellows. Found a Corp. Becker and Pvt. Toka who can play the organ.

DECEMBER 14. In the morning wrote letters and weekly chaplain's report. I also visited Co. E, to see a Sgt. Fred Schockley about whom I'd had a letter from a friend in the States who had heard he was hurt—false rumor, no. Also visited the north dispensary. After lunch I visited 13 at Alafoss, 167th Hospital and from there backtracked to

the 158th to visit two. Passed the "steaming brook" that gives hot water to heat the 208th and 16th Hospitals, a laundry, etc. After dinner, Capt. Jones, M.C., gave a good lecture on gas in warfare. Then we went to the theater to see "Sweater Girl." The title drew a mob and it turned out to be a mystery picture! Rather entertaining. Had a pleasant walk home with the Colonel. Have read a book! "Gentleman Ranker" by the author of "Next to Valour."

DECEMBER 15. A morning of some desk work. Had doctor in for a Testament. It is a real thrill when an officer asks for one. This afternoon, while at Officers' call at 4:30, I was called out to go to the hospital for a pneumonia case after an operation. Called on nine. Back just after dinner had started.

DECEMBER 16. Called before breakfast to bedside of a man at Laugerness. Hour and a half with him, then doctor said to go home and come back after lunch. But he died half an hour after I left. Back after lunch for a conference with Miss Marie DeRochie, Asst. Field Director of Red Cross, in charge Laugerness Red Cross. Called on 115 men. Had interesting talk with Filipino mess boy, survivor of a torpedoing. Town errands and rides for several hitch-hikers—no bus service for soldiers. Visit from Pvt. David Karlins, assistant to Chaplain Whitney of the 50th F. A. Looking for a job with me! Went to Base Chaplain for information on this and that, and 50 Testaments. At evening mess we had stringed ensemble, and a talk on General Staff from Brig. Gen. Michaelson.

DECEMBER 17. In the morning I visited the band area and Co. B. After lunch I squeezed in beside the oversized driver of an undersized jeep and went to the Commissary. There I bought socks and gloves. Then on to Tripoli, where I called on the adjutant, and then on the CO or first sergeant of each of the four outfits under his jurisdiction, to invite men to church. Chose a new place to hold it and put up posters. Then to Laugerness to call on twenty-five patients. Get a different car each time; whatever is handy, command car, trucks, jeeps, etc. This one had homemade

wooden body to keep the breezes out. After supper had conference about Christmas with Special Services.

DECEMBER 18. Wrote a long-delayed answer to Chaplain Roy Hart, now with the Third Battalion of 118th Infantry. Had a yellow air alert—first in many weeks. After lunch called on nine in 208th Hospital at Helgafel. Went to Lambdon Park Camp and picked up the Christmas Decorations for Special Services Officer "Tommy," and then found he had picked up a set after all. The ambulatory patients in the hospital were decorating. It helped a little to make me realize Christmas is a week away. That will be a lonely day for a family man. After dinner we had a school and outdoor demonstration of the flame thrower, with an attack on a pill box, complete with machine gun and rifle coverage.

DECEMBER 19. Four months since I saw Ellen. Took the field organ apart to sandpaper "sticky valves." Called on fifteen at Laugerness Hospital. Went shopping to see if I could find any small gifts for men in the hospitals, but only bought a few souvenirs. Toinght after dinner, we all took a routine physical exam to see if we are fit to be in the army! My eyes are better than when I came in.

DECEMBER 20. A day of mixed storms, but like Uncle Sam's mailmen, nothing keeps the chaplain back. Off in wind and rain to a service at Laugerness at 9:30 for nineteen. Back in sub-hurricane to Belvoir to find ninety had come out, despite the weather that blew theater door off, nearly completed hut away, and made us ten minutes late because the wind was too strong for our Bantam. Service at Tripoli at 6 p. m. in the 33rd Pursuit Squadron's day room, "Club Ickabod." My posters and visits were fruitful. Then at 7 p. m. service at Gibraltar for 12. Sudden hail-storm made a terrific racket on the theater tin roof. Lt. Kisbaney from Hut 203 picked me up for dinner at the town's biggest hotel. Three dollars each for dinner plus forty-five cents each added for a tip. Great treat, however, after months of army food. Even had some passable ice cream, which we never get. The place is full of girls who buy some small thing and accept or refuse various invita-

tions to dance. Lt. asked several and was refused, but did finally dance three times with one. I was somewhat amused to speculate as to what her girl friend thought of me for not asking her. Incidentally, there are more really pretty girls here than any country. Yet, a strange fact is that it is a beauty spoiled by one thing; the faces lack expression. To see someone show animation or change of expression is infrequent.

DECEMBER 21. The year's shortest day was made still darker by storm. Heavy morning rain caught me out visiting the area and soaked me. Visited more of our area here at home. We have a number of regimental companies, and then we have three or four attached units. One of them is a Camouflage Company. Many of them are trained artists. They make models of towns and guns, etc. and then experiment with camouflage. They paint posters, like the ones we see on being careful of gossip and we have a printing shop to copy them. Saw them about some posters. After dinner attended Cliff's lecture on Winter Warfare. Heavy snow at bedtime.

DECEMBER 22. Interesting to have on such a dark day as December 22 in Iceland, a beautiful moon that was bright enough at 8:30 a. m. to cause us to see our shadows. I have made Christmas plans today and worked on sermons. I'm adding two services more to the four already planned for Christmas Day, for men unable to come in from places their work or training schedule takes them to. I'll miss Christmas dinner at night with the officers, but hope to get it with some company who have it at noon. Got ready for hospital visits, but no car showed up. Snow squalls, alternating with clear weather.

DECEMBER 23. Stormy weather caught me in an open jeep, so the water came down and splashed up as well. Went to Camp Curtis to offices of Special Services and Chaplain. Went to Tripoli. To Laugerness and called on seven. After lunch, gas mask drill and then took ten men to Camp Hickam to practice as carol singers. Saw movie, "Reap the Wild Wind," a melodrama in technicolor. Shipwreck scenes

had thrilled me last May in Norfolk, Va., when I was due to sail to Ascension Island. Came out to be greeted by truck-load of Fifth Engineer Bandsmen playing carols, so we stood here at the top of the world to sing. Found Lt. Jimmy Strohleim returned from his job of rescuing some pontoon boats stranded in a wide fast river. Lt. Johnny Gray, now at Tactical School, dropped in for his mail. Everyone got some except me,—mine still going to Budareyri.

DECEMBER 24. A beautiful snowfall off and on during the day made it Christmaslike. How surprising to be looking for snow in Iceland. Bare ground is mostly the rule here, with eternal snow and glaciers above the peaks. Called in by Capt. Jones, head of our Medical Detachment, for questioning about my sensitive side. Talked him out of going to the hospital just now. Dance at our Officer's Club at night. Carol sing, halfway through. Left at 11:30 and played cards with another rather lonely fellow. Do no dancing, but had to be there to show my interest.

DECEMBER 25. A year ago I was enjoying New Hampshire's Christmas snow. Today a typical Iceland storm of wind, rain and occasional sleet turned the hillsides into brown sheets of water. Service for 51 at Laugerness Hospital at 9:30, then over to Tripoli where the CO had said go to the theater for a larger crowd. One man showed up and I held a brief service for him, myself and two trumpeters. At Belvoir, 20 came, but someone called a matinee at 2:30, so they began breaking in on my services. Down to Gibraltar at 7 p. m. and found locked building, no lights or fire. We shivered 'till the man in charge could be located, then ten of us held service. Someone slipped up somewhere and gave me a real problem, but have to expect these sometimes. Noontime turkey, dinner guest of H and S Company. Eighteen months ago, June 25th, 1941, we pulled up stakes and left New Hampshire for "one year's active duty." Can't trust myself to express my thoughts, nor can I allow myself to think too deeply. I hope my being here will mean we'll all be together in peace when it's Christmas time again.

DECEMBER 26. Beautiful snow, one day late. Called on thirty at Laugerness. Bought gloves at commissary. Went

to Red Cross Field Director about one of our boys who hadn't heard from his family in Czechoslovakia for a year.

DECEMBER 27. Held service at Laugerness Hospital for twenty-four and then off to Belvoir and service for twenty-five. It's quite a sight to see a good sized driver, two trumpeters and myself, plus instruments, music stands and all my equipment, crowd into one tiny jeep. My old "friend," pain in my side, got me hard today, making the bumpy ride, standing, singing, and speaking very difficult. Service at six for fifteen at Tripoli and seven for fifteen at Gibraltar. After midnight I had to call Cliff to get Doc Abernathy for severe pain that left me numb, and alternately sweating and chilled.

DECEMBER 28. Best night's sleep in several weeks. After 6 a. m. breakfast, wash and shave, fell asleep and was awakened by Melvin Badger, brother Gordon's bosom pal of schooldays in Manchester, N. H. He is now a mustached Sgt. Major of this, the largest hospital in Iceland. Five years in the army, including two in Hawaii. The afternoon saw the pain return. Had my first going over by the ward doctor. Pleased by a visit from Colonel Riani, CO of the Fifth Engineers. Feeling easier, at night I went to a stage show put on by hospital personnel.

DECEMBER 30. Visited by Capt. Cliff Lindsay and Base Chaplain Rogers. Also visited by Major Jones, our head medic at the Fifth; so I got more than my share of attention. Movies at the hospital tonight was "This Gun for Hire," with Veronica Lake, the long-haired blonde who wows the doggies, poor lonesome boys. Soldiers are always girl conscious, and out like this, girl crazy—when it's a pretty one—!

DECEMBER 31. Another day without medication or treatment. Possibly rest is the treatment. A year ago tonight, I went with Ellen to the Main Street Methodist Church, Nashua, N. H., for a New Year's Eve service. This year, at 11:30, I dressed and went to a service, attended by twenty-seven, in the hospital chapel. Chaplain Meiere conducted it, and I offered prayer. Awake until after 4 a. m.—midnight

back home, and kept tryst with my family. I have always been impressed by the solemnity of the summing up of one year and the fresh start of another. I pray that everything is well with my loved ones back home and that my sons not only taller, but wiser and more like another young man who "grew in wisdom and in stature and in favor with God and man." Am thinking of the page I have from the "Nuremburg Chronicle." When that history was published in 1493, 450 years ago this New Year, the writers said it included all noteworthy that had happened, that the world was getting worse and nearly at an end, and left *six blank* pages where could be written the events up to the Day of Judgment! Nothing would happen,—yet within a few weeks Columbus came back to mention only one thing, a New World discovered! We would always remember, that the *best* has never been reached, and always hope for better and always try harder.

1943

JANUARY 1. A year ago today, I left Ellen and the boys and Mother and Dad at the East Boston airport to fly to my regiment in Florida, due to sail soon, yet fate held me so that I saw them after that and eventually left East Boston again by boat, but not 'till August 20. Today I lay in the hospital grumbling and somewhat dreading the "doings" and the outcome. Would rather be out of here working.

JANUARY 2. Fluoroscopic examination and other X-rays. A day when wind and snow blew cold and hard, but for awhile at noon, a bright sun gleamed in. Pleasant visit from Lt. Abernathy, our MC, who sent me here. He has just learned he's off to Winter Warfare School—several weeks of living on a glacier. How we laughed to see W. O. Warren, across from me, get a back rub from Nurse Poole. He was so ticklish, he nearly fell out of the bed, and she had to stop before he became a casualty. Ah! I smell the cocoa she is cooking. Soon after coming in, officer patients are initiated into the B.D.O.C. Club—(Broken Down Officers' Club)—pay dues of 10 kr., and each night at nine we enjoy a snack.

JANUARY 3. Awoke with a miserable side, but went with three other officer patients to Chaplain Meiere's service and felt better for the effort and his good sermon on Zechariah 4:72. I also attended his Communion service at night. I thought of how I am near my family, though so far away, and it seemed it was a lesson as to the meaning of Communion—how Christ should be as real and near to us. Visited again by M/Sgt. Badger.

JANUARY 4 AND 5. Still in hospital, getting the regular going over. Wish I could get mail, but must not forget

all my mail is on its way to my other place. Makes me feel worse. Had a philosophicatheological discussion with a Catholic, and with a sort of Pentecostal, and a former Presbyterian ministerial student who couldn't quite take their theology. A stimulating discussion with wide variety in our views.

JANUARY 6. Seven X-rays today and the consequent haphazard eating. Several thousand letters came to the hospital, but none for me. This is my cross, I guess.

JANUARY 7. A day of some studies, but mostly rest. I should be enthralled with the delights of hospital life, even golden sunshine for half an hour, but I'd rather be about and doing things. The doctors can find nothing tangible. Must be I'm working on my nerves again, for I sure have an awful pain in my side night and day.

JANUARY 8 AND 9. Still in hospital. Had the pleasure of reading the first "Manchester Union" since I was in Manchester, about five months ago. It was the issue of November 30,—headlines of that tragic Boston nightclub fire. Sgt. Melvin Badger gave it to me. The Manchester paper made me extra lonesome, yet, after all, made the home country and home folks more real.

JANUARY 10. Up and dressed and breakfasted early and off to Belvoir. Held service for forty-three there and had previously held the regular 9:30 service for seventeen at Laugerness. Enjoyed being back at work, especially on the first pleasant Sunday since coming from the East Coast. Best chicken dinner since I came to Iceland and greatly enjoyed the music of our string ensemble. Back to the hospital. Had asked special permission to take my Sunday services. Got it, but told "if well enough for that, well enough to be out." OK by me. I am eager for my work and do it, but just because I have a pain and ask for some kind of help, everyone is surprised and looks at me with sympathetic suspicion.

JANUARY 12. Capt. Cummings, ward doctor, reports he can find nothing wrong with me. I'm tired of that story! Had a long time with Dr. Andren, the psychiatrist. He tried

the usual things, purposely misquoting dates, etc. previously referred to and asking random questions to see if I were coherent or confused. I produced this diary to indicate that my statements had been accurate. He was sure my sideache, etc. are due to mental state, acting on my automatic reflexes or what not. Did I have a conflict, mentally, for fear I'd have to carry a gun? Was my marriage happy? Did I want to go home? Did I rebel at Army men carrying on? Could I hold my hand out and count twenty in reverse? Final conclusion: no mental confusion; no neurosis; hypertension caused by natural habit of overwork. Am I angry—they thought me either a liar or nuts!

JANUARY 13. Tonight I saw "Fantasia" in a shortened form. On the same program I saw a Travelogue on St. Augustine and stayed to see that twice, for the great joy of remembering how, with my family, I rode and walked the streets and saw the historic sights. This travelogue has brought me nearer my loved ones than any other incident since leaving. When it showed the "oldest house," we were in it; when it showed the Alligator Farm, we were going by it en route to Marineland. Then when it showed Fort Marion, we were in it, hearing the news of Pearl Harbor.

JANUARY 14. Discharged from the 208th General Hospital. Took W. O. Trueman Warren, also discharged, to Camp Helagoland and went to APO 860 to learn that although twice notified they had never changed my address on my locator card. Three convoys have brought mail for me and sent it to Budareyri. But this day brought me three V-mail letters. All bore the army date of January 13. Good old 13th. My first news of Ellen in thirty-five days, or since date she wrote, eighty-four days. First from Mother in thirty-five days, dating back to one hundred and fourteen days. Came back to a weirdly jumbled hut, in the beginning stages of being refloored. Spent the evening as an assistant carpenter.

JANUARY 15. A great deal of the day spent tramping the area looking up suggested candidates to be my assistant. No luck. Still thrilled by mail. I have had another evening

at floor-laying. Capt. Cliff Lindsay does the nailing, while I hold the warped boards in place. These poor engineers have spent a long time building nice camps for everyone else, and only spare time trying to fix up their own homes. They are a fine group. The officers are practically all college men. I still miss my tiny group in the Fifteenth.

JANUARY 16. In the morning I got my December report written and typed and mailed. Visited the 635th Camouflage Outfit. There I saw their men and admired their skillful models. They were working on a model of an airfield near here, making every runway and nearby knoll just as it is; each building exactly like the originals, and tiny but exact scale model airplanes, no bigger than a fingernail. This will be used to try out camouflage schemes upon. Picked up two splendid posters made for me by Corp. Martin. These I took after lunch to the Map Reproduction group to be reproduced in quantity for me, with blank space thereon where I may put various announcements. I also had an afternoon of calling at my hospital, visiting forty of the many patients. It is interesting when they'll talk. Some of those about ready to leave are too busy at card games, etc.; some are asleep; and some are very glad of a visit. Then I went on to the Base Chaplain's office. Got a cable from Ellen dated here January 13th. She got my Christmas package.

JANUARY 17. Service at Laugerness for only ten. At 9:30 the doctors and nurses are busy with ward rounds, and the patients are usually not able to come. My only available time, however. Service for twenty-six at Belvoir. I held service at Gibraltar for twenty-one. I was interrupted by men coming to a training lecture on current events, scheduled to follow immediately. This was not good planning, but I've so often run into similar things and make the best of it. Tonight I decided to turn the mixup to good advantage, so I finished the service and waited 'till the commanding officer came; then I told him I'd like to speak to the group. I did so, briefly, telling who I was, why I was there, inviting them to church, and remarking that men in lonelier, possibly more dangerous posts, were far better church attendants. Any-way, I was surprised to be applauded! I left, but the CO

came after me to say the impromptu talk had impressed the men and officers and to please eat supper with him next Sunday night.

JANUARY 18. Today has been moving day for me. One of our office huts was divided by a partition, and part of it turned over to me for my office, so I spent a good share of the day getting settled. It is pretty rough so far, but it will improve. I have a telephone, a small table, a large one on which I set out Bibles, magazines to give away, two or three chairs, and that is about all. But paint, a new floor, two lights dropped down instead of the one bulb high up—such things as these will help. Still on the lookout for an assistant. I have been reading John from time to time and getting sermon ideas. Like to keep ahead with sermonic ideas.

JANUARY 19. Five months ago today I saw my Ellen! Today I called on thirty-five at Laugerness Hospital and negotiated with a Pvt. Mandigo about having him for assistant. I also called at Alafoss Hospital on four officers, and went to afternoon officers' call. A new chaplain has arrived; in the service four months less than I, and now a captain and moaning that coming here kept him from being a major in another month or two! He is with the air corps that I served for a few weeks.

JANUARY 20. Spent a day at a school for chaplain's assistants at the Base. Very good. Corp. Black attended as a proxy for the assistant I haven't got as yet. I was one of the two chaplains to attend. Was complimented by the Base Chaplain for showing such interest. Came home to find mail.

JANUARY 21. Right at the desk up 'till 5:30, except for lunch. Three interviews that illustrate the variety: a man hoping for Officers' Candidate School, wanted advice and textbooks to study French, geometry, and algebra. A wild-eyed fellow told of persecution by 1st Sgt. who threatened to shoot him in the back. A Staff Sgt ten years in the army, hopes he won't be sent home in a cadre to train a new regiment; it was too hard to leave his wife before. Marvelously clear night. A nearly full moon and aurora as early

as 4 p. m.—made the night as day. The four of us in Hut 205 spent the evening laying floor.

JANUARY 22. One of my "antiques" came in handy. I brought with me a book from my collection—a book printed during World War I especially to teach soldiers French, particularly phrases they would use in the Army or in shopping and so on. This copy was used by an American officer. I gave it to the boy who wanted a French text book. It is amazing the variety of requests that come to me, and how many I can fill. This fellow is from Pennsylvania, but knows New Hampshire well and was pleased to speak of the places he knew. Everything I touch is gritty, because the wind blows dirt in through cracks almost too small to see. I dust everything off, but a few hours later, it's just the same. Had an interesting talk with Pv. George Borwen, who happened to be on DS on September 6 when we arrived. He saw the battle between our convoy of "Duchess," destroyers and the Focke-Wulf. The thirty and fifty calibre machine guns poured lead at him also, as he roared over them three times. He says we were bombed out by the big rock, then as we came into the bay, then as we started up the fjord—six in all. At one time, Jerry came over so low, Borwen dived under a sheet of hut tin. He laughed as he told of a sergeant running on hands and knees, fast enough to win a race. Visited by Chaplain McGill of 495th C. A. He took my watch to have Navy friends repair it.

JANUARY 23. Had arranged for a car to pick me up to go to visit Chaplain Cullom, who is ill, but no car showed up. I wrote a sermon, checked over another, wrote letters, and talked with several men. At 9 p. m. called to Alafoss Hospital for a man in a coma. Certain facts led me to call it hysteria, due to lack of mail. The doctor was skeptical, but the boy had not heard from his wife at all since arrival. He passed out after writing her; he called repeatedly for her. I sympathized and rejoiced at the feel of Ellen's letter in my pocket.

JANUARY 24. A typical day of mist and wind and mud. Twenty-one at my service at Laugerness; twenty-nine

at Belvoir and twenty-two at Gibraltar. Some carpentry work in Hut 205 in the afternoon and a fine visit with Lt. Rockwell, who is drawing up plans for what I hope will be a chapel. After evening service, I spent half an hour with Jimmy Strohlein, who was duty officer.

JANUARY 25. A dreary, drizzly day. I am back in my little office with the floor laid. Had to get out for a couple of days for the repairs. It's a small room, about 12' by 16', but it will do, except that not many at a time can come. I have thought of having a Bible class on an evening, because there are men interested; at least, they like to discuss the Bible. My work begins to pick up. The men are beginning to know me and come to me. Yesterday a man came for a Bible, finished the New Testament. Later a man came to say he came from a Christian home, and was slipping. This morning a fellow wanted help in getting his trumpet sent.

JANUARY 26. A beautiful day for weather, and one made more so by the arrival of letters. Happy day! I went to Red Cross on a "mission of mercy," to Base Chaplain to borrow algebra and geometry books for a fellow, and to visit twenty men at Laugerness. I also visited the band, the drafting section, and map plant. Also contacted special service. Also conferred with a company commander about a non com "living" with a fifteen-year-old girl, and had two evening interviews. I think I'm a busy man. Watched battery of 4,000,000 candle power lights play hide and seek with some of our planes. Attended officers' call before dinner, also.

JANUARY 27. A day of increasing rain, but got more mail and a package three months en route, with a surprising variety of things in it. How Ellen got all she did in a shoe box beats the Dutch! Had to laugh at dinner. Since it was Wednesday, the string ensemble was on hand and playing selections from Gilbert and Sullivan, when the lights went out, hiding their music. A roar of laughter went up when they swung into "They Cut down the Old Pine Tree." Visited Personnel Office and First Battalion Office tonight.

JANUARY 28. Rainy and muddy. Visited the 635th. I have been working on our "newspaper" today. I guess the idea was favorably received, because it was immediately

made an official co-operative project of the Special Service officer and myself. I plan the bulk of it, turn it over to him for censoring, additions, and mimeographing. Held my first service at Hanley Ridge, an AA 90 MM camp, (414th). They hold what they call "Maid's Night Out," when no one else can go out. Of 148, 128 were present at a church service in between training lectures, etc. I will make it an inter-faith service. Was cordially received. Company A off to Budareyri, so I spoke at formation and went to ship with them. Gave out religious articles.

JANUARY 29. Busy with an electrician, 635th artist, Sgt. Major and one or two other callers. Contacted Red Cross for a man and found, as I suspected, he gets wild ideas about home conditions and has been to them before. For example, he has an idea his mother is about to have a baby—it is his sister! Called on fifty-two at Laugerness. That is always full of variety. Just for example, today I found a merchant seaman from Honduras, speaking almost no English, but glad to see a "padre"; I surprised a nurse patient by not desiring a cold bottle of beer; I found a lad three days after an appendectomy drawing pictures well enough so that the CO of the hospital plans to keep him long enough to decorate the officers' club; I got into a discussion of the apocryphal New Testament with one, and good autobiographies by poor authors with another. In my office for an hour after dinner, then off to see the movie, "Wake Island." The audience of soldiers, veterans of a year or year and a half in Iceland, and some of other foreign hitches, spontaneously applauded the heroism portrayed.

JANUARY 30. A varied day. Nice talk with a boy about vulgar and profane language he so often hears, and a bother to him. I like to know some of our "he men" feel that way. A brief inspection visit by Col. Riani. Received several hundred fine posters from Map Reproduction. Visited H-S. Worked on sermons. Called on each company at Gibraltar and left posters announcing church and new time of services. I called on eleven at Alafoss Hospital. Went out to arrange for a load of cinders or gravel near my door. An overabundance of rain makes plenty mud. Terrific blizzard.

JANUARY 31. Fifteen at Laugerness, including Chaplain Rogers and two who came late. Back to Belvoir for service for forty-three. At night, service for nineteen at Gibraltar. In the afternoon we carpentered in our hut. We have our hut all refloored and now we have partitioned it into a sleeping room and a living room. When four of us get to stating our individual ideas about where we want a light or a bed, it's a bedlam! After evening service I visited Lt. Rockwell and Lt. Guilkey. In the early afternoon I had a visit with Capt. Moulter of Special Service, and gave him words to some songs to use in his work.

FEBRUARY 1. I visited HS non coms, got paid at Curtis, and bought shoes at Langholt Commissary. Wrote the weekly and monthly reports and worked on posters. I had a letter from a mother whose son hadn't written her in six months and she was frantic. I wrote her that men often get so they just eat, work, sleep and don't know one day from another anymore. Gen. Marshall said this and one other place were the hardest fronts because twenty-four hour alert had to be maintained, without any action, so men get bored stiff. The son is now where I used to be. I wrote him to do his duty to his mother as well as to his country. At office until 9:30 with a son of a Lutheran preacher. Troubled by friction with the man he works with. He'll take new job, give up his corp. stripes. The men are beginning to know they have a chaplain, but not as many come as in the States.

FEBRUARY 3. A blizzly day, but it was all "sunshine and roses" for me, for I got Christmas cards from so many people, and also packages. I also got a letter from the CO of an RAF group at my last place saying I was missed and appreciated. A fine talk with Company E fireman, newly back from Hofn, for which he thanked me. Worked on our newspaper.

FEBRUARY 4. A busy office morning. One poor fellow from the 635th in, shaking so the pocket change rattled. A wife he supposed he was divorced from has just put in a claim for allotment, and he already has a wife to whom his

money and devotion goes! Of course, I'll take various steps, but meantime I need to divert his mind, so he brings me "poems" to read, letters from his wife number two, etc. After lunch I visited the Base Chaplain and then to Laugerness to visit all sixteen wards, about 215 patients. It seemed that I walked miles. Then I had to eat supper before the rest and off to my new camp, Handley Ridge, where I held service for 110 men and had an enjoyable time. Chaplain Rogers was present so I had him presented for greetings after the service. He sent my truck on its way and took me in his new sedan to visit a Red Cross center in a town a few miles away I'd not seen, then a chaplain, then back to the main Red Cross place, which is only half a dozen miles from me, but which I'd never found time to see. "A good time enjoyed by all." Air alert for JU 88, which AA fired at unsuccessfully. Too high. Not in sight from Belvoir.

FEBRUARY 5. Today I was up an hour early to go about forty miles away to hold six services for a sick chaplain. However, the road goes through a mountain pass, which was blocked off by night wind-driven snow, so we had to turn back. Stopped in at Camp Omeskyri to phone and had an enjoyable visit with Chaplain Kiernan, who says mass at Belvoir. Enjoyed a second, more hearty breakfast. Back at the office by 10:30 instead of midnight, as expected.

FEBRUARY 6. A beautiful day that looked to be a weather breeder, as we used to say in New England. Trip to Bradford Camp to get trousers being mended. Mine not ready; got Cliff's. Someone during our carpentry left a board around with a nail in it,—the nail ripped a rather bad tear. I am not skilled in such things. I have had the "darndest" time darning; buttons, for example, wiggle too much when I attempt to sew them on. Called on eighteen at Helgafel Hospital, including officers I had known as patients.

FEBRUARY 7. Strong winds piled dirt like sand dunes, filled my office discouragingly. Blew in a section of ceiling celotex, and at night, created a terrific blizzard as snow came. It has been a long day. I have held my three usual church services, and a fourth, pinchhitting for a chaplain

laid up. This last one, although not very far away, took me fifty minutes. At this last service I had no musician, so I took a phonograph and began with the "Hour of Charm" girls singing "I Come to the Garden." Further along in the service, remembering Lincoln's birthday, I had a recording of "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord,"—a spiritual. Saw three "little" men at Tinker, 6'4" and 6'6", and 6'8". Four sermons, four periods of song leading, four times of being affable with different people, four bumpy trips, and I am ready to stop. Visited with a fireman in my office on my return.

FEBRUARY 8. I have had a Sunday, Monday. It's always Sunday when the chaplain comes. I have held three services today for a laid-up chaplain. He had a growth on his foot. I enjoyed these visits to new places. Small camps. Have had several talks with men today, two of them "bad boys." I gave them some "Geographics" to read and advice to think over. Another man wanted to know what to write. Another boy showed me a Testament his father had in World War I. I gave him a new one, so that the cherished one could be preserved. It was getting loose.

FEBRUARY 9. At the desk in the morning, then off for a preaching mission in Chaplain Tatsch's parish. To Skeleton Hill for a service but found a gunners' exam being given, so I went on to have service at Tilloi, then back for supper at Skeleton Hill and service half an hour later. Then out through the lava beds and along the beach to Brighton, on a peninsula where I held a service. These three camps are AA, with big 3.7 guns. Like all small camps they have a great "home pride."

FEBRUARY 10. At desk again in the morning, then off to a monthly Chaplains' Conference at Base. Fifteen present. Brought Chaplain Whitney of a neighboring Camp back for dinner and an evening visit. His dad is minister in Peterboro, N. H. Gave a fellow his prize, a harmonica, for naming our camp paper. He will enjoy sending home the paper he named. I am not the final editor, so I'm not responsible for all that goes in, such as pajama songs, etc.

FEBRUARY 11. A dark and stormy day, but work and prayer and rereading letters and writing cheer it up sufficiently. I let a troubled fellow take the "Readers' Digest Anthology" Ellen sent me. I am sure there are articles in it that will help him. I know I enjoyed reading it. Six interviews, one Red Cross interview, thirty contacts, call at Base Chaplain's Office, five hours at H. Ridge, supper, service (voluntary) for eighty, distributed one hundred pieces of religious articles. I am surprised how often someone quotes some passage in the Bible to me and asks, "Doesn't that prove that the war will end on such and such a date?" They think, if I "believe" the Bible, that I'll agree with them.

FEBRUARY 12. A morning of continuing blizzard. The day cleared off, however, so that one could see the road, or drifts covering it. I had some twenty service contacts, one Red Cross interview, called on 250 at Laugerness Hospital, stayed there for dinner, and gave the Sex Morality lecture to 140 in the theater.

FEBRUARY 13. Work on sermons and other desk work. A very blizzly day. After lunch I called at Alafoss and Helgafel hospitals on sixty. Went to a movie comedy at night, "Are Husbands Necessary?" Well, several million wives seem to be surviving without us! Each day seems to find me with good reasons for missing my family. Sometimes it seems impossible that this is real.

FEBRUARY 16. Held seven services in two days, having great difficulty in keeping the wind-blown truck on the road. Today snow driven by sixty mile per hour gale grounded vehicles, made leaky roofs and general confusion. To go to mess or my office was a real undertaking. Twenty minutes to go five hundred yards. Toward noon the snow was washed away by hard rain. I remember being caught by the wind near the main sentry posts, and pushed clear across the road, on the ice, as though skating. The barbed wire came at me altogether too fast. At 1400 hours I started off on a tour, and held services at Skeleton Hill for nineteen, Tilloi, twenty-nine and Brighton, fifty-five. These numbers would appear small to a civilian preacher, but may

represent nearly every man not on imperative duty. I especially enjoy the small camps, with their greater "family pride." The trip to Tilloy is interesting, through a great field of lava, then to Brighton, out a ribbon of land, past the Icelandic regent's home, to the camp commanded by "Capt. High Pockets," 6' 6", Capt. Downton. At Skeleton Hill, a Catholic boy, feeling a bit at home because of my robe, candles, and cross, showed me a picture of an intricately carved and bejewelled statue of Christ carrying his cross, a statue carried in a great annual procession in this boy's native Guatemala City.

FEBRUARY 17. I was called to the Base Chaplain's office today, and greeted very cordially, paid a compliment or two, and then asked if I'd like to take on permanently the several camps I've been covering for another chaplain. This is so he can be shifted to cover some in another direction. I said sure. I have expected additional ground to cover, and this gives me places that I have already been to. A good joke was played on me, although not intentional. The chaplain's clerk called late to say they forgot to mention that there were eleven outposts connected with the camps that should be visited once a month each for services, although some may have only a dozen or so men. My schedule calls for fifty to fifty-five services a month now. The Base Chaplain said my colonel, who is a Catholic, was in to see him and spoke well of me and that a CO of one of my other places called to say a good word. All this helps my morale.

FEBRUARY 18. I have just returned from one of my camps where I spent four and a half hours. I am well repaid there, however. I had almost 100 per cent turnout, in a crowded mess hall. We raised the roof singing. I also took my four remaining phonograph records and had a concert afterwards. I wish I had more religious or classical records. The boy who drove me home in a big ten wheel truck was from Keene. Another boy told me he had often come up from Massachusetts to the Polish Church on Franklin Street, Nashua, as part of a band. I meet very few from New Hampshire. I wrote Franklin Frye a letter today in answer to one from him the other day. Our orderly now is named

Frye. I prepared a sermon today and set up my share of the camp paper, "Engineer Echoes."

FEBRUARY 19. Today was a hurricane day, wind 70-80 m. p. h. I went to one of the larger of my new "parishes" for the first time. I went about 4 p. m., met the office force and some officers, had supper, visited while an early show was on, then had service in the theatre before the next show. Of 150 seats, 115 were taken. I find my biggest asset is my voice; many are not ordinary church goers, not familiar with hymns, so I must really lead the songs. Hope my voice doesn't grow old too fast! The wind and snow had stopped, and a beautiful moon made the valley a magic place. I had copies made of a poem Frank Fletcher sent me of his and will use them to give hospitalized men. Will write him to that effect and I know he'll be pleased. He has written me four or five times since I came in the Army, more than anyone else. Have been gone from the New Hampshire Conference twenty months now.

FEBRUARY 20 and 21. In spite of 80 mile wind and high-piling snow I visited two hospitals yesterday. Today is cold, snowy and increasing fury of wind. I attended service at the State Church in town. Took Lt. Rockwell. In his hut for coffee afterwards. My service at Belvoir was held in an unswept, fireless theatre, through the error of the man who supposed no "movie" meant no "church." Had eighteen present. At night I had a forty-minute trip to Gibraltar, through a blizzard, and twice off the road. Had twenty-two present. Then on to Tinker in clearer weather, for service for twenty-six. As I packed up to go, a sergeant asked to try the organ; result, a community sing with thirty for an hour and a half and an invitation from a visiting CA lieutenant to repeat to his neighboring group on Wednesday.

FEBRUARY 22. We are having a spell of abominable weather, but I haven't missed a service yet, although it's made me late a few times. All the new camps I was to have, no sooner arranged for than they became part of the jurisdiction of another higher authority, so another chaplain will take them. Will be a little more free to serve the others.

FEBRUARY 23. Bought pen at PX because I lost mine. Had a couple of interviews, then lunch, and then off to Casement for some interviews. We battled blinding blizzards, piling drifts, and cold to get to my three preaching places. The jeep twice stalled with wet wire, once on lonely road where the thunderous surf sprayed us, while we waited for someone to choose the same road. Home at 11:45 and a midnight phone call. News sheet says 850 lost in two transports in last convoy bound here, five of them chaplains.

FEBRUARY 24. At the desk 'till noon. Considerable effort trying to get a bandsman transferred. He can't go 'till musician can be located to take his place. After lunch, I was one of the "carrying crew" in an officers' class in rapid fire building of the British SBG bridge. Rather fun, riding in half tracks, quick, united work.

FEBRUARY 25. First clear day in three weeks or more of every sort of bad weather. I had three interviews and twenty contacts and called at Base Finance and Base Chaplains. Service at Handley Ridge for one hundred. Home in a short but fierce blizzard that found ten-wheel truck I was in and a dozen others stranded on our Belvoir hill. The quarter mile or more walk up the hill, through the drifts and mile a minute gale, was as hard a physical test as I have ever experienced.

FEBRUARY 26. I kept busy at the desk, with sermons to go over, fifty New Testaments to autograph, etc. Had planned a shopping trip but the jeep was not available until 3 p. m. Went to Chaplain Rogers, to Commissary, to Handley Ridge for my church things, to APO to send seven "One Year in Iceland" books. Then up to Jeffersonville, supper and a service for eighty-five. At Jeffersonville I hold service between two movie shows, which helps considerably. Some will stay over or come early for the second show who wouldn't make the effort of coming out to a separate meeting. Used the story of Gideon which interests them as soldiers and put across valuable lessons of discipline, obedience, etc. I tell of the founding of the Gideon Society, then offer Gideon Testaments. I autograph them and give them person-

ally. In this way I have had the pleasure of putting an autographed Testament in the hands of perhaps five hundred men. When I think I have had contact with thousands of men I wonder how well or badly I have done. Anyway, I still think ministers, and perhaps especially chaplains, have more genuine pleasure than most people.

FEBRUARY 27. Today I bought gold cloth for altar and a bowl for baptisms. Priced a package of assorted American cookies, —\$1.00. The town offers absolutely no recreation. Might as well be a hundred miles from it. The enlisted men have a Red Cross center and a Government restaurant. We have nothing, of course, and are expected to patronize hotels, I guess. Was spectator at our monthly dance. The band, for my special benefit, played at the end, "Tea for Two." Did it make me lonesome!

FEBRUARY 28. Driver, "G Man" Hoover and I picked up Corp. Jusk at Casement and went on to Camp Russell where the 26th Signal "C" Battalion just moved in. Had service for forty-six. Stayed for fine chicken dinner. Met all the officers. Then to Belvoir and service for eighteen. Had three more services:—and sings afterwards. On the way back from Tinker was forced into a ditch by a fast-driven command car. A few minutes later, flagged down by MP's who told of their tire being shot by drunks in that car. I went to MP headquarters at Curtis and got help for them, and then on home through the same old blinding blizzard. Glad I wasn't chasing a drunk!

MARCH 1. Up at 6:15, the regular time for the men, but an hour early for any officer not holding reveille! Off to Pimple Hill for an 8 a. m. service (10 p. m. for them!) Various camps have various schedules, so that someone is always on their toes. It was a sleepy group of thirteen who had been on the alert for thirty-six hours. I baptized Pfc. Philip Werner and Pfc Edmund Stirman—buddies. Back to Belvoir for lunch. Wrote monthly report. Had service at 4 p. m. for twenty-four. Chicken dinner with the officers, then service at Boulogne for twenty-seven. Fine long talk there with Capt. Gray.

MARCH 2. Pvt. Harmon Mandigo reported for duty as my assistant yesterday. He kept the office today while Corp. Jusk of the 494th went with me to Skeleton Hill, where twenty-one attended and where we had our lunch and their supper at 4 p. m. Then to Tilloi and service for twenty-six, and then on to Brighton. I held service for twenty-five after a movie. Told the men I guessed I was the free china given away with Class D pictures! I often have to sit through a movie at a camp waiting for my service—only hoping that it will be at least three months since I saw it. The luxuries and comforts and freedom of civilian peacetime days are rather vague memories now.

MARCH 3. I have, usually, two days out of thirty that I can stay in camp. This was one of them. It is a great treat not to go out over the bumpy Icelandic roads. The roads are unbelievably bumpy and the weather so inevitably bad. These jeeps and other army vehicles look pretty adventurous, but are darned bumpy. My report for last month: I held fifteen services on Sunday and twenty-four services on weekdays,—thirty-nine for 1455 men. Also three sings for 115 and three phonograph concerts for sixty. Gave out 270 religious items and visited 652 in the hospital. Had seventy-six interviews, gave a monthly lecture to 140. Contacted 840 other men in other ways. That makes 3608 contacts of one sort or another with men.

MARCH 4. Mandigo and I went over the worst road I've ever seen (Iceland's main road) to Handley Ridge. A mixture of rain, sun, and thaw did such a job on our roads that a four mile trip to this camp took me forty minutes each way. I had my lunch, their supper, and held service for seventy-five who had had breakfast at 2 a. m. Clyde and Dana laughed when I bought some "pink pants" to wear in the Army. They should see me now. I have some rubber pants,—a rain suit.

MARCH 5. A day of rain to make the mud "muddier!" I arranged my Gibraltar service for 7 instead of 6:30 so that I can hold my Belvoir service at 6 p. m. At 3:30 went to Jeffersonville and visited around and had a good supper.

Then went to theatre for services between the shows. Ninety present including six officers.

MARCH 6. In the office in the morning. After lunch I called on forty at Alafoss and Helgafell Hospitals. Then the long ride over to Russell for supper and office hours. In spite of their first PX night in new camp, and five cans of beer ration, a line was waiting to present their "tear slips" to the chaplain. Several interesting problems. Sent birthday cable to Mother. The dates mean almost nothing to me, and in spite of a reminder by Ellen, it is a wonder I thought of it. I just have in my mind—Sunday, four services,—Monday, three services,—Tuesday, three,—Wednesday, meeting at Base,—Thursday, one service, Friday one, Saturday, hospitals,—supper at this camp, lunch at another, etc. etc.

MARCH 7. I held service at Russell for sixty, Quantico Hill for twelve, Gibraltar for twenty, Belvoir for 125, Tinker for thirty, and a sing for thirty at Tinker. Gone thirteen hours, four and a half of it in the jeep over these frightful roads. A torn, and abused, held-together-by string, "Zion Herald" for October found its way to my desk. A news item says Groveton Church burned its mortgage with every recent pastor present except "Your truly," a chaplain overseas. One of my biggest problems is sermons. I "mix them up" to keep from boring my driver, organists, etc. and also to have a variety, such as some story type, some devotional, etc. I spend a good many weekly hours on choosing subjects, writing them, and planning where to use them. Used one tonight about the woman who touched "His" robe, and about a little boy who en route to the operating room held a "real soldier's button."

MARCH 8. A day too beautiful to seem real. The scenery here on a day like this is beyond description. Had a time change that I've been too much on the go to hear about, and so I awoke to find I'd lost an hour. Today I bought an alarm clock and a pair of "pinks." I dress up every day and have only one pair. Many have three. We had cocoa instead of coffee for breakfast, and you should have heard the sputtering! We miss butter once a day. I

held services for twenty-five at Casement, for thirty-eight at Boulogne, and for fifteen at Pimple Hill. Called on four at the hospital. I was twelve hours on the road.

MARCH 9. Services for thirty at Skeleton Hill, twenty-four at Tilloy and for eighty-five at Brighton. After the service, came out to a wild blizzard. Earlier in the day I had seen it blow an Icelandic youth off his feet! We started off, however, groping through the swirling snow. At one point the wind was driving the high tide over the road. We negotiated this and then our car stopped and we had a three quarter mile hike through the storm and had to put up at Brighton over the night. Also saw some large birds having a wild time this morning. They were determined to go in one direction, but the wind kept blowing them back. They'd sail around awhile, then get mad and try again, but no use.

MARCH 10. I led the devotions at the first meeting for the chaplains' clerks and the last devotions that will be held for the chaplains. (Voted out as embarrassing to men of diverse faith!) (Yet they are supposed to serve men of all faiths!) Took Chaplain Cullom, who was visiting Belvoir, to the meeting and got a cot for him in my hut. My car broke down, so I got the exec's jeep from Casement to take me home to Belvoir. After dinner, I went in an open, topless weapons carrier to Russell to visit and pray with a boy who had a wire from his mother that his dad had died,—and "please come home." Back at midnight after a long, very cold ride. Took the driver in an Icelandic cafe for a bite to eat. Talked with a number of soldiers, sailors and marines there. I was fourteen hours on the road. I am deeply grateful for the strength to do all this. It is really a mansized job. I wore two coats and had a blanket around my legs.

MARCH 11 and 12. These were stormy days with snow drifting deeply. The area is being evacuated. A flood of last week put eight feet deep on some of the roads and supplies cannot reach some camps. After office work I went to Handley Ridge to lunch (their supper). They had been up since 10:15 p. m. the night before. A very sleepy group of

fifty stayed for the service. Visited the laundry, bakery etc. at Jeffersonville. Had service for 115 between a movie.

MARCH 13. The day cleared off after blowing and snowing. Spent ten hours at camps and hospitals. Came home through the aurora-lit sky. Visited forty in Alafoss and Helgafell. Was at Russell for supper, office hours and a service for seventy. Also had a two-hour conference with the Col. and Exec.

MARCH 14. This was a day of variety in my schedules. I had a free morning in my office because the Russell service was last night. At 1300 hours I substituted at Arnold for Chaplain Rogers, who has substituted for Tatsch. Nineteen were present, including four officers and Capt. Zaponi, whom I knew at a Signal Corps camp. He is a CO and is there awaiting his replacement and a *boatride*. Held services at Quantico Hill and at Belvoir. Only had eighteen at Belvoir—no movie! A fire burned briskly, but the place was very cold. From there I hustled to the State Church, Iceland's Cathedral, where I preached at a special 494th service, conducted by Chaplain Dean in the absence of Chaplain Rogers. A real thrill, after mess hall services, to have violinists, fine chair, Navy organist, formerly at Chicago Madison Avenue Church. 152 present. Well, it takes more effort and grace, I verily believe, to have a meaningful service under our daily handicaps. I took for my subject an old favorite of mine, "Mountain Climbers," and really appropriate here.

MARCH 16. Held my usual three services yesterday, Casement, Boulogne and Pimple Hill. Was eleven hours on the road. Seven months ago today we left Camp Edwards for the port. Today, I am in my office, in one of the fiercest of Iceland's many bad storms. My stove pipe is coming apart, and my roof is getting somewhat loose. To go the five or six hundred yards to my hut will be a tremendous adventure,—if a piece of Nissen hut doesn't catch me on the way. No transportation could move, so I missed the three services I had scheduled for today. The drifts mounted, as many of us relaxed at the club.

MARCH 17. I went out at 1300 hours, to hold yesterday's services. The camps I supposed expected me, but they apparently didn't. However, I got a chance to see how I'd make out under such circumstances. At Skeleton Hill, where "flood refugees" have swelled the crowd, I had forty. At Tilloi the CO expressed regret that a movie was on its way and there'd not be time,—but twenty men asked for a service—and got it. At Brighton where I had the movie crowd, there was no movie, yet I had fifty and Holy Communion for twelve. Somewhat ill tonight.

MARCH 18 and 19. Yesterday I was up for breakfast, but couldn't get it down. Went back to bed for the day with some fever. Up for lunch today, wobbly, but off for visit to clerk Harmon Mandigo, who broke his ankle skiing last night, then to Special Service at Lambdon Park; and then to Jeffersonville.

MARCH 20. I spent the whole day in my office. The afternoon was spoiled by the fact that promised transportation never reached me, so my hospital work was impossible. I am so regular in that that the men notice it when I do not come. I have found over and over again, here and in the States, that they like to point out to men of other units how their regiment remembers them.

MARCH 21. I am still pouring aspirins down my throat for that grippy cold. My "band sgt." McAllister, Sgt. Richaud of H & S Company and Capt. Kaplan, one of our medics, rushed off to the "leave" boat for Blighty. I held service at Pershing for twenty-six as substitute for Chaplain Rogers, at Russell for seventy-five, at Quantico Hill for twenty, and at Belvoir for 125. Had office hours at Russell. Visited the Red Cross Center and attended State Church. A man at the Red Cross asked if I wasn't *the* chaplain who visited the 244th C. A. I had learned that they had no special contacts with a chaplain, so I took out my folding organ, song books, etc., sat in the corner, and let sixty men "go to town."

MARCH 22. Visited hospitals and held services at Casement, Boulogne and Pimple Hill. Here a bit of absent-

mindedness had a movie running at church time. I waited an hour and a half, 'till it finished, then at 10 p. m. I had service. It was amusing, while passing the time with the kitchen force, to hear the cook mutter, "9:30 and three and a half hours to supper." Yet it is comforting to know that we are guarded every moment. Picked up a hitch-hiking captain. He asked where he had seen me before. I couldn't figure it out on an Army basis, so I casually asked where he came from, and he turned out to be a fellow named Smith, former submaster at North Stratford, N. H. I had met him several times when I had my pastorate in Groveton.

MARCH 23 and 24. Warmer weather, but I still have my headachy cold. Held my services yesterday at Skeleton Hill, Tilloi and Brighton. Also visited thirty-six at Alafoss Hospital. What a wonderful day it is when mail comes! I see hundreds of smiles for those who get mail, but on the other hand, it is a terrible day for the occasional one without mail. I talked with one fellow who has been nine months without mail from his wife. Since no news of illness has come from any source, the only answer is that she has run out on him. I received oodles of mail from Ellen and a Valentine—a letter from Dr. Brewster, and one from Mother, and also one from nephew Elliot. I attended an interesting class involving a large topographic model of this area, filling most of our club "ballroom," in which we met the various problems arising out of a major German invasion. A yellow alert in the afternoon,—the second within a few days. Some plane hoping for pictures.

MARCH 25. I was in my office a couple of hours and then off for Casement to pick up Jusk. Then up to Handley Ridge to visit, have dinner and a sing for ninety, and service for ninety-four. I got a ride back to Casement in their 2-6-8 truck, then a ride from Casement to Belvoir. The driver from Casement was a newcomer to Iceland; six months and a corporal, while we have three year men, going on two years here, and no stripes. He told of the rapid officer promotions back there. After dinner I went to see the movie, "Always in My Heart," which was interrupted by Air Raid Practice. The ARP lasted about an hour and a half, with

bombs, incendiary fires, etc. I took my place at the dispensary where casualties would be brought in. More mail and a lot of January "Manchester Unions." V's from Ellen, one from Clyde, Dana and Gertie. Base Chaplain's office said I was turning out more work than almost anyone. One of the three busiest chaplains. That should answer any questions as to my health—even if I was supposed to be "too sick" for foreign service.

MARCH 26 and 27. Yesterday was in office in the morning, and then visited Alafoss Hospital and Jeffersonville. At dinner I had the first rare roast beef I've had in the Army. Today I cleaned up my office, read "Upper Room" and its Bible references. More mail, from Ellen, Larry, Ray and Gordon. Was glad to have Ellen mention that the boys miss me, and that I paid attention to them. Get to wondering away off here if they can look back and say, "Had a good dad." I expected to visit the hospitals today, but no transportation. Had thirteen new men to see me.

MARCH 28 and 29. Had my usual services yesterday; Russell, Quantico Hill and Belvoir, and also Gibraltar, and Tinker. A fourteen-hour day on the road. This morning I went to Casement; visited Base Chaplain's office also. Had office hours at Casement. Interesting talk with a Sioux Indian, fine fellow. Had services for twenty-three at Casement, twenty-six at Boulogne, interrupted by the air alert bell and for forty at Pimple Hill, after the alert was over. This turned out to be one of our unplanned candlelight services,—no power, so two men co-operate,—one holds the candle, the other the hymnal. On the road twelve hours, six interviews and 150 contacts. Had my regular "preacher's Monday"—one where I have only three services to rest up from five the day before.

More mail, sets me to thinking of home. I can't decide which would be the bigger thrill on the return trip—to sail back into the same harbor I left, and remember how differently I felt, or go into New York harbor and see the Statue of Liberty after long months in a strange and weary land.

MARCH 30. I was on the road for twelve hours. Visited Alafoss and Helgafell hospitals, Skeleton Hill, Tilloi and

Brighton. Had a fine long talk with Daniel Roberts, the Sioux Indian whose Indian name is Ohea Sha, or "Win Red," which may mean "Red Man Wins." In another camp I have a two hundred pound "Eagle Feather."

MARCH 31. Corp. Jusk came up from Camp Casement to help me. Got out my monthly report. Of the thirty-one days the last was not included, and two I was sick in my quarters, but here are my figures:—

4	Sunday a. m. preaching services—attendance	241
14	Sunday p. m. preaching services—attendance	680
1	Weekday a. m. preaching service—attendance	13
37	Weekday p. m. preaching services—attendance	1684
3	Weekday p. m. Holy Communion Services—attend.	36
2	Weekday Devotion at meetings	50
8	Community Sings	351
3	Red Cross interviews with	5
201	Personal interviews with	201
135	Religious items given away	135
1445	Contacts not listed, such as at meals, in field, visiting day rooms, etc.	1445

I am proud and grateful that I can do these things, considering that I almost stayed behind for physical reasons.

APRIL 1. In the office in the morning and an hour in the evening. Had to break the news to a man this morning that he has two wives and a son, instead of one wife and no son. Wife number two must pay wife number one the allotment money she has received, etc., etc. More mail from Ellen. She writes me daily and her letters are so cheerful, one would not suppose she had a problem, but I know she has many.

APRIL 2. In the office in the morning, until toward noon when I went for a haircut. After lunch I was back in the office until 1500 hours. Dictated a letter for man with the two wives to send to wife number two to break the news. Couldn't trust him to write his own letter. I'll write her myself after I'm sure his has been mailed. Went to Chaplain Roger's office, then up to Jeffersonville. This is my most

difficult service. A crowd between two movie shows, who come mostly to get a good seat and made life miserable for another chaplain by noise, etc. They are my only group of poor singers. However, they are improving and taking an interest. I choose my sermons carefully; last week I told them of "The Man Who Played God," and tonight "The Man Who Saw." Next week I'll use "The Man Who Grew."

APRIL 3. I came back from my service last night and came in my office to leave my things and there was a V from Dana. A very pleasant thing to happen to me. Today was windy and rainy, and has been an office day. Also a visit to fifteen patients at Helgafel Hospital.

APRIL 4. Today was one of our exasperating days; one minute it was clear and then suddenly a black storm howled in. I wanted to visit Alafoss Hospital, but the jeep was having lung trouble and was being repaired. I just managed to reach Pimple Hill for service with thirty-eight, and a phonograph record concert for twenty-five. They enjoy my few remaining religious records. Ate noontime "supper" with the officers, then on to Russell and service for sixty with a communion for thirty-two and a record concert for twenty. The man I visited once to comfort about the father's death, has earned \$45.00 extra, doing laundry, to send home! Then a service at Casement. Here the men have infantry drill seven days a week and were given an opportunity to choose church; no drill was held, and seventy-four were at church! I then went on to Boulogne where all were feverishly getting ready for a big inspection.

APRIL 6. Today was a reversion to winter's technic, with a 50 m.p.h. blizzard. I was at Casement in the morning, then visited fifteen at Laugerness, including eight from 394th. Played cribbage with a patient, with a number of interested spectators. Had service for twenty-one at Skeleton Hill. Those at Tilloi and Brighton postponed. Struggled home through the storms. Letter from Ellen wondering how my health is. No one could do my work, if not well. I am gone many days ten to fourteen hours; I stand up hour after hour and lead groups in singing, and interest men of all sorts

of background and religious faiths in a sermon; I tramp the hospital corridors; I carry the burdens of many troubled men. Of course I get tired and sometimes shaky; I have my aches and pains; but I truly believe God needs me here and strengthens me. I know He will continue to do so.

APRIL 7. Held yesterday's postponed services. As we left Brighton about 8:45 p. m., although it is still daylight now, we could see a huge fire. We speculated and hurried to find it was Laugerness Hospital where I had visited and dined yesterday. The three-story, main building, is, so far as I know, the only wooden building in Iceland,—gone now! It was presented as a leper hospital in 1845 by Danish Odd Fellows. I helped Chaplain Meiere move his equipment. Then on to Casement where I found new excitement; a man, restricted for a month, given a pass, went to town, came back drunk and went gunning for the officers and fired two shots at remonstrating comrades.

APRIL 8. Saw a man whose long-awaited mail brought him a request for divorce. Have just written the girl to tell her off. She has either cheated, was afraid to tell him before he left that she no longer loved him, or is afraid to wait and face him. He is risking his life; the least she could do is cheer him up. He is in a country of amazingly pretty girls and paying no attention to them. Just after lunch I was called to the lava pits at Tinker for an accident—no details. I hurried there and found, as I expected,—a cavein. A lieutenant, probably dying, had been dug out and taken to the hospital. A private only eighteen had been killed, and I was there while they gathered up the scattered fragments. I offered a prayer in the presence of his comrades. It was hard to realize it had been a man.

APRIL 11. So many days are alike with my services and hospital visiting. Today I substituted at Lambdon Park, Buller, and Arnold for Chaplain Cullom. Services at Quantico Hill where I had a saxophone and guitar and soloist. Also services at Belvoir, Gibraltar and Tinker. It is rather amusing if you have, say, services at 10, 12, 1:30, 4:30, 6:30, 7:00 and 8:00. You feel lost in the hour or so between

the time the 1:30 service ends and 4:30. The itinerary retraces its steps two or three times today by my camp, so we came here to my hut to relax. I don't dare lie down because I know I'd sleep, and half an hour's nap always takes away my wits. I was on the road fourteen and a half hours, with four and half in actual travel.

APRIL 12. Wash day at Belvoir but I managed to get my services in. These were at Pimple Hill, Casement, Belvoir, and Boulogne. Record concerts at Pimple Hill and at Casement. Distributed just at Casement alone, where many did not take one since they already owned one, thirty-three Gideon Testaments. It is quite a thrill to have a line of men waiting for me to autograph and present New Testaments.

APRIL 14 AND 15. Yesterday had conference at my office with Chaplain Whitney in regard to the Easter service. Gave him a ride to Curtis for monthly meeting. Got Base jeep to give us a ride to town for hasty shopping. For a pad for desk calendar, \$1.85, and same price for a scrap book. Had coffee at Iceland's "palatial" hotel. Today I called on Col. Van Dock at Casement. Unable to hold Handley Ridge service due to sudden move. Have more mail than I can read! With my usual rush of business increased by Easter specialties, I just have no spare minutes. This morning I typed off my share of our "Engineer Echoes." Glad to get snapshots in mail. Glad to get pictures of the farm with those trees. If I had just one of the trees here, I'd charge admission to see it.

APRIL 16. As near as I can tell Ellen is writing me a regular letter and a V about every day. Suppose that is because of the lonesome letters I sent during my long times without mail. I can't write that faithfully unless my work lessens considerably. It will, in time, do that, if some chaplains make a safe journey. My Colonel has got after the Base Chaplain and told him to take some of the work from me. If this means some of my camps will be unserved, I'll protest. Later: Called at Casement. Held service at Jeffersonville for 100 and sing for 110. I am amazed to see in how many ways people are *alike*. The children make identical paper

airplanes; the girls play hopscotch, only they push a pebble with the foot; they play tag. Everything is advertised as the "latest" thing from America which explains style similarity, but how is it that little kids play almost identical games? Many ten year olders, however, work scrubbing floors on their knees, or on the "dis-assembly" line in slaughterhouses.

APRIL 17. Held a Belvoir "washday" service for sixty. On the road two hours, nine interviews and thirty-five contacts. Letter from Ellen telling she had heard Charles R. Brown and Margaret Slattery. I remember them both. He is always noted for his ability to find unsuspected things in the Bible and he has influenced my preaching. She has great power to stir one. I heard her once in Old South, Boston.

APRIL 18. Went to Reykavik in the morning; called on five Belvoir officers on DS. Saw a tremendous cargo plane,—the second largest field in the world. Saw AA fire, saw lava plains stretching twenty unbroken miles, and lonely fishing villages. It was a beautiful day. Came back and had services at Quantico Hill, Belvoir, Gibraltar and Tinker. At one of my services twenty men stood in line while I autographed New Testaments.

APRIL 19. A day of sunshine and blue water,—and snow squalls. Held service in four camps and sings in two. Attended a two-hour officers' meeting (where I was singled out for praise to make me blush). Wrote a weekly report, went to the Base Chaplain's office, arranged to borrow a public address system for Easter. Will have several special services for Holy Week.

APRIL 20. Besides my regular services and hospital visiting today I judged snow sculpture contest at 10 p. m. at Brighton. Two Holy Weeks away from a civilian parish and away from my loved ones. I tried to buy an Easter card in local stores in order to have a picture to use to print a calendar or bulletin, but none came across the dangerous seas this year. This country is tremendously dependent upon other countries. Corp. Elmer A. Frehuefar, E. Co., died. Funeral to be day after tomorrow.

APRIL 22. Yesterday I did a lot of work in the area, getting Easter details under way and funeral detail. Today is first day of summer in Icelandic calendar. Complete holiday today and tomorrow. Funeral postponed by their customs until Saturday. Held two services at camps and then a centralized one at 494th CA (AA). Had communion at Casement for seventy-five. It was a rich experience. Seventy-five officers and men came in from scattered AA points on a stormy night, came a long, bumpy ride in the hard backs of trucks and received Holy Communion from me. It leaves me all but speechless, and people write articles about the decadence of religion. I wish they could have heard a Jewish man, fine tenor, sing the Catholic "Ave Maria," at a Protestant Communion.

APRIL 23. Good Friday. Hours of funeral rehearsal, tracing the route, etc. Services at Jeffersonville and at Belvoir. Communion at Belvoir and a sing at Jeffersonville. I hope we have good weather for my Easter service. If rainy, will have to have two in the theater hut to accommodate the hundreds I expect. I have asked the Base Chaplain to preach.

APRIL 24. Held the funeral of Corp. Elmer A. Frehulfar of Company E. He died in his sleep, the first of this regiment. Fine fellow. Had a chapel service and a cemetery one; our General is strict about the niceties, and this was supposed to be well done. Band, colorguard, etc., etc. Driving rain made a hard job harder. One hundred fifteen at Fossvorgur cemetery. Attended officers' call. We had a long air raid red, without action for us, but over the range of mountains, about ten minutes away by plane. Two P-38's brought down a JU 88. My men at Camps Tilloi and Brighton saw him fall; and my Signal Corps men from Russell were near the spot and rushed over. Three in the plane were killed—a fourth, twenty-two year old sergeant and radio man, bailed out at 400 meters. He kicked off his boots for a sea landing, but landed in socks, on the terribly rough lava. Lt. Col. Gallagher of my 26th SC, came along in his jeep, saw him, parachute trailing, being helped by children. He got out to help the supposed American, and could have been shot, but the Jerry surrendered. He has three years in

service and was on return to Norway at night, due to go on Easter furlough to Germany. Talked, in German freely, and answered every question except as to their starting point. Anxious to know if he was surrendering to an American—probably afraid of capture by fighting Norwegians. In the belongings of one of the dead was a birth certificate of a now fatherless baby, born two or three months previously.

APRIL 25. Easter Sunday. One of Iceland's rarely bestowed days of unbelievable beauty. We had a platform built, near our Observation Post, high up on our hill behind it, a 12' cross, brown, with white rays of light. Had a Public Address system and here services was held for 1,000 men and officers, including Major General Bonesteel. I had Lt. Col. Ralph Rogers, Base Chaplain speak,—his Corp. Basso, sing "Ave Maria" and our band. The white crowned mountains, blue sky and bluer sea, soaring planes, made a marvelous setting that Hollywood could not have surpassed. I held services also at Buller, Russell, Quantico Hill, Gibraltar and Tinker.

APRIL 26. Easter Monday is a natural rest day for a minister after Holy Week, but not for a chaplain! I visited twenty-five at Alafoss Hospital, and held services for sixty at Casement in their new recreation hut and for thirty-one at Boulogne; also a sing at Boulogne. The hut I now live in needs the same fixing up as the one I lived in next door and fixed up, so it's to do all over again. When I get home at 9:30 or 10:00 p. m. I'm too tired to do carpentry, but have to help.

APRIL 27. On the road fourteen hours with all my various services. At Helgafell I had an interesting visit with a young Arabian merchant seaman who has been bombed dozens of times,—been at the Tobruk and Greece evacuations, and is now recovering from his third torpedoing. He speaks seven languages, but never went to school, so cannot read or write. The nurse was teaching him. Says Mohammedans believe "Aysu" (the way he pronounces "Jesus") is a good man who talked with God and now lives with him. Says Christians are wicked because they preach monogamy and go with many women,—preach temperance and get drunk.

APRIL 28 and 29. Did my regular work and had several interesting interviews. Got out the "Echoes" with the help of Harmon Mandigo, who returned after forty days in the wilderness—hospital. Held a sing for 115 at Handley Ridge and a service for same. Also attended a battery meeting. A long evening of carpentry in quarters and off to bed.

APRIL 30. Received a lot of mail today. Received a few inexpensive autographs I sent to Goodspeed's for in order to use as prizes for my men, trying to stimulate them in their monotony. Many of the men losing interest in everything. Just growing roots I guess. Am sending Clyde the autograph of Joe E. Brown, to remind him of a fellow who is really a fine man, a good sport, and likes to make people happy. Will send Dana the one of Sabu, the "elephant boy," to remind him of a boy who has learned very fast to do many things very well.

I held services at Jeffersonville and also had a sing. We did the monthly report, which I expect covers the busiest time I'll ever put in. A summary:

2	Sunday a. m. Preaching Services—Attendance	1015
19	Sunday p. m. Preaching Services—Attendance	1004
1	Weekday p. m. Holy Communion—Attendance	17
5	Weekday a. m. Preaching Services—Attendance	127
36	Weekday p. m. Preaching Services—Attendance	2217
3	Weekday p. m. Holy Communions—Attendance	129
	66 Services attended by	4409
9	Hospital Visits to	180
	Personal Interviews with	201
	Services contacts with	1960
9	phonograph concerts	278
24	Community sings for	1380
	Religious items distributed	500

8836 individuals

MAY 1. I visited twenty at Alafoss. Attended officers' call. The annual Communists' parade was held and an effort was made to keep Army personnel out of town. Was in my office morning and evening.

MAY 2 AND 3. The last two days I held my services at Buller, Quantico Hill, Belvoir, Boulogne, Russell, Casement, Belvoir and Pimple Hill. Tonight I had a service in the half hour before a movie and had a packed place. They seemed to enjoy it. I preached on "Faith of our Fathers," with various historical allusions. Big crowd sort of peped me up.

MAY 4 AND 5. Yesterday I visited Casement, Jeffersonville and also to the Salvage Depot to pick up two-battered foot lockers for storage use. Chaplains were to have met to greet Bishop Leonard, but his plane didn't come. We found out today that the sad reason why Bishop Adna W. Leonard did not arrive and why he could not speak for me at Brighton, was because he was killed near . . . in the same plane that killed Lt. Gen. Andrews, CG ETO, and his chief of staff. Fourteen of the fifteen were killed, only a sergeant escaping.

I had transportation difficulties, but open jeep as far as Skeleton Hill, then used Capt. Bray's open one. Services: Skeleton for sixty-one, Tilloi for seventeen and Brighton for eighty, with Chaplain Rogers preaching. Just as I was telling them why Bishop Leonard wasn't there, the alarm bell rang and in fifteen seconds the place was clear. I went to the officers' mess to be sure the "pillroller," as they call him, knew I was around. Then I went to the Command Post and found a sort of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" situation, with 64" Capt. Downton commanding his 3.7 guns with a hymnbook in his hands. Down to the "board" and found the standby was for two doubtful planes—and since they were heading out to sea, they were undoubtedly hostile. They soon got far enough away so that we came off the alert and church went on. We preceded the service with a hymn sing, and Corp. Basso added a fine solo to the service.

MAY 6. A good long morning in the office, then I went to Casement to work on our next issue of the Battalion paper which I started for them this week, and to plan more for Sunday's special service. Had a typhoid booster and a smallpox: a bit sore and headachy. Service for 100 at Handley Ridge. We had a fine hymn sing, about fifteen at a time choosing numbers. Had dinner at Casement with twenty

officers. Good talk at HR with ex-supply sergeant, one of the nine who got in bad and nearly a DD. A Catholic, now at another camp, said he greatly missed my services.

MAY 7. I was busy in the office all morning. After lunch, Hoover's "Busted bronco" of a jeep was turned over to me for Mandigo to drive. It was worn out a year ago. I visited the Shoe Shop, Tailor Shop, Salvage Shop and got two salvage blouses for my men. I witnessed the QM practice review. Held service for seventy-five.

MAY 8. I attended the funerals of Lt. Gen. Andrews, CH, ETO, Bishop Ada W. Leonard and twelve others killed last Monday. Bought flowers for Mother's Day.

MAY 9. Mother's Day. The bouquet I bought cost \$4.00—eight tulips, two carnations, four snapdragons, and four stocks. Got hold of two 40 millimeter shells for vases and so have flowers for the special occasion. They were wilted and half-frozen but impressed the men, I believe. Sunshine and snowsqualls made it seem like the wrong date for Mother's Day. After my services I attended the general service held by the Base Chaplain in town. Then I had an appointment to talk with a man at one of my camps. Mother's Day was saddened for him by a letter in which his mother turned against his wife,—no explanation, just a bitterness that he married her. At noon I talked with an officer who has been in "the doghouse" and is greatly upset.

MAY 10. Held services at Boulogne, Pimple Hill, Casement and when I got to Belvoir I found 165 men where 150 should sit, making sure of a seat, an hour early for the movie. I led them without music in singing for half an hour, then four bandsmen came and we had half hour of regular singing and a sermon. To lead a group of men in singing, especially without music, is tremendously hard.

MAY 11. At the office for a while, then off to visit Chaplain Robie, 10th Infantry, for committee on resolutions regarding death of the General, Bishop and others. Had my lunch there. My fingers got real cramped today from nearly half an hour of phoning. There's a little button that has to

be pushed in. I had several calls to make that went through different exchanges. The voices by that time, though perhaps only a few miles away, were weak and hard to hear.

MAY 12. Morning office work and then out to visit Lt. Bruce Keith and some of Company E on the machine gun range; I spent hours with them, ending up by taking the No. 1 man's place on the crew. In this, my first attempt at a machine gun, I scored sixty-two out of a possible seventy-three. High score was sixty-five, made by experienced men. I did this so I could tell my boys what their 'old man' could do.

MAY 13. Got newspaper ready for mimeograph. As usual, was busy in office and area. Then I went to Alafoss for an eye check. I can only get unsatisfactory eye results. The left eye is 20/15 better than normal; the right is about 20/50. Glasses are of little help. At Jeffersonville I held a sing for seventy-five, and a service for one hundred and twenty. We were awakened at five for a yellow alert. I partially dressed and got back in bed for a snooze. Contact was made over a camp with a Jerry, but he slipped away in the clouds.

MAY 14. The Colonel here just told me he had told the Base Chaplain and our Engineer CO both that he'd like me full time, so I had the pleasure of being told a good word has been said for me. Was at office all morning, then visited usual camps.

MAY 15. Had practice review in a real Icelandic horizontal rain, rain windblown so hard that only one side of a rock got wet, since the rain can't fall straight. We were out an hour and a half and got completely wet, and chilled as the rain turned to hail. We have as many as a dozen fierce hail storms in a day. I also went to visit Engineers and others at Helgafell and Alafoss.

MAY 16. Put the finishing touches on a sermon to use in one of my five services today. This is a day of sleep for the rest of my regiment. The subject I worked on is on the theme "Moments that Live." I figure there are certain moments in the Bible when time seems to stand still and the scene is for-

ever preserved as if by photograph. Such as,—the moment when Jesus straightens up and says, "Let him that is without sin, first cast a stone—" or old man Joshua, with more than a century on his shoulders, looking at a fickle, impatient, crowd, and thundering, as if he had another century ahead, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve, but as for me and my house,—" I think I'll use these as a series. I believe some ideas are too large to crowd into twenty or thirty minutes. The war news seems better all the time. I pray that things come to a quick and happy climax.

MAY 17. Lt. Fleming of Camp Russell came over at breakfast time and we arranged for them to get our old band instruments. Our Engineer Band finally got a new set of instruments. Now that I have two newspapers I am a bit busier. Had services at Boulogne, Pimple Hill and Casement. Made a visit to the Red Cross, and had my office hours in the evening.

MAY 18. A dismally drippy sort of a day. An office morning, wrote article,—letter for "High Road," and worked on material for 494th CA "Command Post." Held services at Skeleton Hill, Tilloi and Brighton. Gave a man a ride as far as our camp. He lives beyond, but came in by accident to one of my services, early for the movies, and now likes to come.

MAY 19. Visited Capt. Cliff Lindsey and a Major at Alafoss. Cliff is excited about his sudden assignment to a June cadre. After lunch I met my young Icelandic friend, Kuerton Helgason, and after much phoning we went to "Hot Springs," a tremendously interesting village. Had a wonderful recreational trip. We went over the pass, from which is a rare view of the sea, the distant, mountainous Westmen Isles, Mt. Helda, and the geysers and steams of the valley spread before us. Visited Herra Kirstman Gudmundson, author of fifteen books, translated into twenty languages, and from him I bought the 1644 Icelandic Bible, first edition of that translation, second Icelandic printing of the Bible. On the way we ate dinner at a quaint ski club, high on the mountain. The trip was shortened by Kuerton's

linking of various geographical features with stories from the ancient sagas. The author was proud of a seventy year old tree, three feet high, proud of the way the "devil" heated his house, of the nearby geysers, of the steam box in the yard, which did the cooking, etc. Returning late, we saw the sunset toward midnight, then as we left, a tire went flat and we found ourselves without a jack, and with a lug wrench too large. In bed at 0315! Too sleepy to read some very welcome letters.

MAY 20. I crawled out of bed at 0940. The latest I have ever stayed in bed in the Army. I had the pleasure of reading my letters, looking over my Bible, and learning that on Tuesday, I became a member of the Fifth Engineers, after serving on DS for six months and a week. I held a "repeat" service at Pimple Hill with an attendance of twenty-three, a 3:30 meal there, then some office work and visiting at Casement. Then off to Handley Ridge with a sing and service for 130 men. Do they sing! And do they love hymns, even in preference to other songs.

MAY 21. The Fifth Engineers, organized for service in France, twenty-six years ago today, held their annual review and were addressed by Gen. Bonesteel. I offered an invocation and was on the staff of the reviewing officers. Today was one of the few good days. Nine hundred present. I also attended the annual officers-NCO ballgame, won by the officers in ten innings. Called to Skeleton Hill for a "trouble at home" case.

MAY 22. This is our second fine day in succession, which is somewhat unusual. I wish it could be spent in sight-seeing or fishing. I have a group of men at a distant range; I may get there today. The CO likes it when I do go, but I have little opportunity with my widespread parish. This parish is never the same. Troops have moved in and out frequently and church days change. Had to write another letter to another wife who has been playing around and fallen in love with a man at home. I wrote her that I felt the same way about her as a striker; both are stabbing soldiers in the back.

MAY 24. We are having beautiful weather. The white cone of Snaefelajokull, eighty miles away is clear. Held my usual services yesterday and today, together with sings and the distributing of religious items. Spent eleven to fourteen hours on the road, but that was because I had to go out around a fjord and around a mountain to get to one of my camps.

MAY 25. I was called to Casement for sudden farewell to Lt. Col. Van Daack, ordered home by plane to leave today! Also a man from Company A and one from Company E, Fifth Engineers. The latter was put on the plane groggy from ether after an operation on his hand this morning.

MAY 27. Our fine weather continues unbroken for approximately the tenth day. Yesterday did see a few drops of rain, but this morning is again sunny. Lt. Price of the 635th Camouflage Company, who has been on DS, moved in Hut 203, preparatory to going on the June cadre, last evening. I spent the day in the office and regimental area and then at 1900 hours went to Hafrarvatn fishing with three men. A sudden wind made this practically impossible. No fish. Moved to new office. Wrote to Mrs. Fox in care of Bishop Oxnam. They were at Morgan Memorial with us. Had a "shot" today. We are in the midst of those things again! Seems to be an old Army custom.

MAY 28. All day busy settling new office, getting it wired, painted, etc. Did have a long discussion with a fellow of very limited education, with a poor record, marital troubles, likes to write to other girls, etc. Don't know how much good it did. I gave him a real "talking to."

MAY 29. I visited thirty at the hospitals, fifteen of them Engineers. After lunch I participated in the practice review and later in the real one. At this one, fifteen NCO's received certificates as Acting Officers. Six hours in the office. Attended the officers dance. They come thick and fast now, but are a terrible bore to me.

MAY 31. Today I had a tramp over the city streets thinking I might buy a souvenir of some sort. One interesting

store is run by two or three women of middle age who wear old costumes, and specialize in souvenirs, especially woven and knitted ones. My six CA camps changed schedules tonight, so was busy trying to find times when they'll be up when I am. One of my hutmates has gone for a two months' stay in tents, with a company, to build a road. We are certainly improving this country. And treating them well. I know a garbage collector who earns considerably more than I.

JUNE 1. Five office hours, then off to try to buy fishing tackle—very scarce; found rods for 200 Krs. (\$30.00) (400 Krs. \$60.00) Held services at Skeleton Hill for twenty-five and Tilloi for twenty-one. This time, about 6:30 to 7:30 was their noontime. On to Brighton for 8:30 service, but 8:30 p. m. was just after breakfast, too busy a time for them, so I offered to return tomorrow morning—the hour's ride, being some different in June than in January.

JUNE 2. Back to Brighton for a service with twenty-seven sleepy men. They roused up with singing. Afterwards I went to Capt. Downton's quarters for a brief visit, but the phone rang for a "doubtful, ten miles away travelling 190." A moment or two later the phone announced it was now headed for us at 270 m. p. h. so we went to the Command Post just in time for the alarm bell, for three doubtfuls! It was so busy a time, with the complicated tracking and plotting, that I took over the phone connected with the machine guns—if battle had come, I'd have been able to check to see if all men were OK. I had Lt. Settledge, 499th medic. up for dinner, and took him, Mandigo and Sgt. McAllister fishing. Caught a few smallish trout. Mandigo got a 14½" salmon on a spinner, casting from shore.

JUNE 3. Got out an official letter, and had an interview with my collaborator in the regimental song I have written. Have done a lot of desk work and also talked with a corporal who appears to be gypped of \$1200 by a girl whom he has allowed to use his name. I had in mind taking a more or less half holiday. This afternoon climbed with our youngest doctor, the small mountain here in camp. It

is Mt. Ursafel, up pretty steeply and we got the most beautiful view.

JUNE 4. I have just been looking at a May issue of the Troubadour sent by the kindness of Dick and Harriette Potter. Its pictures of apple blossoms, wooded hills, white churches, and trout brooks make me very homesick. A lovely day, although a chilly wind comes off the high places. The beautiful weather makes the anticipation of the long, dreary months seem all the worse. Had a letter from a religious movie company which is of interest; one of my men worked nights to wash blankets, etc. and earned money and I sent away for a film for him to buy. We are getting free ones as well as a reward for his interest. The white cone of Snaefelajokull, eighty miles across the bay, seems to say, "Come on over!"

JUNE 5. In the morning, I took Lt. Abernathy, MC and we called on our patients at Helgafell and Alafoss. After lunch I went to Casement and took Lt. Settledge MC and Corp. Jusk riding. We visited Kjartan, my young Icelandic friend. He tells us much about the country. Kjartan, like so many of his country, is eager to have a good word said for Iceland. His land has many ideas that seem foreign to us, but at least let it be noted that they are striving to learn. This twenty year old laborer has at least four English dictionaries and I don't know how many others in other languages. We hurried back for an Officers' Call, which had been called off. After dinner I came here to the office. Found mail and greetings from the conference.

JUNE 6. A drizzly day. I wondered if it wasn't good weather for the men fishing for the "big ones" in Salmon River. It costs ten to fifteen dollars for a day, if you can find a day they'll accept your money (7 Hrs. 80 Kr.) I held services for twenty-six at Jeffersonville, fifteen at Buller, fourteen at Belvoir, and twenty-seven at Gibraltar. Distributed twenty-five religious items. I was interested in the Conference Report on World Peace. I appreciated Ellen's efforts to write so faithfully at Conference.

JUNE 7. Put in two busy hours in the office, then off for services at Russell, Boulogne, Pimple Hill, Casement and Belvoir. I spent an hour or a little more here and had a long hearty sing for 160. Harmon and I went to Harfravatn to fish, but a strong, cold wind and no boat soon sent us home, fishless. Feeling a desire to read a book, I've been reading it in snatches and just finished "We Took to the Woods." It was breezily written and seemed like home. Jim Prince was fond of that vicinity; often spoke of fishing the Magalloway River. etc.

JUNE 8. Here I am in my hut at the close of another day. I have, I guess for the first time, a radio to listen to. It belongs to a hutmate here only temporarily. Some table radios are obtainable at a cost of \$100 or more. I have just heard the end of a fine musical program, with English announcements, from an enemy station, propaganda, I suppose. Today I spent largely in my office all morning. Then, after lunch I climbed the nearby mountain or hill. I spent two and a half hours rambling around. Near the top we came on a male and a female of a large bird. The female was so well camouflaged and tame that we came within six feet. The male was brilliantly colored, probably nature's way of keeping attention from the female and the nest. They would only move a few feet away. Tonight I held services at Skeleton Hill and Tilloi. An alert came at S. H. as the service finished, but the plane was found to be friendly.

JUNE 9. Held Brighton's service at 9 a.m. Wednesday is 11 p.m. Tuesday for them! Forty-five present. Lunch at Casement; then I attended the monthly Chaplains' Conference at Curtis, while Jusk and Mandigo attended the meeting for assistants. Then I picked up Kjartan and brought him to Belvoir for a visit. Listened to a news broadcast emphasizing Churchill's speech. It is confident. But I am afraid there is still a long and bloody struggle ahead. Learned today that eggs here are in the vicinity of the equivalent of \$2.00 a dozen.

JUNE 10. I held a service at Buller. This camp has been a "hard nut to crack;" nothing ever ready, very few

present. Had seventeen this day and gave them a sing preceding. I look for more. I was in my office five hours, on the road five hours and attended an Officers' Class, very interesting—on the M209 converter for enciphering and decoding. The bugles are blowing for the close of work, but that doesn't mean a thing in this office. We are now working on the "Echoes." I am also working on a sermon to give next Monday, Flag Day. I was about three months without a sight of Old Glory and my first glimpse was a great thrill.

JUNE 11. I took the first full day off today and went to this country's most famous spot. I spent an hour in the office and an hour in the parish, then with Harmon and Harold I went to Thingvellir, scene of the first meeting, 930, of the Althing. This is an awe-inspiring chasm in lava, into which the road plunges without warning. A place also, of lakes and islands and bottomless gorges with small beautiful trout far down. We had coffee and cakes at the hotel and bought fishing rights at the post office, of a Canadian-born Icelandic woman. Saw a cemetery a thousand years old. No boats. Fished unsuccessfully from shore while tremendous trout jumped just out of reach. However, in spite of heavy rain, missing two meals, and no fish, we had a real change.

JUNE 12. In the morning I went to see Harold Jusk about the CA newspaper, "Command Post," then on to Reykjavik to send a cable to Ellen for our fifteenth anniversary. Back to visit the hospital, but waited too long for our Engineer paper that failed to come. After lunch went to visit Harmon's acquaintance, Bjorn Bjornson, editor of "Jord" and former minister. An enjoyable talk, during which he kept the pages of a dictionary busy. His wife, forty-two, has five children and has known scarcity of money, and hard work, yet youthful. Usually, Icelandics are very reserved. She was, but finally brought a seven-months old baby to sit in my lap. The baby seemed to think it was OK.

JUNE 13. My fifteenth wedding anniversary. I was lonely and would have been more so if I hadn't been so busy. Held services at Jeffersonville, for twenty-four, at Hounslow

for thirty-one, at Belvoir for forty-two and at Gibralter for twenty-three. The Hounslow (Engineer Depot) service was their first and produced gratifying results. Lt. Clyde Penburtty is CO. At Gibraltar I had a Bible quiz, and this aroused interest. I gave away a movie star's autograph,—not to be flippant about the Bible, but to do things to take some of the monotony from the lives of these men.

JUNE 14. A long and busy day. Flag Day. A couple of hours at the desk, and then off to Russell for services for fifty, to Boulogne for twenty-seven, to Casement for forty-eight, then special Flag Day service at Belvoir for 160. A forty-minute sing for 160 preceded this and including the presentation of the Sgt. Jaff—Chaplain Kimball "Fifth Engineer Song." After dinner I was back in the office, then off to Pimple Hill for service for thirty-eight. I often mean to note interesting things in my diary, but usually forget. Today we saw some of the National Horse Race, held here once yearly for many, many years. The horses, of course, are ponies. Any costume may be worn, but many wear bright silks. There are refreshment tents, a betting house, etc. I was interested to note, on this traditional holiday, a girl and two men, oblivious of the races, three hundred yards away, fishing in the rushing Salmon River for the big ones that mark this as Europe's greatest river. On our way home at 1700 hours, we saw a group of British soldiers waiting in a field with tin cups for the five o'clock tea.

JUNE 15 AND 16. Besides my services yesterday at Skeleton Hill and Tilloi I visited Krist of "E" in Laugerness with a broken neck, due to diving at the outdoor hot water pool. When I went to Brighton today I found a "grudge" softball game, so I delayed service 'till 1000. This was actually their "taps," but thirty came for a sing and service. After an early lunch at Casement we took a long bumpy, but very interesting trip to Company B's road camp, some fifty miles away. A broken spring shackle delayed us many hours. Had a good supper at the camp, held a sing and service for thirteen. Visited Chaplain McGill at Camp Castle Hill and arrived home at about sunset, 12:30 a.m. Saw the

“North Dakota” and “Alabama” and other craft. Beautiful scenery, high falls, glacial rivers, etc.

JUNE 17. I had transportation difficulties while the jeep is in the shop. Finally, I borrowed the S-3 pickup and got to Buller. Here parade plans for General Bonesteel's farewell cut the attendance. I saw forty planes circling overhead in formations to honor the General.

JUNE 18. A nine hour office and area day. I was dinner guest of Lts. Pearce and Arrington at Jeffersonville and then we went fishing. Terribly rough and the late sunset made it so that we quit about the time the fish began to be interested. Brought home fourteen, cleaned them at the Belvoir Officers' mess where a soldier was cleaning twenty-seven. Then at 0030 hours, we ate some while the chef played Handel's “Largo” and Sullivan's “Lost Chord” on a phonograph.

JUNE 19. Awoke at 0130, an hour after I went to bed with the fiercest toothache I have ever experienced. I walked the floor 'till nearly 0300, then a second sedative put me to sleep. In the morning I had the tooth out, with my usual struggle between a reluctant jaw and a determined dentist. Very sore. My face feels like a football for size. Well, my battle to save that tooth is done. I interviewed nine officers and twenty-two men, coming as replacements, sent cables and was on Col. Riani's reviewing staff. Our band played for them, gave them V forms. Attended the officers' dance “Auld Lang Syne” and the cadres came up to the reviewing area, then my Fifth Engineer March.

JUNE 20. Services at Russell for twenty-two. Most of the men are a hundred miles away. Then services at Hounslow, Belvoir and Gibraltar. At Gibraltar a big ball game was scheduled just at church time. I had an added difficulty in speaking and singing, and eating was almost impossible because of the sore jaw I had from having my tooth out yesterday.

JUNE 21. This was Ellen's birthday and the longest day of the year, but any day away from her is too long. I

held service at Jeffersonville, then at Boulogne. Then a farewell service for Belvoir's two cadres, with 130 present, then at Casement and Pimple Hill with cadre as special guests. I distributed one hundred religious items, signed more Testaments and shook more cadre hands!

JUNE 22. I visited about thirty in the hospitals and held services at Skeleton Hill and Tilloi. It was my good fortune to get a lot of welcome mail today. So my boys will be in the eighth and ninth grades next fall. It makes me feel very bad to miss these years of their boyhood.

JUNE 24. I was at Brighton and Alafoss yesterday. From Brighton I saw the cadre convoy leaving . . .! Today I held the Camp Buller service with another small attendance and sing. There always seems to be conflict at this camp. This time a required training film. Went to Chaplain Roger's office at Base. Picked up Chaplain Raymond Hart, who had been with me in Camp Edwards, and brought him to Belvoir for a visit. We went to town, window-shopping, and to the Hotel for tea and a piece of plain cake at sixty cents each! We then fished from sunset to sunrise, two or three hours, and caught twenty-five; only four were kept.

JUNE 25. Special day! Two years from the day I last wore "civvies" I learned I was a Captain, as of June 22! Spent five hours in the office and two away. Had an ice cream soda, such as it was. It was the first in eleven months.

JUNE 26. Held my services at Jeffersonville, Belvoir and Gibraltar, had an evening visit with Sirra Bjorn Bjornson, editor of "Jord." It is beginning to blow up a storm outside, but we can't complain, because our weather has been remarkably good for this country. The biggest trouble is that windows and things aren't tight enough and a lot of dirt blows in, due to the strength of the wind.

JUNE 28. Yesterday I spent a long day in camp and attended a training film on the "Battle of Britain" and an Officers' Call. At my services today at Belvoir and Pimple Hill, I showed the movie, "Eden to Calvary," earned by Pfc. Bruce Winnier, in late-at-night laundry work. I also attend-

ed the annual Synod of the Icelandic clergy at the university. This was addressed by the Bishop, Signur Signurrson, Base Chaplain Rogers, and Commanding General Key. In the last couple of days I have distributed three hundred and fifty religious books and pamphlets.

I forgot to mention that the other evening I took Chaplain Hart for a visit to Kjartan. He took us aboard the "Sudin," which was attacked on the 16th. This ship, displaying ten Icelandic flags or painted replicas, was bombed, con-nonaded, and machine-gunned by a Focke-Wulf, which was undoubtedly looking for the "Lochinger," bringing troops to . . . including Chaplain Hart. Two were killed, and five wounded. The wheel house was the target for 37 m.m. shots, after bombs had missed but caused damage. The helmsman was killed. Then, as the crew blew the whistle for help, this was raked with 50 calibre fire and the lifeboats riddled. The ship was set afire. We closed the evening by eating fresh caught salmon at the "Borg" after witnessing a fine angler's battle with one in Salmon River. Kjartan says the 17th, which is their national holiday, the German radio had a program honoring Iceland, while their news told of sinking an Allied transport off Northern Iceland. Where do the Nazis get advanced information? How can they sink a neutral ship, then serenade the nation by radio?

JUNE 29. I visited men in Helgafell Hospital, then having taken so long, I came to Belvoir for lunch, after which I went back to visit Alafoss. Then a trip to the Red Cross and on to my services at Skeleton Hill and Tilloi. This was a "C" ration day, and I got hungrier and hungrier. I spent a long evening with several officers at Brighton. A rainy, dark day.

JUNE 30. Ten months in Iceland. I was up early and off to Brighton for service at 9 a.m. for me and 10 p.m. for them. Thirty-three were present. At noon a plane crashed a mile or so from Belvoir. I did not see it fall, but saw the smoke and the planes searching for what was so plain to us. It was the adjutant of the Wing, at Tripoli Air Field, a major I had met. Tonight I had the former pastor, and

now magazine editor, as my dinner guest. I believe such contacts are a valuable part of my work in fostering good-will, and they are valuable to me personally.

JULY 1. Today I have only held one service but have had various other things to do here and there, so have kept myself comfortably busy, without being in a mad rush as I sometimes must be. Tonight I have been with my two hutt-mates on a three and a half hour hike and am really tired in a way that is good for me. Our Colonel has directed that all of us in jobs that do not give us active work with the troops shall spend half a day, anyway, in exercise. This is a good thing to require.

JULY 2. Spent most of the morning trying to buy new clothes at the PX. What a mob! Perhaps I should do as some chaplains do, wear OD's to my service, but I feel when I come dressed up, even though we meet in a mess hall, it helps to make it look like a planned service. Anyway, when the men have time, they are supposed to dress up, and I can do no less. I got two salvaged blouses and had them repaired so that my two men each have a spare blouse now. Came back to write a script for the July 11 radio service. This must be passed by the censor.

JULY 3. Another cold day, cloudy and threatening rain. Previewed four short religious movies given by Winnier. Two years ago I took the family to Silver Springs, Florida. An unforgettable visit.

JULY 4. I believe this Independence Day was celebrated rightly by me and my assistants in holding church services for fifteen at Jeffersonville, sixteen in Hounslow, fifty at Belvoir and fifteen at Russell. The Gibraltar service was cancelled by a USO show! I also participated in a regimental retreat and review and attended the Officers' Dance. I dread those parties. An Officer loaned me Lloyd Douglass' book "The Robe," so I'll start in to read it. Several belong to the "Book of the Month Club," so we get several copies of each book.

JULY 5 AND 6. Held my usual services at Boulogne, Casement, Pimple Hill and Belvoir yesterday. Today I held

services at Brighton, Skeleton Hill and Tilloi. At Brighton I arrived in time to witness firing thirty-two rounds at a towed target. How those 3.7 guns roar and flash! I showed the movie "Eden to Calvary" to forty and twenty at two Brighton showings. I also visited ten in the hospital and went to the Red Cross. One of my two hutmates is getting a vacation. They have been few and far between. I don't expect one. He is a medic and we can spare him because there are other medics in the same regiment, and I'm the only chaplain.

JULY 7. In the office in the morning and got considerable done. After lunch went to the Lansbanki Island, called on Col. Musgrove of Gibraltar, called at Casement and p.m. brought Sirra Bjorn V. Bjornson back for dinner. An interesting evening with him. Got from him the Icelandic words for "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

JULY 8. Went with Corp. Jusk to the Red Cross. He has a seventy year old mother, notified to vacate her home immediately, and his wife who lives with her has gone to the hospital for an operation—all in the same week. These problems are so far away and awfully hard for a fellow to bear because he is so helpless. It has been a day of driving rain and howling wind. I can't help rejoicing at the weather we had for that Easter outdoor service. Better than most of the days now.

JULY 9. In the office all morning, hiked in the afternoon down to Casement before dinner; for a few minutes watched the fishermen at Salmon River. We learned that a Faroese Island ship was attacked by a JU 88, Wednesday on the East Coast. A wounded Icelander was taken to A naval executive told me of a recent bombing of a British ship. The mate went below to a dark hold, to survey the damage and stood on a "barrel," which turned out to be an unexploded bomb! Today the weather is better. A very important person is inspecting our country. We wish he could see it on one of the many, many days of frightful weather.

JULY 11. A busy day. I held services at Jeffersonville, Hounslow, Belvoir, Gibraltar and Russell. Also had a

radio service over the Reykjavik Radio. I spent three hours with Kjartan, half an hour in the office and fourteen in travel. Ellen said my birthday card to her sounded blue. Well, for example, today I have had five church services and a radio service—there's a lot of uplift and also a lot of let-down. The Sicilian news excites us.

JULY 12. Had services at Brighton, Pimple Hill, Tilloi, Casement, Belvoir, and Ensey, where the men from Boulogne are now stationed. A long day hurrying to make schedule with my six services and two religious movies half an hour each. It has been a beautiful day, especially when showers came to bring a marvelous double rainbow.

JULY 13. I worked this morning and then took a holiday for a rare opportunity to fish. I saw fishing spots galore and fish weighing six or seven pounds, but caught not a one. I missed my supper, of course, and have been eating everything I could find, a can of nuts, couple of chocolate bars, and pineapple juice. We try to keep such emergency rations on hand.

JULY 14. Visited ten in the hospital. Entertained Chaplain Hart for lunch. Spoke at Chaplains' Monthly Conference to twenty-five on "The Relation of the Supervisory Chaplain to the Unit Chaplain." Also had service at Skeleton Hill.

JULY 15. In the office until 10 a.m. then off to Russell. From there went with Lt. McTurnen, CO of Hdq. Co. 26th S.C. to their men in the field. We went then to the crossroad of Hellir, where we arranged through the keeper of the store, Bruno Webber, many years a resident of Iceland, for a note to Fru Kristin Philipsdottir. On this farm are located eleven caves dug out of sandstone by Irish monks two centuries before Iceland was permanently settled. One was apparently a communal hall, with stones benches on the side and a huge hearth. The other large one was once a fine chapel, seventy-five feet long, with a nave chancel raised, with steps on either side, alter and carved cross on the wall. We brought in the organ and played, "What A Friend We

Have in Jesus"—the first bit of worship, perhaps, held there for 1200 years. Rather symbolically, the entrance to the church is through a stable. Unfortunately, it is used to store hay and people are carving their names everywhere. From here, we went on to Camp Oddi, a lonely AW station, to arrange for a later service. Then on, by glaciers and valleys, and extinct volcanoes, to Camp Rich, Company B. of the 26th S.C. Here we dined and held services for seventeen. Then took a sightseeing trip and saw, especially, a marvelous "foss" or waterfall, 200 feet high, 50 feet wide.

JULY 16. A day of increasing storm, but we went on to Camp Gillespie, Company A of the 26th. We passed many natural wonders, including huge caves, used for centuries as barns, gravel beds deposited by glaciers in piles, ten to one hundred miles square and fifty to a hundred feet deep. Between these two camps, and in sight of the glacier, is a swimming pool into which run two streams, one hot, the other cold. I went on a trip, up hairpin curve roads, to a mountain lake so full of trout they net hundreds. We got dozens of strikes on large trolled flies, but hooked only one—one who broke my 19 lb. test line! Changed to tiny spinner and caught two fair trout. I held service and phonograph concert for twenty-four and had eleven interviews.

JULY 17. More stormy than ever, Iceland's longest bridges so apparently unnecessary across tiny streams, were today hardly wide enough or high enough as the glacial streams rose several feet. Much of the road being covered, and all extremely bumpy, we were many hours coming home. Had a service for Camp Oddi. This was the second service for them in fourteen or fifteen weeks. Arrived in Belvoir, eleven hours after leaving the starting point only forty miles away.

JULY 18. Services at Jeffersonville for twenty-nine, then at Russell, Hounslow, Belvoir and finally Gibraltar. After twelve hours of this, a movie sounded like a needed change, so I saw a very old, but quite a good one, "Golden Boy." Toward evening, the four-day storm abated and brought the typical golden change that makes Iceland livable.

JULY 19. Wash day at Belvoir, but I left my sleeping hutmates and was off to catch the early boat for Engey Island, and services for nineteen. Had other services for Casement, Belvoir, and Pimple Hill. Also had sings and gave out religious items. I stayed to see a movie at Pimple Hill. Army versatility; at 8, the hut is a PX and beer parlor; at 8:30 a church, at 9:00 a theater. We officers sit on chairs on top of tables.

JULY 20. I was at Brighton early, so I held service at 10:30 for thirty-eight. Back to Casement, then took Corp. Jusk to my first town movie, aside from the showing of "Desert Victory." The movie, "Winter Carnival," was made in 1940, but thrilled me since Dartmouth College and New Hampshire were the locale. Dinner at Casement, then I conducted services at Skelton Hill and Tilloy for twenty-five and eleven. That is small, but it is over 50% of available men. The 1st Sgt. and another Sgt. at S.H. afterwards told me that men often spoke of the fact that they liked the services and that the sermons were easy to listen to and easy to remember.

JULY 22. I took the "CP" copy to Editor Jusk at Camp Casement and learned that he has reassuring news from the Red Cross. I also got word from the Red Cross about the problems of one of my Engineers and one of my Signal Corpsmen. I tell them to keep their chins up in spite of bad news, but I wonder if I could.

JULY 23. On my recent field trip I got to the bank of a stream with a glacier coming to the opposite bank. A heavy rain and low clouds hid most of it, but it was quite a sight—a tumbled, gigantic frozen river. In the sunlight there would have been considerable color to the glacier. I made four trips to Gibraltar to see the Colonel, the SS officer, and break sad news of mother's death to the Colonel's driver. Took him to Red Cross to send cable. At dinner tonight I was serenaded and given a birthday cake.

JULY 24. Visited about forty at Alafoss and Helgafell hospitals, participated in the review, attended the officers'

dance and held considerable office hours. Felt somewhat ill at night, so at 11:30 I went to bed. Awoke at 3.20, really sick and had to get the doc. Flu or grippie. At noon went to the hospital and was there until Thursday.

JULY 29. Thursday. Came from the hospital about ten o'clock and spent a busy day visiting my camps. Very weak.

JULY 30. Held services for 244th CA and some 494th men at Pimple Hill. Visited Helgafell. Had a letter from Johnson Armistead who is a transport chaplain. He believes he has been to the country where I am. Now that I can say I am in Iceland, I'll tell him so, and if he ever came again he might be in port long enough to look me up. Sure would like to see him.

JULY 31. Getting to feel a little better, and of course, doing full day's work which kept me at the desk or on the go for nine hours. After dinner tonight, several of us thought we'd see a movie, so we walked through the dusty gravel to our big tin hut which is church, theater, and school-room, but found the projector had been broken, so we walked back and have spent two hours around the piano, in sometimes close harmony. When I came to my hut, I could hear a baseball game. At this time of the year, men who have worked a long day will play ball at eleven at night, which is good. They store up sunshine against the days when it is light only in the middle of the day. We have frosted window panes, but in this bright light, that is insufficient, so we hang blankets, bathrobes, etc. at the windows.

AUGUST 1. I changed the Jeffersonville service to a permanent time of 0830 and had twenty-five. Then on to a farewell service at Russell for 110 and communion for 100. Baptized Howard Eugene Rosier. At Hounslow, only twelve. This small crowd is a result of first, forced attendance before, second, beer party last night. At Belvoir I had seventy and at Gibraltar twenty-three. Had two concerts today also. A long, long day.

AUGUST 4. I have had my regular services these last two days and also went by boat to Engey for a service which

takes four hours by boat, service, and back again. Today I was out in my larger parish three hours and in my office for eight hours. We feel here that our family can use both V's and regulars and others can use V's to save shipping space. If one could see, for example, the tens of thousands of cans of beer that come, mail taking up space wouldn't be the terrible thing some people claim it to be. I had nearly an hour's conference about my work with each of two colonels. I go to high officers once in a while to make my suggestions and hear theirs. Beginning the first Sunday in September I expect to conduct a radio service the first Sunday of each month. It gave me a lift to hear my Colonel say that I did things well.

AUGUST 5. At 1100 hours I held forth at Skeleton Hill with new men. I gave an orientation talk and held an interfaith service for 140. At 1600 hours and at 1700 hours, I did the same for ninety and twenty men at Pimple Hill and other groups. I distributed to them two hundred and fifteen religious items. I visited the Red Cross twice on welfare cases. In the evening I gave an orientation talk to four hundred at Belvoir North. In addition to all this data, I had thirty-five interviews, three hours' office work and nine in travel.

AUGUST 6. Among other things, I climbed aboard an eight-ton trailer to give an orientation talk to 400 new men at Belvoir South, and then sat at a table, outdoors, in spite of gusty sprinkles to answer questions, distribute 275 items, and sign my autograph scores of times. I also attended an informal reception to our twenty-nine new officers. Ellen asked in a letter what places I wanted to see when I got back. I sure'd like to see the White Mountains—the best scenery,—Boston, my place of remembrance, New York, the biggest city, and Washington,—the symbol city of America. Have been gone from home over two years now. Sometimes we feel like one under a suffocating pile of earth; the realization that we can't leave this place. Our letters must reflect our spirits. With all my work and rushing I had to eat alone for lunch,—cold liver . . . ugh!

AUGUST 7. A really long and busy day. Two hours in the office, then off to round up magazines for the Training Group. After lunch I took hutmate Capt. Hugh Abernathy and we went to visit our patients in Alafoss and Helgafell. When we came back I spent two hours with the North Training Battalion. Tonight was dance night. I had a better time than before because a group of us got in a corner and sang for quite awhile.

AUGUST 8. I held services at Jeffersonville for twenty-one, after being out at 0700 to make arrangements for the Catholics and Jews. Back to Belvoir for a special service for the training group. It was held in our ninety-foot garage, and my altar and I were pushed back and back until I had the jeep driven to the open door and stood on it. Six hundred present.

AUGUST 9. The weekly boatride to Engey, over in an army MT boat and back in the Icelandic "Lattir." In conversation with the boy running the MT, found that he'd been two years without a New Testament, so I autographed one for him, there in the harbor.

AUGUST 10. I am a busy man these days, with an increased number of men in my camps. They were away short of proper strength. Had three services today. I was glad for the beautiful weather. To see the distant glaciers, blue sky and sparkling sea, one can almost forget the fast approaching winter, with its meager daylight and many storms. I received from Romaines some relics for distribution,—ancient receipts and autographs, and am beginning to give them as prizes for short quizzes.

AUGUST 11. At Pimple Hill for a 9:15 cup of coffee with the officers, who are on a "gentlemen's" schedule this month, then a service in their little theater hut, crowded with sixty men. Tonight was the biweekly musicale and as we ate, the boys had the audacity to play "Tea for Two" and "Trees," two that made me homesick for different reasons.

AUGUST 12. A short-notice service for the second Belvoir cadre, 143 present. We read Jewish, Catholic and

Protestant prayers, sang Protestant and Catholic hymns, and afterwards had communion for 125. Then I had a line-up outdoors for autographs on Testaments and Prayerbooks and Communion Cards.

AUGUST 13. Got a cable from Ellen, only twenty-two hours en route. On Col. Rianni's staff at review for cadre, with the new men, 1800 were present. Had a long day of work at the office and in the area.

AUGUST 16. Yesterday had service for our Belvoir Trainees in the big garage. I stood on the fender of a truck outside. 600 present. Went to Engey today. I took Kjartan with me for his first trip to Engey. He named the various mountains and told interesting items of the history of the harbor islands. I spent a large part of the day with him, eating sour cream soup and codfish and Icelandic potatoes (size of a marble) at a cafe. He bought me an 1837 Psalm Book printed on nearby Viday Island. The name of "Cloisters" lingers there because of a Catholic settlement of 700 years ago. The island church has always been for harbor people and seamen. A tradition says disaster will come when it is closed. We visited the National Library and met the Chief.

AUGUST 17. A fast-moving visit to Helgafell to take a Brighton fellow to Chaplain Rosenblatt, his mother having died. I had already found him a prayer book to say the "Kadish," or prayer for the dead. I visited twenty and picked up the fellow and took him to the Red Cross, then on to Tilloi for service. Also had services at Brighton and Skeleton Hill today.

AUGUST 19. A busy office morning, then, after lunch, five hours at Base Chaplain's office with Chaplain, Col. Ritchie, Deputy Chief, and Dr. Pugh, who took Bishop Leonard's place on General Commission. We bombarded them with our views on long months service under conditions peculiar to Iceland. We need 600 more chaplains immediately. The deputy chief said the supply was not coming in, as the general public seems to think the war is nearly over. He felt, as I do, that the hard part is but beginning.

Went with them to lay wreaths on the graves of Bishop Leonard and Lt. Gen. Andrews. Near us, an Icelandic funeral was going on. The minister in silk hat and great ruff around his neck.

AUGUST 23. The usual work the last few days. One of our officers had news of a daughter arriving. How strange it must seem to have a child one hasn't seen. Today I took a troubled man to the Red Cross, then up to Casement and lunch and the boat for Engey. Arrived just as the Colonel finished an inspection and the B C, with blood in his eye, called in many men. At night I had a packed house before one of Belvoir's movies. After dinner I rode with hutmate, Lt. Kleinman, and a new officer to see our officers get jittery, and lose the season's last game to the Navy, 7-2. It is pitch dark now at bedtime. I'm glad of that, but how I hate to think of the days when it will be dark most of the day!

AUGUST 25. I held a service for fifty at Pimple Hill. This filled up the little theater. I made use of one of the interesting relics given by the Romaines of Middleboro, an autograph of Gen. Wade Hampton of the War of 1812, as a reward for a patriotic-Bible quiz, naming of five presidents with the same first name as a writer of a New Testament book. Today is Clyde Jr.'s birthday. I wonder, does he have any idea how much his daddy wishes he could be there?

AUGUST 26. The morning and until 1500 hours were office hours, then I was off to bring a radio script to the Base Chaplain's office and on to Casement for dinner. After this we held the first meeting of the first SMCL meeting in Iceland. It is in army posts, navy ships, WACS, WAVES, everywhere. (Service Men's Christian League.) Twenty-seven men came by truck from gunsights. We had some discussion, based on the magazine of the League, "Link," had a competition doing a Bible crossword puzzle in the magazine, elected officers, etc. So it was an historic night. Will write Washington about it.

AUGUST 28. Called on Lt. Southwick today who was at Edwards with me. He is now near me here. I spent the first part of the evening on sermon work. My five sermons

for tomorrow are; The Locked Door, Destroyers, Magnifying God, The Neverfailing Bank, and Someone's Place. Many preparations for a trip a doctor and myself are actually going to take in the country for a holiday and to fish. Don't expect a catch, but a change will be worthwhile.

AUGUST 30. Up early and off to Casement where we ate breakfast. Then Lt Settledge, Mandigo and I were off to Borganes. A tremendously interesting ride with several stops to look at the sights. At one point a fine waterfall fell into what is apparently an ancient crater. At other points we rode through forests with twelve foot trees! Had lunch at the CP No. 1, AAAIS and then on to Laxafoss. (Salmon Falls) on the Nor Jura (north river.) The English use this hut for peacetime sport. The Doc caught one salmon, 26½" and I caught two trout.

AUGUST 31. Visited near Glennierfoss, one-half mile or so from us, Four men watch for planes. I caught two salmon, one 22" and one 26" to celebrate my stay here and the doc caught another 26".

SEPTEMBER 2. We got home from our trip at one o'clock this morning. I was up at 0700, tired as could be, and expecting a flock of CA services, but found Chaplain Youngdall out of the hospital and on duty with the 494th. After considerable confusion, I held, on short notice, but with fine results, services at Skeleton Hill, Tilloi and Brighton. Home to a needed shower and bed, after a brief V to Ellen, first in four days, my longest time without writing.

SEPTEMBER 3. I have now begun my second year here, but many will begin, in a few days, their third. The prospect of another winter is hard, because I'm out in it so much. Made out reports and held, unexpectedly, the Pimple Hill service at 1000 for forty-six.

SEPTEMBER 4. A good morning in the office and visiting in the area. One item was stocking up the PX religious book table. A total of 853 things now given. At about 1400 hours took Abby to Helagoland, then went to Vatusendi, "Radio Reykjavix," and got a small set of Captain's bars.

Watched some foolhardy British soldiers climb the several hundred foot tower. One slip, moment of dizziness, too strong Icelandic gust of wind, and . . . Wrote a letter for a sergeant to reassure his mother in regard to his sudden and unexplained "Bust."

SEPTEMBER 7. Terribly drizzly yesterday. After nearly two years here, the officers are just getting around to having volley ball and the like at the close of the day. In a few weeks darkness will prevent it. Clippings have been coming saying that the Senate recommends one year in Iceland. Well, anyone of us here deserves a break, I'm very confident. Visited hospitals and spent an afternoon at the desk.

SEPTEMBER 9. All morning in the office. A conference with the Base Chaplain and a visit to Casement after lunch. To Langholt to get repaired clothing. Volley ball before dinner. With eleven officers, went to Camp Knox to see the movie, "Bataan," good entertainment, but terrible from a tactical point of view. Yesterday's news about Italy is another expected, but gratifying step toward peace. How utterly futile war is; the Italians have had war or rumors of it, for half a dozen years now, and are back where they started.

I now have a jeep again. I wore the old one out and got a truck and now it is swapped for a somewhat better jeep than I had. It is covered, fortunately.

Chaplain Hart's son is in training to be a pilot. That's a dangerous career. And another thing, the pilots tend to become reckless and fatalistic and lose something from their inner selves. I'm mighty glad Clyde and Dana are too young.

SEPTEMBER 15. I had a busy day, as usual up here! I was at the desk an hour and a half, then visited fifty at the two hospitals. Then the whole afternoon in desk work and one and a half hours in volley ball. At dinner, we sat and sang for a while—"Three Jolly Coachmen," "I've Got Sixpence," "You Are My Sunshine," etc. Then I came for evening office time. I'm hungry and could enjoy a hamburg tonight before going to bed. One thing I detest about the Army is that when we do manage to have hamburg or steak, it is cooked hours ahead of time and kept warm. As a result,

it is like leather. So much stuff is wasted. Last night, for example, just near me, were three bowls of canned peas, two of brown gravy, a dish of mashed potato, half a platter of meat—all extra, all being thrown away. At least once a day we get two vienna sausages each and dozens are untouched. They cook enough of everything for everyone, that's why there are leftovers. Then sometimes various reasons delay food so that we eat canned or dehydrated things, and then too much comes in at once. I've known of fifty to a hundred pounds of chicken to be thrown out, unable to keep it.

SEPTEMBER 16. Today marks two years in Iceland for Headquarters and the 2nd Battalion of the Fifth Engineers. I took a day off and visited Chap. Ray Hart at Camp Hopkins. With him, I visited Camp Vail, a signal Air Warning Camp in the crater of an extinct volcano. Drove up a 65% grade road. Took a Sgt. from here as a guide and went out over the lava fields to the scene of the crash that killed Bishop Leonard and Lt. Gen. Andrews, his Brig. Gen. C. of S. and ten others, including two chaplains. The huge B-24 Liberator was strewn over a quarter of a mile of almost perpendicular mountain. I brought home several bullets and fragments.

SEPTEMBER 17. Made a guardhouse visit at Gibraltar. Had lunch there then over to Hounslow and visited the warehouses and paintshop. Always enjoyable to meet men in their work places. I also enjoy learning their hobbies, such as at Hounslow I found a man who makes rings out of bits of planes and a man who makes designs for stationery. He gave me some special "Engineer-Iceland."

SEPTEMBER 18. A day of heavy rain and wind, clearing at times. Eleven hours of Belvoir work. Went to a party and farewell review for bandleader, Dufresne. Spent half an hour in the kitchen talking with the men, especially a Chinese cook, listed as Confucianist, but who knows "Jesus Loves Me" in his language. One boy thanked me for a hospital visit. Moments like these are some compensation for the hours I cannot have with those I love.

SEPTEMBER 19. Rainy. Expected almost no one at service, but was pleased to find thirty-eight, including five officers at Belvoir. This is good for this camp. Had occasion to see several men including one whose son was fourteen the same week as Clyde, Jr. On to Hounslow and lunch and service with seven. Then a good visit to Kjartan's home, and a bite at the Borg, a moment or two in a "tombola" (word borrowed from us). Then service for 170 at Belvoir and twenty-nine at Gibraltar. I gave Chan Chenng, Confucianist cook at Belvoir, a Testament at his request and gave John Neeland, my fullblooded Chippeway driver, a prayer book, since he wanted help in saying morning and evening prayers.

SEPTEMBER 21. Have just returned from being thirteen hours with a group of men. These men are out for two weeks of maneuvers. We built a big raft of rubber pontoon boats, drove a halftrack on it, and towed that by assault motor boat. I sat atop the halftrack, except when I took paddle to help steer. I also went on a sapper problem and discovered two mines myself, which was good training. Another feature was a forty minute trip by amphibious jeep. Great fun! But I got splashed when we hit the waves. I ended the day by a church service in a pyramidal tent like the one I used to live in. I got fifty-one inside and seven out in the drizzle! Talk about sardines. The men thanked me for coming. It does them good to see a chaplain mingle in their daily work.

SEPTEMBER 22. A rainy, windy day. I put the morning in my office. Chaplain Hart came up from his camp and after gas mask drill, left for reconnaissance around. . . . through the kindness of Col. Riani, using his jeep and driver. We went over a hair-raising pony track, up and down mountains, through streams, to where a JU88 was shot down last fall. Got interesting souvenir pieces.

SEPTEMBER 23. A cable came for a man saying his father was near death from cancer and his mother in need of an operation. It was delayed two weeks because the AG's office couldn't locate the man by name or serial number. (He'd only been here two years!) We are pushing this as

a test for an emergency furlough. No Army soldier has ever been given one from Iceland, as in other theaters.

SEPTEMBER 26. Had services at Belvoir, and Hounslow and also religious movies. Visited Kjartan Helgason for the last time, perhaps, as he takes a school at Siglifjindi. Was on staff in the review: Maj. Gen Key and Brig. Gen. Weaver, S.O.S. ETO reviewing.

SEPTEMBER 28. Gen. Weaver, S.O.S. ETO inspected the area. For the first time a "brass hat" was around on a stormy day. We had a preview of the winter's blizzards. At noon, we had our evening dinner, for his benefit, plus flowers, etc.

The PXs have had little to sell of late, so that there is fantastic rationing—these are sample of the rules pasted exactly two years after the Fifth came here!

1/200th bath towel per man per week

1/142nd can shoe polish

1/60 10c cigar

1/5 candy bar (But two and a half cans of beer, which seems to get through better than anything.)

I received from Ellen, or her orders, a September 16th V, Book of Hymn Studies, fieldjacket, six sets of underwear, a Book Concern package of religious pictures and bookmarks. Also received a September "Reader's Digest," a flock of newspapers and several packages of tracts and booklets. I visited the Base Chaplain, and took him pieces of the JU88 and the General's B24.

SEPTEMBER 29. Belvoir work in the morning until 1345, then Abby and I visited hutmate Lt. Milt Kleinman and other patients at Alafoss. About 5:30, Capt. "Doc" Settledge and I fished and found them feeding. We hooked and lost several good ones. I landed a 12" trout, which would be something back home, but the great thrill was the largest trout I have ever seen—a 25½" trout, 5½" deep, that took me forty-five minutes to land! I had an excited audience of seven native children, who understood no English. Two of them got too close and got tangled in the line while I was chasing the monster down the brook, adding to my problem.

Catching this fish was a big thrill and a very bright spot in hundreds of lonely days.

OCTOBER 2. Visited seventy men training in a field. They built rafts with rubber pontoons and bridged a stream. I took a two hour ride in a seagoing jeep, and went to see a "doorway to the hot place." A weird locality, where sizzling hot mud bubbled and gurgled, where ice and green grass, cold streams and hot ones were side by side. With a roar that could be heard a quarter of a mile away, enough live steam to heat Philadelphia kept bursting out of the ground. It seemed to come steadily; otherwise it would be called a geyser. Had services, office hours and also brought man to dispensary.

OCTOBER 3. Broadcast on the Army service at "Radio Reykjavik," with a studio audience of twenty, and of course, an unknown listening audience. Back for services at Belvoir, Hounslow and Gibraltar.

OCTOBER 4. Belvoir washday. An hour in the office and the evening service for two hundred men. With Abby a trip to Thingvellir and saw the "wishing well" with its thousands of coins, the Lobberg, or Law Rock, and ruins of ancient houses of the "gothi," or wisemen who gave the decisions at the Althing. Some of these are nearly 1000 years old. A marvelously beautiful day.

OCTOBER 5. In the morning, a "misty moisty" one, as the old poem called it, I went to the APO and Casement. Then back to the office and an Officers' Call. Had lunch at Casement, then with "Doc" Settledge, drove to Hveri Geri to try to fish. We got no fish but the visit in the home from whom we got the permission to fish was enjoyable. We spoke, between the doctor, the driver and myself, perhaps twenty-five Icelandic words; they spoke a dozen English words, but it was amazing how well we got along. The man was seventy-six, and on the wall was his first wife's picture. With him in the home, was his second wife. He has children forty years old or more and a four year old sturdy boy by this wife! He was a chuckling, lively man. She was, I think,

greatly pleased by having a doctor and a minister in her home; the first, and probably last Americans, because they are off the beaten track. When we first stopped, she asked us to have coffee, as is their custom. She went and changed her dress, got out her best china and a tablecloth, and served the terribly strong, chicory flavored coffee and various types of cookies. (I can never enjoy the coffee.) We fished, and when we returned, we were hailed and she insisted that we have more coffee. This time, it was Icelandic pancakes, (cold, thin, sweet.) served with what she called "rhuba butter," in broken English—rhubarb preserves. You spread it on, roll it up in the pancake and eat it in your fingers. With these, we had cocoa; and then the inevitable coffee and cakes. We emptied our pockets of gum, apples and what not. She was concerned to know if the gum would hurt the small boy's teeth. (Imagine getting that understood and answered!) I got a lot of fun out of this boy and three other older ones, grandsons, I guess. She gave me a home tanned lambskin that I admired. Before we left she had to go out and get "mjolk" from the "coo." So we shook hands all around, "blessed," gave the boys a ride in a "Banderika bile" and came back home. On the way home we stopped at a ski hut for a 9 p.m. dinner.

OCTOBER 6. A good day of Belvoir work. I visited shops and orderly rooms and kitchens and mess halls and garages and barber shops, and PXs! This evening I saw two men in my office, then copied a story from the Bible an officer had expressed a wish to know about. A hutmate brought from his kitchen a can of prunes, uncooked, and we nibble at them from time to time.

OCTOBER 8. Office hours, then visited eighteen at 327th. After lunch went to censor, APO, Casement, Hounslow, Base Chaplain's office. I find many opportunities to have contacts with men; for example, in the line at the P.O. window, I got acquainted with a man and gave him a piece of Jerry plane, etc.

OCTOBER 9. Had office hours and then with Capt. Settledge and two 494th e.m. went to Geyser and Gulfoss

and Camp Cornell. I visited four lonely outposts; but found happy men. They enjoy their tiny camps and independent life. A stormy day, but a fine trip. Saw the "grandaddy of all geysers" work from a distance. It works irregularly. Saw the interesting pools, had a good dinner, dug up fossil leaves and twigs, went on to Gulfoss, a mighty series of falls and a tremendous gorge.

OCTOBER 10. In the office and then service for thirty-eight at Belvoir. Then I tried to attend the Chinese Independence Day service, but found the service was held at the banquet table, a closed affair. Had lunch at Hounslow and service for nine. Then with Lt. Harry France, visited Pfc. Elliott, a 394th man at the 11th Station Hospital. While there visited a total of ten. When I got back had an hour in the office and then service at Gibraltar for twenty-eight who braved a raging storm. The same twenty-eight stayed for the Bible study. Only the three church services and a Bible study today, but that is just about enough with travelling and seeing people and meals, etc. to give me a busy day. Some of my days have been nightmares, almost. Once upon a time—I used to be at home and thinking what to do on Columbus Day. I can look at the past, and stand the present, but the future is appalling to contemplate. Was able to buy a can of boned chicken so we heated it tonight and ate it. It was rather fun, as it was a wild stormy night outside.

OCTOBER 11. Washday at camp. Had thought I might go on a sightseeing trip with some officers but very wild weather has stopped us; rain and high wind. May have to move my bed. My corner is getting very wet from rain around the window frame. I wish we could get a picture of ourselves on such a day; we walk very much at an angle, in fact, we'd fall over except for the wind. Had one hour in the office and a washday service. I held a brief service with several hymns, gave minute sermon, and gave out sets of fifty tracts as sermons to read later, and showed the religious movie to 190. Also, reading that this day began National Bible Week, offered fourteen Bibles which disappeared in in short order.

OCTOBER 12. Have been told I may go on leave in November. Have had a real mental struggle. Usually am quick to decide things, but my conscience bothers me on this. It seems right even though the money could do much for my family. I have worked many, many days harder than I'd want them to know, been doggone lonely, had a bit of adventure, and even a couple of weeks should be educational. I feel Ellen will want me to.

OCTOBER 13. Office 0800-1000, then off to visit men at 167th. The 15th and 14th are now there, so I see many familiar faces. Visited forty. After gas mask drill, went to the Monthly Chaplains' Conference at Base, sixteen present. On no notice, led the devotions. I read from John the story of Andrew finding Peter, told of the Stark Church and Cy saying in a way it meant more for him to invite people, then pointed out how a chaplain's assistant can multiply or destroy the influence of the chaplain. Gave sermonette to the men at the Quarterly Meeting for Assistants. Sixteen present. Came back to learn Pfc. Newman, one of our waiters, had lost his father by coal mine accident. His day off and was hard to find him. Found him and told him.

After dinner, office hours. A long visit with a rather lonely new officer. Jewish, well-educated. His hobby being minerals, I gave him some specimens I'd picked up and put him in raptures. Then another man to see, whose father had dropped dead. This boy is one of thousands in the Army who could be placed to better advantage. A son of the owner of a fishing boat, and he has spent years fishing in the Pacific and Bering sea. Trained, on first entering the Army, in a school for various types of boat work, he lands in Iceland! It was a rainy, haily day. Letters came!

OCTOBER 14. A fine, long busy day. Bad morning weather and I planned to hold some of my services after lunch, nevertheless. Three hours in the office in the morning, then took Newman to the Red Cross. After lunch, an hour in the office, then off to visit Company F. There's a saying that I always bring good weather, and I brought them the best they have had. After days and nights of tents blowing

away, etc. I brought sunshine only broken by two of our sudden hail storms.

A sudden message came of a plane crashed, probably near us, and Company F would be the searchers. We set up radio communication and the C.O. Capt. Starkey and I climbed a couple of mountains 'till we could see for many miles. Planes were searching everywhere. After several hours, the news came that it was located near Thingvellir. I held a tent service for sixty-five, including two Jews and several Catholics.

My vacation has been cancelled! Well, work is the best antidote to everpresent loneliness.

OCTOBER 18. Received a long airmail letter from Bishop Oxnam. I was pleased with it. Gave a hitchhiking Norwegian soldier and ship's officer a ride. The ocean going one knew the Norwegian fliers who were killed when I was at Budareyri. We talked about Norway. He told of what the plight of the people was getting to be. At night I went to the "new theater" and saw two pictures: a 1939 trav- elogue telling how peace-loving Norwegians kept their country free in wartorn Europe, and a 1943 John Steinbeck picture—"The Moon is Down," based on Nazi-occupied Norway.

The wind howls incessantly. Sometimes one must stop for a moment or two, it being too strong to walk against. But until it blows huts away, as I've seen it do two or three times, we don't say that it is really blowing.

OCTOBER 22. I visited the Motor Pool, 635th, PXs etc. At the 635th I traded my four-buckle overshoes for five-buckle ones. The rest of the day in the office until 3:30, when Abernathy, Settledge and I took a hike. Back for volleyball. After dinner I attended the class in chemical warfare. Soon it will be moonlight at nine or ten in the morning. Great life!

I marvel at the men. Tonight when I went to the movies, it was quite a wait, it being a lengthy picture. Some of the men stood outdoors for half to three quarters of an hour and were singing. How many civilians after two years or more away, could work all day, then stand in line outdoors in the Arctic Zone singing, waiting to go in to sit on a

wooden bench or steel chair to see a movie that has to stop for reel changes, etc.?

The PX near the movie had stopped being open for business, but the fellow was still inside, so I visited him. Poor fellow, has almost nothing to sell these days. A man can buy a toothbrush this week, and the paste next month. That sort of thing, yet he often does a business of many scores of dollars. I now give out Bibles, stationery, etc., through three PX's. I believe I'm the "givingest" chaplain in this part of the world.

OCTOBER 25. This was a Belvoir washday. With Chaplain Hart and three Engineer officers, I hiked over the lava to the scene of the wreck of the JU88 shot down the day before Easter. I got a bullet-riddled cross from the wing. Back to Belvoir and had service with 250 present.

OCTOBER 26. Visited forty at the 327th. Gave a sex morality talk to forty-four Company D men. Distributed fifty-two tracts. At Hounslow, I met British Padre Lewis, a Welsh Baptist in "Y" work since he is not of the Established Church. They must be of the Church of England. I told him I was a Methodist and he said, "Oh, yes, that's the State Church of America." He was bewildered when I told him we have no Established Church. A Welshman, he says, usually still speaks of going "into England." As a boy he lived a mile and a half from the old boundary stone, and said they always spoke of walking to England! I gave him a Testament.

OCTOBER 27. In the morning I held a farewell service for the group commanded by hutmate Milt. Kleinman. This service was voluntary, of course, and attended by men of all three faiths, a fact I remembered in planning the service. Then went to Gibraltar and Casement. Back to house-clean in the office, play volleyball briefly, and then Gibraltar's farewell service. They had services by the Catholic and Jewish chaplains, but some of each came to mine. Then a Communion service with 125. I then baptized Pfc. John Kenneth Watkins, born May 25, 1920, at Johnstown, Pa.

OCTOBER 28. In the office all morning, and after lunch until 1510. I prepared a radio script, visited six at the 167th.

At 2000 went to visit my clergyman-editor friend, Bjorn O. Bjornsson and his wife. I hadn't seen him for months. His wife dressed in one of the more formal costumes and served "coffee," i.e. half a dozen kinds of sandwiches and cakes. Before we left one of the daughters came in. She is just between the ages of my boys. She goes to school at seven p. m. because of crowded conditions. She studies English, Danish, Icelandic, history, arithmetic, penmanship and typing. A very pleasant evening.

OCTOBER 30. In the morning desk work, and a trip to the Base Chaplain's office. After lunch I went to both PXs with a load of religious items to give out. I visited thirty in the hospital, then in the mud and rain, went over the hills to where H & S were on a problem. I landed at a good time. In rapid succession we got stuck in the mud, lost in a smoke screen, run into, went over a mine and strafed by planes. Then they set off tear gas, and I hadn't brought a gas mask, so I had to run through the smoke and mud. Anyway, everyone enjoyed the chaplain's difficulties, so I'm glad I got into them! If they were all as real as the gas, I'd have been out of my worries. Back for volleyball, dinner and evening office hours.

OCTOBER 31. The morning service at Belvoir brought out thirty-one. Then after more office time, I went to Hounslow for a fine lunch. Church was delayed until after pay formation, which meant only five attended—crap games got the rest! Today was one to enjoy the beautiful scenery. On days when the sea is blue and the mountains white, Iceland is beyond description. There are so many, many mountains. Another beautiful thing is the occasional tiny green valley in summer, a very precious thing here.

NOVEMBER 1. A more or less normal day of wind and rain, lots of both. Another month has come. I look at it the same way Ellen does; that while we don't know the date of the end, each month is that much nearer to that glad day. Got out a report to the Colonel, one to the Base Chaplain and one to Washington, wrote some business letters and also a sermon. At the club this evening, someone held up a

September "Life Magazine" and asked me if I had read an article in it about Warner, New Hampshire. I replied I hadn't, but my grandad's grandad was the first white child born there and was a Revolutionary Regimental Adjutant.

NOVEMBER 2. A trip to Curtis, Pershing, Helagoland, Langholt and town. Received from the Base Chaplain, a triptych. A number of families sponsored these as gifts; one was sent to Iceland. I have it. It is an original design, intended to appeal both to Catholics and Protestants. This was the gift of "The King Family," Dayton, Ohio. Put in eight hours of Belvoir work. How the wind howls outside! A hutmate just paid \$75.00 for a second portable radio. I turned it on tonight to a song, "As Time Goes By." A good song, but a lousy, baby voice singer. I thought she was terrible, but how the listeners applauded—like mad, whistling and clapping. Soon it will be my third Thanksgiving away. I hope the absence of so many of us will really mean hundreds of daily Thanksgiving Days before too long. It's mighty hard to keep from rebelling, but these things must be done, and perhaps this is the high point of my life. Seems as if my whole experience was planned to fit me for the work of a chaplain. Nevertheless, I long for my family.

NOVEMBER 3. Desk work included the turning in of the financial report of the Chaplain's Fund. I had business at Curtis, Helagoland, and Gibraltar. I joined in a couple of fast volley ball games in the gym before dinner. After dinner, I skipped the evening class in order to be in my office. Three men were in. Two of them wanted wrapping paper, which I can now supply, having received a big roll. One wants to be a minister and wanted to talk about the many aspects of that.

NOVEMBER 4. Began the day by attending a very realistic training film on "Baptism of Fire." The rest of the morning was desk work. After lunch, I was at Curtis, Langholt, the censor, and town.

NOVEMBER 6. The morning, until 1100 was spent in the review and inspection by Major General Key. The afternoon was spent in the office at the desk. Then after lunch I

visited twenty-four at the 167th. Took a sack of mail to them. At a noontime officers' call, we heard the official news of an early move for some of us.—Oh, yes, before lunch, I talked with two men who want or need to be married to stulkas. (A Fifth Division officer paid a \$2000 fine for that.) After work, volleyball in the gym and evening office hours with Bible study for three.

NOVEMBER 7. Blizzard, hail, rain, and wind, and an open jeep! I conducted the service over "Radio Reykjavik." Had a studio audience of twenty. Then service for sixteen at Belvoir. Back through the storm for service at Hounslow and office hours. At night heard shooting and went down to be uncomfortably near a Company A man doing it. We captured him.

NOVEMBER 10. Busy at Belvoir during the morning. Chaplain McGill came over and had lunch, then we went to the Monthly Conference at Base. Thirteen were present, including Bishop Sigur Sigurson. He spoke on his church and life of a pastor. One custom of interest is that the pastor's wife always entertains everybody for coffee and cakes after church is over! Most rural pastors have three or four churches with a service in one each Sunday. In deep winter, the only way to get around is walking, perhaps, and sometimes fierce storms cause the death of a pastor. This happened last New Year's. After our meeting we were invited to the Bishop's home. This was a real privilege.

NOVEMBER 11. Day off for Mandigo. Prohibited from holding the planned Armistice Day program by an ETO work order, although time is taken out for sports, etc. We had band play in front of the CP, from 1045-1059, then a moment of silence, then "Taps."

NOVEMBER 12. Snow and hail. Except for a brief trip to the censor and APO in the office all morning. After lunch, in spite of the storm, I attended the regimental football game, played in fiercer weather than any game I ever saw, a blizzard of snow and hail. After dinner attended the officers' class on security. In spite of the blizzard all day, tonight a moon makes a fairy landscape. Sent Ellen my

Icelandic Bible printed in 1644. I will be anxious until it reaches her safely. It is of real rarity. Probably there are not over a dozen in existence. Practically all ancient Icelandic books have missing pages, and this does, but photo-static copies are in place, and it has been beautifully rebound.

NOVEMBER 13. Today was a cold day, but it was marvelously beautiful to see the sky and sea and scores of gleaming mountains. Today I wrote Clyde and Dana. I suppose a separate letter to each is a lot more fun, but I lack time. It's not from any lack of love because my boys mean more to me than they'll ever know until they are separated from their own sons. I wanted so much to see them growing up, getting to the age of bicycles, fishing, sports, and hiking. But I'd rather be away myself, than have them old enough so that they might be the ones at war.

After lunch my office was a waiting room for a court martial and I visited a number this way and gave out books, Christmas cards, wrapping paper, plane parts, etc. I attended the court martial of the Company A shooter. Attended monthly dance. Our radio is now playing the Icelandic national anthem. I've almost forgotten how I used to feel when I first realized I was living on foreign soil.

NOVEMBER 14. Rain and mud. I was two hours in a blind fog, seeking Camp Corbett, an unsuccessful attempt to find men to go to church at Hounslow, and keeping score for officers' basketball game in the new "Madison Square Garden" (Andrews Arena) named for Lt. Gen. Andrews. What a fog we did have! My search for Camp Corbett took me up and down the taxi strips of an airfield, where all directions look alike.

NOVEMBER 15. Had office work, then on to Gibraltar to tell a man of his mother's death. Found him to be a cook, formerly of the 26th S.C. Went on to Corbett Camp, and the British "Y" and found Padre Lewis just ready for morning tea. This sounds very domestic, but was actually a "queue" of 150 men, buying at nominal prices, tea, Icelandic "veenie bread," (Vienna bread) and also cigarettes, soap,

shoe polish and what not. So, behind the counter went Chaplain Kimball for a fast and furious three quarters of an hour. Had lunch at the 29 George Royal Squadron R. A. F. A flag from a sub they captured being on display. Some fine photos of attacks on subs. Took Padre Lewis to Base Chaplain's office—not in. Took him to Belvoir, called on Col. Vaughan. At a little after four, the padre innocently asked when we drank tea, so we tried to be good hosts. A search of several huts finally got tea, no milk, no sugar, but we used lemon drops for sugar and lemon. He marvelled at Yankee cleverness. Then home for him and Gibraltar for me where I held a service. Back for dinner at Belvoir.

NOVEMBER 18. A rainy day was spent in office work at Belvoir until 1630 when a few of us played volleyball in the gym. Then back to office. Should be mail-day soon. It was coming in marvelously for awhile, but perhaps the coming of more wintry weather slows it up. Just heard a drip-drip of a leak start up. The strong winds loosen the sheets of tin in the course of time. A square room would make me feel as though in a box, after this rounded affair. We had "C" rations for dinner, but we get terribly tired of a plate with a few beans, a little stew or hash, maybe a dab of spinach or turnip. The rain, work, and volleyball really worked to produce an appetite. Fortunately, we had a decent supper, and as an added treat, it was someone's birthday, so I got a piece of cake.

NOVEMBER 19. A most dreary day of rain and fog. It never got light enough in my hut to dispense with lights. We are all sweating out mail. There has been none for a couple of weeks. I helped a hutmate send a present to his English girl friend. He met her when on leave, and she has written him more often and more interestingly than his American friend. It is appalling how high a percentage of sweethearts and wives have forgotten their men. I blame the working with new interests, to a large extent.

NOVEMBER 23. In the morning I did some office work, visited with those using my office as a waiting room for court and attended part of the trial. I was interested in the man

on trial, PX manager, good fellow, involved with the wrong friends, swore to false statement, got six months, \$20.00 per. Also visited fifteen at hospital. After hasty lunch went with Harmon to Camp Corbett, visited 269th R.G. Squadron mess. Then visited British Seaman's Society huts at the waterfront. Padre Anderson, Church of Scotland, and wife in charge. He has been years in Rome and Genoa. Then visited the Sandes Home, one of twenty or more named for an Irish lady who founded the first. Two British women run it. Much smaller than our Red Crosses, or USO's, but homey.

NOVEMBER 24. Regular morning office time. Sent Harmon to take Settledge mail and candy. Gave sex lecture to 200. After lunch, gas drill. Harmon took Abernathy and Bauman to hospital and elsewhere. I stayed at the desk, except for a haircut. Service at Gibraltar for twenty-two and religious movie for twenty-six. A sergeant came in the afternoon to report his mother thanked me for helping him and to say his father had given up carousing. Had another talk with a sergeant I knew at Budareyri. He has twins, walking, talking, he has never seen! Interested in Ellen's letter saying Dick Diehl of Suncook was cutting trees for Iceland! Those may be for the Navy only, but also may be for the whole group here. At any rate, if we have one, I'll imagine it as coming from my own New Hampshire.

NOVEMBER 25. Thanksgiving Day. If any day is a lonely one, this is it. My third as an Army man. The third time I've had to try to teach men to sing, "Praise God," when, perhaps, neither they nor I felt like it. But I hope I've helped them, for in trying I help myself. I worked all morning, although it was a holiday. At noon I was guest of a company and had turkey for my first Thanksgiving of three. I told them, briefly, the history of the day, and offered grace. When we finished it was time for the band concert I had arranged. When this was over I had to get the men off for supper, then it was service time. British Padre assisted me in brief service and communion. Then it was dinner time at the club.

How the wind howls outside this Nissen hut! As I sit

here writing in my diary, my mind travels across the cold waters to the ones I love, to the people that make this for me a real Thanksgiving Day.

NOVEMBER 26. I am glad this family holiday time is over, and I'll be still more glad when Christmas is past. How I miss everyone! The day was spent in regular Belvoir work, except for an hour spent in a visit to Chaplain McGill at MacArthur. I loaned him religious movies, got Testaments from him. Tonight, after dinner, we had a talk by one of the most prominent South Africans, now High Commissioner. I guess he's on vacation here. He fought, as a boy, against the British, in the Boer War, now is all for them. His talk was very illuminating. A half hour by a man telling of his own country is infinitely better than a book about it by a visitor to it. This is a wilder night than last night. Weather like this, blowing snow, hail, rain or dirt, makes goggles almost imperative in order to see. I am working on a radio script for December 5. They are considerable work, but it is good for me. Was glad to get my boys' letters today. Have always been proud of them and interested in everything they do. I'll be more interested than ever when this separation is over, but I'm afraid I'll be a stranger to them.

NOVEMBER 27. A wintry day, so I kept to the office until about 1500, when I visited another Chaplain. Was in my office for an hour tonight. Saw a man to tell him his mother wrote that his last letter was dated August 28. Gave two men Testaments, and another man wrapping paper and string—even furnished some to the Colonel a couple days ago. Volleyball at gym.

NOVEMBER 29. Today was a day of indescribable beauty. Miles of sparkling white mountains, suddenly turned rose-colored. With no trees here, a snowfall just makes a pure blanket everywhere. Two hours in the office, and three after lunch. Padre Lewis was guest preacher at Belvoir service for 250. This British chaplain is eager to visit America after the war, and I am eager to see it ANYTIME. Have been lonelier this week than ever—perhaps because it was holiday week.

DECEMBER 1. Held service at Monmouth Camp, formerly Gibraltar, with twenty-four present. Back to eat dinner alone, then hear most of an interesting talk by RAF Coastal C Wing Commander Bland. Showed fine photos of attacks on subs, taking of prisoners, etc. Today was very dismal. Just read a poem by Edwin Markham, and this line especially caught my attention: "Here on the common human way is all the stuff we need to build a heaven." He was speaking of the whole social structure, but it applied to such things as home, family, and daily work. I feel like one who has left heaven for a little while and longs to return.

DECEMBER 2. I visited in the morning the censor, APO, and PX at Helogoland, and the Base Chaplain's new office at Herskola. After lunch Abby and I visited thirty-six at the 16th. I put six Bibles, thirteen tracts and twenty-four religious magazines in the PXs, two religious magazines in each barber shop and two in the Officers' Club. In the office in the evening.

DECEMBER 4. Yesterday was so stormy that I stayed in camp. How the rain beat against the tin roof. Put seven hours in office and area work. I certainly ran around today! Twice to town. Met the goldsmith who designed one side of the three coins minted to celebrate the Althing millennium. The system of master and apprentice is followed here. A young man serves four and a half years. The one who had just passed his exams after studying under the master who had studied under this old timer showed me the gold locket he made as his examination piece. He is going to the States to study and perhaps to live. The old timer gave me a whale tooth which he got from the Greenland Eskimos, while on an expedition to bring musk oxen to Iceland. Settledge and I visited patients at 11th and 167th Hospitals.

DECEMBER 5. Washday. However, I was in my office at 0900 and held, at 1000, a broadcast service over "Radio Reykjavik." Held service at Belvoir. At Hounslow I had lunch, and as other guests, there were Col. Reinhardt, old and new Base Engineers. Men all working at Hounslow, so no services. In the office in the afternoon. It was a very

stormy day and made an icy road on which we turned around twice. Still hoping for mail. Seems as though they could find some way of getting it to us once in two weeks.

DECEMBER 6. Three cheers, received mail today! Cheered me up a lot. My trips were to Herskola, Monmouth and PX. I went to our PXs with Bibles, Prayer Books and Catholic "Kits" containing thirty-six items. Went to Company A, Motor Pool and Personnel.

DECEMBER 7. Two years from Pearl Harbor! And two years from that carefree day in St. Augustine with my family. After lunch, with a spare driver, went to APO and PX, then to town for shopping. Then went to Sirra Jacob Johnsson's. He will be co-pastor of the new Memorial Church. He was in Canada for a few years, saw 50° and came here to be cold! So an Icelander found this damp cold does penetrate. Had to see him and a very fine girl about one of our men. She is from one of the country's leading families and I'm sorry she has fallen in love with a soldier. No man, in a foreign country, should be completely believed by any girl. His emotions run away with him. This girl is like many, very lovely. Speaks excellent English with a sprinkling of slang, and considerable of half a dozen other languages. Most of them sing, play, paint, etc. This tiny country has led people to take up cultural hobbies. Had long talk about her possible future with an American soldier.

DECEMBER 8. Today was one of those days when I felt literally as though I had shifted into "high gear." This was because I was so much on the go. I had to drive to see a man about a family sorrow, then a hurry call from my British padre, who had a few hours' notice to be transferred out of the country and must see me. Then a monthly meeting, then a trip for a service, then a call to see a man who needed a chaplain—and of all things, he wants me to get his eighteen-year-old sister out of the WACS and back with the widowed mother! I have the weirdest jobs that civilian life never brought me. It was wonderful to get the great lot of mail I got today,—from friends in Suncook and Groveton. My doctor hutmate got a lot of "funny books" and got a lot of kidding by fellows who pick them up to read!

DECEMBER 10. I am still happy over the arrival of letters and Vs and cables and packages. Have been down in the dumps. Had to have my clerk arrested; he has been forging my name to trip tickets and going off in the jeep, as well as other things. His dereliction almost destroys all my influence for good. Nice package from Wendell.

DECEMBER 12. Held two services today, but tonight I attended the general service held by the Base Chaplain. The Bishop of Iceland was the speaker. He gave a good sermon, simple and evangelistic, on the text, "Behold, now we are in Thine hands." God's hands uphold us. He said that Iceland has had a ceaseless battle against nature and has learned to trust God, and told of the lava from an eruption stopping beside a church where pastor and people prayed. He said that we soldiers are caught in war's storm and must trust God.

DECEMBER 13. Did I get wet tonight! Or rather this afternoon—it seems like night when it is dark. A wild storm just wet me through and through. I had to go out, however, and while about it, I made a ten-minute call on the Bishop of Iceland. I have a coffee date with him tomorrow. He is a splendid man, and of course, tremendously important in this country. Wish I knew his language as well as he knows ours, and several others.

DECEMBER 14. Had coffee and cakes, today, with the Bishop, his son and wife, and daughter as waitress. A great privilege. It would correspond to going to Washington for lunch with the Vice-President.

DECEMBER 16. Did not write anything yesterday. My day was taken up with the court martial of my former assistant. He got six months at hard labor. I was off for two services and then we had an unplanned party, with everybody bringing their contributions. I furnished, for one thing, a box of all sorts of good things that came from Gordon and Gertie. This lasted 'till lights out. It is now 0845 and still so dark that the aurora borealis is flashing.

SHIPBOARD

Once again on the move. How I wish this trip was back to my loved ones, but we are needed elsewhere. C'est la guerre. However, half an hour before leaving camp I received a number of letters which I will partly read here and partly keep for driving away the lonesomeness of a new place. Another thing that came just before I left my tin hut, was the repaired Parker pen! What good timing! In order to have packing space, I have opened some packages and feel a bit of Christmas is with me. I know many go home after being away this long, but I am with the Regular Army Engineers and they are expected to do the utmost.

Although on a comparatively calm sea, I have been sick. What a feeling! I think the reason is that I was hungry and faint at sailing time and when meal time came, was too dizzy to eat. I can stay up for half an hour or so, then I feel the need to climb back in. I have gone below for each meal, and swallowed a few bites.

Last night several gathered in my room for a talk about forty eleven things. At thirty-five, I am an "old man," so they love to question me, if only to argue with me. Strangely, two of my cabinmates were in the 43rd Division with me at Blanding, and now after various camps and places and being in Iceland together, but not knowing it, we meet here. That division was at the Battle of Munda, they have heard, and many were lost, some of whom I remember, including a chaplain.

I just went on deck for a breath of air, and met a man who handed me a letter from his mother. I had had Dad send her flowers and a Bible.

You hear everyone say, "Soon we'll see trees!" How we have missed them! I have seen land, although I can't mention what countries. We are all cheered by this. Sometime tonight we will be in harbor. I really believe it is less exciting to approach an unknown country than it used to be to cross the border of a new state. Perhaps one reason is because the only shore I want to see is America. Near my stateroom is a cinema room. The same movie has been shown a score of times. I don't know what it is, but I hear

every so often, "I'll be with you in apple blossom time." How happy I would be if I felt I could say that. This move makes me terribly homesick.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND

I haven't been in "Blighty" long enough to have time off to see anything, but I want to very badly. Iceland was familiar to me and now to be in a strange place makes much more evident that I am away from home. And the fact that this is "civilized," with trees and grass and English-speaking people keeps me thinking of my America.

I am, or will be in a day or two, chaplain of the 1128th Engineer Combat Group, a reorganization of my old outfit, under a new system.

A roommate is sitting practically in my lap as I huddle by a tiny fire, while he tries to repair the fireplace. We have a room, maybe 30' by 20', and the British idea of heat is only a hearth 18" wide. Really, they'll have a room so that one sees one's breath, and wear the same clothes in the room and outdoors. But they eat five times a day; that may give them body heat.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Merry Christmas to all my loved ones from Old England,—and how I wish it were New England. I just opened two or three presents that were with me and was delighted to find three really needed items. Had a good church service. We had no turkey because none arrived in time. I took a three-mile walk through a land of manor houses and thatched cottages, and so the day went. What few decorations we had were from Ellen.

DECEMBER 27. Today I went to a nearby town and made a sad mistake, for it was Boxing Day and everything was closed. I couldn't even get into the library, and the meal I finally found at a hotel was so meager and distasteful (curried lamb), that although I ate it, I had to spend the next hour hunting for another place to eat. I found a fish and chips shop, very popular here, but they were sold

out of fish, and of most other things, including a treat, probably special for Yanks—beans on toast. As I walked the street a child came up to me and said, "Are you a real Yank?" The last word was pronounced quite differently. Both here and in the other country, we are besieged by kids asking for American gum and candy. This evening all our officers sat around in a NAAFI (Navy-Army-Air Force Institute) Canteen singing.

DECEMBER 28. What a surprise tonight! The Colonel who requested my transfer from the hospital to the Engineers, but who was transferred himself before I reported, arrived last night to be my C.O. again.

My boys would be mighty interested in a trip I had today through a paratroop camp, seeing them pack their 'chutes, etc. What a responsibility is upon the men who pack these 'chutes—the life of a comrade! I also inspected the tall building where 'chutes are hung to dry. Like a rainbow—camouflaged ones, colored ones, (for equipment), white ones.

What a country this is,—many hours of the twenty-four, utter blackout and lots of fog. Fortunately, I am able to see in the dark better than many. Last night I pitied four young officers who reported. To not know where any building was and be under these conditions.

DECEMBER 29. I am writing from London where I am on pass. I am exhausted after a weary train ride, a missed meal, a struggle up many flights of stairs to the top of this Red Cross Hotel.

Imagine arriving in the world's most bewildering city, in wartime blackout! With many people clamoring for the rare taxis, we got one and here we are. Imagine this more or less smalltown man in such famous places as Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, on London Bridge, and hearing Big Ben while in sight of it. I thought how many times I listened to it on the radio and here I was seeing it!

1944

LONDON

JANUARY 2. I am in this huge city on pass. I left my roommate sleeping and went by "tube" to the famous Tower of London. It is closed on Sundays and people were being turned away, but I had an invitation from the Governor of the Tower, along with a Colonel, two Majors, and another Captain. We went to the service in the Chapel Royal, sitting in his pew; then he took us over the Tower. The Tower is actually a walled fortress with a number of buildings. They speak of the modern ones, two hundred years old, and were glad that one "new" one, two hundred and fifty years old, but ugly, had been destroyed in the blitz. The oldest part was built between 1071-90. I stood on the spot where two of Henry VIII wives were beheaded. I saw the initials carved by prisoners, and the dates were 400 years old. Then there's the room where the two princes were imprisoned, and Walter Raleigh's cell. I have a piece of the Royal Palace, 700 years old, and now blitzed. I also have a fragment from a nearby 700 years old church, whose foundation is Roman ruins 2000 years old.

Well, I saw many other sights there, then went exploring blitzed area of London by myself. I then had lunch at a Swiss Restaurant, with the most aged attendants I ever saw. From there I walked along 'till I met a "bobby." I talked with him 'till he finished his tour of duty, then he showed me my way to my next stop. He told me of the great blitz. Pointing out one ruin, he said four of them got to its roof and took care of forty-seven incendiaries, came down, and in a few minutes, eighty more were on the same building. Near it, a big railway station was destroyed by one incendiary. I then went to church. I wanted the City Temple, church of

Leslie Weatherhead, but it was destroyed. However, a nearby Anglican Church had been loaned the congregation. A very large church,—and it was so crowded that people came an hour early! They meet at 1100 and again at 1530, to finish before blackout time. For the same reasons, the last shows are at 1800-6 p.m. or rather this is to get people home before the most probable air raid time. Then I found my roommate, and we went to see a movie, "This is the Army." Kate Smith made me homesick singing, "God Bless America." I heard her sing that, as portrayed in the movie for the first time, November 11, 1938. Then we went in search of supper, difficult because many places close at 2000 hours. My roommate is Jewish, so we found a little kosher place, and that was the end of the day, except a long walk in blackout.

JANUARY 3. Today I made a tour of a Woolworth Five and Ten, or rather 3d and 6d, thrupenny, and sixpenny store. Wartime scarcities make it somewhat meager in display. Then just for a variety, I went to Selfridge's, England's greatest store. I took in a show and went looking for Bibles. What a country for a booklover! I saw many curious or rare Bibles, and will own one or two of the best that I can buy for the least. Meals are a problem. The wartime law limits one to an entree, main dish and sweet, or two lesser dishes, soup and sweet. Sweet is what we call a dessert; dessert in peacetime is fruit after the meal. Tonight's supper was about the best,—a clear consomme, which I always like best, braised venison, vegetables, vanilla cream puff with chocolate sauce. If one asks for coffee with meal, people are amused. Many Britishers are learning to like coffee better and about as many Americans turning to tea. (Perhaps because of the English coffee!)

JANUARY 4. Today was mostly a day of walking, and do I get weary! I went rummaging in bookshops. I thought I had a first edition of the King James Bible which is worth at least a thousand. So I went to the British Museum, shocked them by asking for a ticket to the reference room—with out writing first to the Directors, looked it up and found it was the right date, 1611, but that year saw the 1st King

James and an edition of the Breeches Bible. This was the latter. A fine Bible, but too high. I have a delightful Bible from Venice, 1497, 42 years after the first book and a 1568 English Bible, the famous "Treacle Bible," so called because it says, "Is there no treacle in Gilead?" instead of "balm." These are really tremendous finds.

JANUARY 7. I am back at WORK, and trying to get organized and caught up after my strenuous vacation. It was a marvelous experience for me, a great privilege and a bright spot in many dreary months. I am a bit tired—stayed up three nights to see a bit of air activity. We are entering a period of greater restrictions, fewer comforts, harder work, and my work will have some of the handicaps it had under circumstances long past. The future makes me shiver somewhat. Who wouldn't? But I wish it would hurry along. The climate here, although it feels cold, is sufficiently mild so that grass is quite green and some flowers in bloom. No snow thus far.

JANUARY 11. Today I was hospital visiting and trying to get some delayed pay. The Finance Office was interesting, in a ramshackle, somewhat bomb-ruined ancient manor house, over 500 years old. I'd like to explore it sometime. People take antiquity matter of factly here. They can live near a "barrow" or "Burial hill," thousands of years old, and wonder why anyone is interested. Does this exercise period at the close of the day make me groan and sweat! Tonight we formed a circle, then went round and round in every way that can be imagined, except walking, duck waddle, bear walk, dog walk, broad jump, etc. Then we carried each other around, climbed ropes, etc.

JANUARY 12. Received letter from Ellen telling about her hearing music on Christmas afternoon from Iceland, and her imagining I was there. Imagination is a great thing. When she heard the radio music Christmas afternoon, and thought of me possibly there, I was sitting in a drab and lonely room across the sea in England, and it wasn't "Merrie England" for me. I sent an EFM cable along to Ellen today, figuring it would probably start on its way tomorrow, the

13th. I was in the ministry thirteen years when I left for the Army, and I was in service in the States thirteen months when I left completely for foreign service. I was hoping the thirteenth month would bring me to America, although I knew it was a forlorn hope. Instead it is seventeen months this week. Some never go overseas, and when one thinks there are some of us who may never come back after years of separation, together with the regular monotony, discomfort, etc. one can understand the pressure that many are under. At gym tonight I had to lug a fellow five inches taller than I. I sure must have been a funny sight. You have to be able to do things like that to be on duty with fighting troops. Maybe I'll carry some poor fellow off "No Man's land,"—or maybe he'll carry me off. At supper tonight the Colonel told me to get some girls for a party tonight. The only idea I have is to go to the Red Cross and ask their help. The chaplain is a man of many talents,—or at least is supposed to be.

JANUARY 14. Here we get up in the dark in a completely cold room to walk to a building to eat in a room that is also unheated on most occasions. Sometimes the moon and stars make the walk pleasant; sometimes it is stormy. Always it is cold, at least at this time of the year. One thing must be said, however, and that is the absence of the winds I knew for so long makes it pleasant sensation to walk upright instead of on a steep angle against a howling wind. Heard a radio in a hospital play "Smilin' Through" and made me so lonesome I left the room. First Army Chaplain Peter Schroder came to see me today and gave me a rapid fire talk on the ETO, hardworking chaplains, etc. Somewhat surprised to hear I had been in the ETO seventeen months and held five hundred services a year.

JANUARY 17. I am tired tonight. I rode a hundred cold wet miles today and of course, came home to a room needing a fire to be built. After I got it feeling warm, our frozen breath still showed. In my travels today I saw many interesting things. I visited men in bivouac. These men hiked seventeen miles, then as rain fell, set up pup tents, and lined up for "C" rations. I saw ancient forts and burial mounds. You can trace where the fortifications were thousands of

years ago. The scientists find weapons and things in the "barrows." I got back too late for our hardening exercises and my absence was commented upon. However, I was working. These troops were very scattered and it is a hard job visiting them.

JANUARY 18. I'm a tired man tonight. However, we must learn to do with little sleep, food, warmth, etc. Last night it was about eighteen degrees and I froze all night long. How thick the fog was today! Very little could be seen today, because the fog just about shut out the sun. We've got to be good soldiers now. Next week, I believe it is, we have to walk four miles in forty-five minutes. We really got a work-out in our exercises today. Hardest I've ever done. Can't keep up with those fifteen years younger. I never get used to the loneliness and lack of home life. I often think of that poem I used to quote, "So many gods, so many creeds; so many ways that wind and wind. While just the art of being kind is all this sad world needs." I hope I live up to it, and that my sons think of it and try also.

JANUARY 20. Today I finished work on two sermons I've been thinking of. I also took a man to town to see the Red Cross Field Director about family troubles, and also called at a guard house. My work is beginning to get under way. Another officer is here to keep warm while he writes, and yet I can see my breath. I get somewhat used to it, and I know it is necessary training and economy, especially if coal miners want to strike occasionally. Yet, I think I'll always think of England as a place where I huddled by the fire to keep warm. I bought three books about this country today. They will give a number of officers and men pleasure. I'm afraid we'll not see much of the country, but can at least read about it.

JANUARY 23. I used a text today that was new to me and interested me. Proverbs 17:12—"Let a bear robbed of her cubs meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly." Gave me a chance to tell some North country bear stories, and go on to point out to the men how there is danger ahead if they go with foolish and wicked companions.

JANUARY 24. This new landing near Rome is momentous. We all study headlines and maps and trend in various countries. Believe me, we know there's a war going on. Last Friday evening we had an alert lasting one hour and fifteen minutes. Unusually long. There was considerable bomb damage, and thirteen Jerries downed in various places. It is quite exciting to hear the planes and guns and see the flare and bombs exploding—fortunately at a distance! I have learned that Bishop Oxnam's son, a chaplain, was wounded and decorated.

JANUARY 25. Today I was gone about thirteen hours visiting Companies B and C of the 1278th Bn. Held a service for Company C. I was able to visit Stonehenge. It is incredible to think of the savages of 2500-2000 B.C. cutting these huge stones and bringing them 180 miles by sheer muscle power. Does my religion mean that? In a letter today from Ellen she tells of a friend of ours buying hens. I've been talking about that here, because we never have a fresh egg. The British civilians do pretty well with powdered eggs, but in the Army they are not so good. They often disguise the flavor with cheese, so I eat cheesey powdered eggs, or go hungry. One thing about this island country is that almost any business journey takes you near a great cathedral, historic castle, or some prehistoric wonder.

JANUARY 27. I have been out in the storm and deep mud today, on what we call in the Army a CPX, a "Command Post Problem." We presuppose a tactical situation and go out to set up our headquarters or command post, to direct our part of the engagement. There would have been much for my boys to see. Our men busy at their tent raising, camouflaging, etc., great tanks roaring through the deep mud. Fifty yards from my spot was the still discernible outline of an earthen fort where a battle was fought fourteen centuries ago! Today the tanks climbed over it. The new set-up I'm in is a group combining battalions or companies of specialized engineers. Then when the Army to which we belong wants engineers for a special mission, we send those best trained for that task. So my men will usually be away from me. I'll chase around over the country to be of service

in any way possible, see that any nearer chaplain knows of their presence, etc. It is the biggest job an Army chaplain has, Engineer Group, forever scattered and forever blind.

JANUARY 30. I was at one of the world-famous spots, in order to visit some men in a distant hospital. The hospital is near a famous university, so I went on tour of that. I was in a room where among others, John Wesley, Queen Elizabeth, and Henry VIII have been. History just comes alive. One marvelous difference between here and the last country is the roads. Many a time up there, it was a miserable experience to go anywhere. One felt as though the innards were tearing loose. Some of the highways here have Roman foundations.

FEBRUARY 1. I was off on a journey today to a distant hospital. When I got back I had some mail. Tonight, we had a solid hour of exercises and then roomie and I rushed off, supperless, to try to get to a theater. The social things begin about 6:30 in England, in order to get people home before probable time of possible air raids. Then came the problem of getting home. About three hours of waiting for a taxi ride. During the wait I happened to break up two soldier fights and nearly got my head knocked off!

FEBRUARY 4. Another gap in my writing, which will probably be frequent from now on. I have moved again to another place in England. My quarters are what used to be a hostler or stableman's room, back of a country inn. The only heat is a small size portable oil heater, which can only be going when I am in the room, so naturally it is always very cold. Today I saw my first snow in this country. The inn is not an old one for England, only one hundred and fifty years old, but here in my room are great timbers with axe marks.

FEBRUARY 5. Today has been a "visiting day" for me. I have visited clergymen and mayor and what not else in two places nearby. If any man gets into trouble, I have thus already made contacts with important townsmen, which would be helpful. It also means more offers to entertain men if they get a little time off. We have a little room set aside

down in the hotel proper where we write our letters, etc. and get warm. Today I had about the smallest church service I ever had, but I gave them the best I could and think it worthwhile for the three officers and three soldiers present. This noon I had *rare* roast beef for the second time since being in the Army. It was good. I went to a civilian church service and communion tonight. The church was so cold our breath froze.

FEBRUARY 7. Today happened to take me to one of the cathedral towns or rather city. I didn't get to the cathedral, but saw several fine and ancient churches,—shelled from the bombs of three years ago. I had the village vicar up for supper tonight, after having tea with his wife and him. (Our mess is stag.) He was a chaplain; got heart trouble after Dunkirk; now much better. They have very beautiful old furniture.

FEBRUARY 8. It is too cold to write much. Today has been the usual work. One thing was getting arrangements made for a boy of a nearby outfit to see his brother whom he last saw two years ago, I wish I could do the same for myself. At the close of today's work we took an hour's very fast, cross country hike. An hour of very fast walking, climb-fences, crossing plowed fields, etc. When I returned and took my shoe off, found my stocking stuck to a small bloody spot where the shoe had rubbed. I must confess I was a tail-end.

FEBRUARY 9. I am off with some of my troops for a few days. Had a nicely attended church service, and tonight will sleep in a room with a little heat! En route here I stopped to visit one of England's grand sights, one of the ancient abbeys. A third or more of it has vanished—to make houses, walls and roads! And once it was sold for \$5000. Today it is, of course, cherished and preserved as a sacred and wonderful spot. The old craftsmen took such pride in their work that even far above ground there is wonderful carving, telling Bible stories, perhaps. I went into one of the chapels,—these great churches have several such, always; and in that ancient atmosphere of worship, I said a prayer for all my loved ones who mean so much to me. It is a

night of cold, blowing rain, and I am glad to call it a day. I have ridden far and been very busy. I plan to spend three or four days each week with this group. They are in three camps. Later, I'll have a larger number, in a number of scattered places. I hope that I'll have mail waiting when I get back to my base, and I think I will. It is a wonderfully comforting thing to have the knowledge that every mail call will bring some to me.

FEBRUARY 11. I received my "assistant chaplain" today and found he has been a captain two months longer, which makes me, after a year and half with these men, the assistant. It is disheartening to say the least. The unpleasant items of Army life make me long for home happiness. The fact that I have been overseas longer, in a hard place, and with this outfit longer, doesn't figure in. My job from now on is circuit riding. I see places, but it is cold and bumpy riding. Some sweet day it will be over and I'll be home again.

FEBRUARY 13. Yesterday I travelled several hours, stopped en route on business, several places,—spoke briefly to men on three different work jobs and stayed up late for a dance. It wasn't much of a party, however. I spent my time entertaining some British officers and swapping experiences. Today the Catholic chaplain has gone off to the troops in the field in my truck, so I am more or less stranded. I might try to find some way to go to a civilian service.

FEBRUARY 17. An all day trip, visiting groups in a camp, on construction sites, in the hospital. We have no protection from the wind in the vehicles, and no warm parkas as in Iceland, so we all mind the cold. I met a chaplain who was in the campaigns in Africa, Sicily, etc. He said it wasn't fun, and I'm sure no one disputed him. He was still un-promoted. As a matter of fact, the percentage of un-promoted chaplains is higher among those who've seen combat or foreign service, by far, than those at home. At this camp, I have to wear overshoes, as it is a "normal" Army camp—very muddy! I managed, since my trip took me right by it, to get into another cathedral, 875 years old, for half an hour. This time I got a verger to take me on a flying trip. The tre-

mendous grandeur, yet intricate beauty is indescribable. I know it surpasses my expectation—any of these. The ancient monks, of course, spent lifetimes and generations. An amazing thing, in the midst of priceless piety, is an occasional glimpse of a sense of humor. For example, hidden under a choir seat, 600 years old, are two carved monks' heads. One is serious, but the other has a grin and a movable tongue! Another curious thing was a marvelous piece of stone carving, tiny, but it was this: a monk reads a Bible to a peasant, while a nun devoutly listens, but she looks sidewise, with perturbation, at two irreligious fellows who wrestle on the floor, and one of them, rolling, has just given her a kick! I was shocked to twice find initials and the date 1944 carved in ancient tombs in this historic cathedral. That type of mind is beyond me.

FEBRUARY 18. I am still away with some of my troops. It was a chilly job today because we are having real snow, enough to turn the ground quite white. So many things remind me of what I miss. Today I saw a mother with some sturdy little boys. I thought of the little fellows I used to have, and how I looked forward to seeing them change from month to month. And now I have missed the years of greatest change. One thing I did today was hospital visiting. The loneliness of an Army hospital is terrible. You may go days without seeing a familiar face, so I go when I can.

FEBRUARY 19. Back at my "home," which I don't see much of, (and don't miss!) Was happy to find mail on my return. I have eaten beans as a meal or part of the main course five times this week. Sometimes I'll hit all the "punk" meals at the camps and miss all the ones I prefer. Army beans are either small "White-livered" ones or kidney beans with chili con carne, somewhat indigestible for me. My room was so cold I went down to the sitting room. I tried to see if I could get a cup of coffee, but everyone was too busy at the bar. The fireplace is an interesting one. It used to be the cooking one, as this was a kitchen. It is four feet high, shallow and rounded. There is no mantel piece at the top.

FEBRUARY 20. I am sitting on the edge of my bed, with hat and coat on, huddled over a smoky oil heater. I have

been off with the troops. After the church service here, I drove forty cold miles to hold another, and not a single man came! This work has the grandest—and most miserable experiences. This pesky stove usually ends up by smoking so badly that I turn it out in desperation. My journey today was over one of the 2000 years old Roman roads. Yesterday I passed a place where a mosaic-floored Roman villa is being dug up.

FEBRUARY 21. A considerable time was spent today looking into the situation of a sergeant desiring to marry a WREN from Scotland. Someday he'll leave England and worry about getting her and himself to America. Also had a talk with another who chose to go AWOL and suffer all the consequences. It is easy and natural to criticize, but I know how easy it is to long for a change from the Army. After one has been a long time away, the certainty of a long time still ahead, and the thought that you can't completely drive out that perhaps you've seen your home for the last time, are like the Chinese torture by drops of water. It gets us all, somewhat.

FEBRUARY 22. I had business in London, so combined it with a forty-eight hour pass. Travel eats up a lot of that, however, but I hope to see a few sights. Getting a place to stay happened to be difficult. Lodgings are at a premium and you have to hunt 'till you arrive somewhere at the right moment.

FEBRUARY 23. Early this morning was a time of excitement. I remember being mighty glad my family was in New England instead of old England. I don't like the shut-upness of a shelter, so watched from a window. I saw a number of bomb hits of various types. One big fellow whistled all too near, and nearby buildings had incendiaries. The Jerries now and then would zoom down low, with all the searchlights and flak chasing them. There is far less damage than in the other heavy raids of '40 and '41, because of many times as many guns, and where there are now dozens of casualties there used to be hundreds. One curious thing is to hear shrapnel falling like hail at times. The sky is like a

Fourth of July, miles wide. I went to the American Embassy on business, and for pleasure to the famous wax works.

FEBRUARY 24. Back at my old stand. It has been one of the few nice days since I came to England. Am I tired! Another raid last night. It was shorter, but intense, and it sure is a sleep destroyer. Well, here or where I used to be, I've seen or heard Jerry above me, about fifteen times, so I think I've passed the amateur stage. I talked with a taxi driver who was shaken up by a bomb that killed three and a barber showed me a piece of shrapnel that landed by his bed, via the ceiling. I must work a little harder for my two days away. But hard work is a blessing, as it keeps a lonely mind occupied. I saw General Montgomery, walking unostentatiously up some subway stairs. I gave an officer a ride who was en route to London. Said he had dropped bombs thirty-eight times, but never been where any were dropped towards him, and he was scared pink and was going to find a shelter first thing.

FEBRUARY 27. At church today, some English relatives of our Colonel were present. How pleased I was to have a woman and two little girls! I told, for the kiddies' sake, a story. Only a small group present, but it is great to be in a real church. This one in its oldest parts, like many nearby, is ancient, 600 years or more old. I got a letter from Captain Hart and hope to see him soon if we can arrange a meeting place. We can't write or phone our locations, but can write suggesting larger places, 'till we find one near enough for both.

My days are always busy now. Up at 6:45, a morning completely filled; a drive to a new outfit; meeting new people, back in time for a lecture, dinner, another lecture, and then a training film. The new company is colored, and what a difference in response! About everyone came to church and how they did sing! I gave them four Bibles, two Testaments, forty Upper Rooms, and 150 other religious tracts or papers. And I have the names of twenty-seven men who want Bibles.

FEBRUARY 29. Leap Year Day! I am staying in a camp I've never stayed in before and will go to bed early as my

cold tires me. Work at my home camp delayed me so that I had to eat lunch en route. That turned out, as it often does, to be a joke. A joke because rationing made my lunch of roast lamb, potatoes, and spinach ridiculously small. The British, with two teas a day, don't mind so much. Another month over. Time does fly. If only we can get our big job started and over successfully. I long to be home. Today I saw the world's first Sunday School, started in 1780. The great cathedral near this first Sunday School is marvelous. Parts of it are untouched in 900 years. While I was there, the tremendous organ was being played—like harmonious thunder.

MARCH 5. When I wrote Tuesday night I was sick and getting sicker. It had bit me a few hours earlier, but I supposed it was a recurrence of the cold I had shaken off several times. I figured morning would see me up and at it. But I was awake and ill all the night 'til 6:30, when I dressed and went looking for the doctor. The 300 yards to his place was so many miles! I landed on a stretcher at the dispensary and so to a hospital. And of all things to have—diphtheria! Not many have that. Fifty years ago, I probably would not have recovered, but modern science is something to thank God for. Sulfadyazine has made me recover very quickly. My temperature is now normal, and I am tremendously weak and confined to bed as a precaution. So now for convalescence and then to work again.

MARCH 8. When I was taken sick I was at a camp forty miles from my home camp. I was taken to a hospital twenty miles away. Today I was up for five minutes, and walking was a queer business. I get no more sulfa pills except that I use them as a gargle. I am getting vitamin C tablets. We have had, I think, sunshine each of the days I have been here, which seems outrageous after the many trips I have taken on dark days of wind or rain. This is plowing and I suppose planting time in England. Tonight I was "promoted" to the ward, a sign I'm improving. There are two of us in a ward with twenty-four beds, so we sort of rattle around. The other fellow is a doctor with a too active thyroid. He was in Africa and Italy. Seems as if he deserves to go home instead of another invasion. The ward

boy tried to feed us some ovaltine, but I never liked it and since it was only as a treat, I didn't take it.

MARCH 14. Hospital days naturally make me nineteen times as lonely for home folks. I am getting better and should after all the medicine I had. They really handle it in the Army. Tremendous injections of antitoxin, with adrenalin ready for possible reaction, dozens of sulfadyazine pills and even more sodium bicarbonate pills for stomach distress, gargles, nose drops, vitamin pills—why, I had twenty pills in my first dose! What it seems to do is cause a membrane to fill up the throat, making swallowing and breathing difficult. I went outside today and walked about 200 yards. It tired me, yet was good for me. The hospital, like others, is on the grounds of one of England's great estates. From my window I can see a hundred-room manor house. Several hundred Americans are living in it. The earl who owns it is in Australia.

MARCH 15. Today I was visited by our dentist and Lt. Col. and later by the R. C. padre, and later by his driver. The dentist brought me mail, and one letter of Ellen's had two chocolate bars. I can buy one or two a week, but they are English and not quite as desirable. We had a visit today by a flock of generals and colonels at this hospital. I was wandering back from a long overdue haircut and ran into the procession. Then I had to stand like a ramrod or even more like a windmill, pumping my hand up and down saluting. I had throat cultures and blood tests taken today. If they are negative and another set are, then I'll be OK.

MARCH 17. I wish time could either turn back or ahead, for today has been so warm and beautiful that the hospital doors and windows were opened and I'd like to be riding somewhere with my family. I went for a real walk today.

MARCH 19. I attended chapel service here today. A beautiful little chapel, some different from the mess halls, tents, etc., I have to use. The chaplain had asked me to share the service and I might just as well; it wouldn't have been too much as long as I was right there, but the doctor

said I had better refrain. They are still keeping me here. I suppose it is because they know pretty well I'd go at things too quick. Have had a chance to read some good books, which I enjoyed. Haven't had a chance to read in the last two years, not the way I like to. In this hospital ward are two stoves. They are British, which means no grates. They have coke for fuel. That means every hour and a half through the night both fires are fixed and I wake up each time. My living quarters will seem terribly cold when I get back into them, after this heat. My group of men has been greatly enlarged since I came here, and I'll not know most of them. That will mean almost as though I were to go to a new outfit, because I must learn where they live, meet the officers, fit into the routine, try to build up interest in a service, etc. I somewhat dread it all, I guess because I know how much work it will be and I'm tired. Being in the hospital all this time, and having been really sick, probably makes me feel this way. It is nineteen months today since I saw Ellen.

MARCH 23. Three cheers! I'm out of the hospital! Now for a little time off, and then back to work. I am still a little wobbly, but if I had an easier job would go right back to work. Spring is really here with some early fruit trees in bloom and currant bushes starting to do the same.

MARCH 25. I am off on a "sick leave." It was supposed to be two or three weeks, but a recent ruling necessitated making it ten days. I am staying in a nearby town, in a private home, where the woman, who has two soldier sons, likes to take in Americans. It is typically British; fireplace for cooking, bathroom with a tub that has only cold water faucet, outdoor "Chick Sales," etc. She brings everyone a cup of tea in the morning and wants to bring me breakfast in bed, but I rebelled. I can't sleep very well, but I am getting rest by not working. Went to a cinema yesterday and one today, and took a part bus ride and part walking trip into the country. I visited a fine village church, unique because of having both a steeple and square tower. Met the vicar and he showed me around. He showed me a chalice dated 1662, church records to 1570, and an ancient sword found walled up in the church with a woman's skeleton! Fell asleep last

night to the sound of distant ackack, and tonight it is on again.

MARCH 26. I have been on a long, long day's outing that was marvelous. I walked the banks of the Avon river, and in one of its villages I visited a tiny church, a gem, that the Saxons built some 1200 years ago. So old it was, that until recently, no one knew or cared what it was, and it was at times a home and a barn—yet there were angels carved and baptismal font half buried and other treasures. In a larger city I visited the marvels of a Roman system of baths, 2000 years old. Cold ones, hot ones, steam rooms, marvelous mosaics, little temples, coins—a thousand and one things on display, of the days when Romans made "rude" England, in spots, like their beloved country. I visited an ancient abbey, with two great sculptures of Jacob's Ladder outside, by the great door—two Jacobs, two ladders, twelve angels, two gods!

MARCH 27. In the house where I stay there's an old time soldier, and I can hear him in a nearby room, telling ghost stories from his old battle days. One of the interesting things I saw yesterday was a "tithe barn," built 600 years ago to receive the tithes of crops. The great doors are in church styles and the windows are narrow slits called "lancets," for arrow shooting, only being a church building, of a sort, they are made as crosses. One interesting thing in England is the abundance of swans. You see them in many rivers and village ponds. I went to a cinema today. One fault with English cinemas and theaters is that they let people smoke and the place gets blue and my eyes get to smarting. Abominable practice in a closed room where non-smokers have to suffer. The weather was exceptional this month, 70° in the shade yesterday. The old soldier here is proud of a garden plot where radishes are up, onions doing fine, and rhubarb growing fast.

MARCH 29. I have been to the ancestral home of the Kimballs! It was a long journey; actually I spent one night by train, or waiting in cold stations, in order to make connections. I took three trains, across several of England's

counties and finally had to hire a villager, at the nearest train stop, to take me to the little village, because it was six or seven miles from the railroad. I was afraid I might be disappointed in the village. I wanted it to look ancient, so I would have some idea of what it looked like in the days when our forebears lived there. I wasn't disappointed, because it had changed as little as almost any place in a modern world. There were houses that were standing there when Richard Kimball and Ursula Scott Kimball left in 1634, and some of them were not new even then. These oldest houses are like pictures you have seen of Shakespeare's home—thatched roofs, with the second story overhanging, and with the ancient oak beams showing through the plaster outside. These are usually painted black. The old houses are crooked through the settling of the years. One of them is a cafe, according to the sign, but was open only in the evening. I could see beautiful old furniture inside.

In the center of the village, I visited the "greengrocers" and variety store man. He showed me over his home and told me part of it was once a bootmaker's shop. He said the house was old when our folks lived there, and must have been very familiar to them. One inside beam, over 400 years old, was more than two feet thick. From this man I got a few old coins as souvenirs of this place. I called on the rector of the church. He was greatly interested in my coming as a Kimball. He told me that just this week, a present day Mrs. Kimball had left a legacy of L200 to the church, a very generous bequest. The church is more than 600 years old, so I could stand where my ancestors of so long ago stood. He got out for me the oldest church records, and in the earliest now existing, were the names I sought. In 1562, as I recall, is recorded the marriage of "somebody" Kimball to Mary French. In one of the earliest wills, if not the earliest, recorded in town records in 1558, Henry Kembell of another nearby village leaves land in this village and the other, and a house to "wife Sysley" (Cicily.) An ordinary man owning house or land in those days was quite a man. In 1622, a Robert Whotlock leaves "my kinsman Ursula Kembell" money. She was the wife of Richard, the man who made the great adventurous trip. In

1623, Henry Scott, godfather of Richard, leaves money to him. The church records show many Scotts—our maternal ancestors, but few Kimballs. Evidently the Kimballs were Dissenters and attended the home gatherings of early Congregationalists, or Baptists. Our theory that we might be descended from "Campbells" is, I'm sure, wrong, because the early forms of the name are more unlike Campbell than the way we now spell it. It runs through the years something like this—Kymbold, Kembold, Kemble, Kembell, Kemball, Kimball. It was very thrilling to see these names in these old pages and to see buildings the old folks saw.

I had no time for old church stones, nor to find the pastors of other churchs, or "chapels" as the Church of England calls them, nor to look up any present day Kimballs. I certainly hope to return there someday with Ellen and my boys.

The town history tells that in April 1634, Martha Scott with her son Thomas Scott, and daughter Ursula Kembell and son-in-law Richard Kembell sailed from Ipswich, Old England to Ipswich, New England, in the ship "Elizabeth" with William Andrews as master. So one of the oldest names in one of England's oldest villages is ours.

MARCH 30. I am nearing the end of my "sick leave." Time is hanging heavy on my hands today. I have about exhausted the means of diversion. So many soldiers wandering aimlessly around and many of them as blue as I, I suppose. You *have* to have time off, and then you're bored and lonely. The other day I saw some English cadets, boys thirteen and fifteen, in exact replicas of the Army uniforms. It made me so darned lonely for *my* boys, I had to engage them in conversation, just to talk to fellows their age.

APRIL 1. It has been a damp and dreary day. England can be so beautiful and so depressing on successive days. I am sitting in a Red Cross room with coat and hat on and shivering. Jonquils are sold here for about six penny a bunch, roughly, ten cents. I remember the wonderful days when about all April 1st meant was the day that two small sons competed at fooling mother and daddy. My sick leave draws to a close.

APRIL 2. I attended a little country church today on the grounds of an old, old estate. The last of the family is gone, and the manor house is falling into disrepair, but the church is kept up and used for evening services. Having been an earl's family church, it is filled with ancient monuments. One, for example, shows one of the lords, with a wife on each side, a little lower, and their children. One wife's children are at the side, each holding a skull to show they died in childhood; the others, of the other wife, kneel at his head and feet. Another monument, wooden and gaily painted (the other was marble), has lord and lady kneeling in prayer on a cushion. They are very life like, yet tiny and dressed in Elizabethan style.

A colored group are camping near here and many of them came. A quartet of them sang two spirituals. I was entertained on this Palm Sunday for dinner with folks I met through the Red Cross. They are some years older than I, but not as long married and have a three year old girl. Did I appreciate a homecooked meal! Last night another captain shared my room. It is actually the parlor here, and I have a very bumpy cot. He slept on a divan with his feet hanging over the end onto a chair.

APRIL 3. My first day of work! While gone, for reasons of lack of space, I guess, the chaplains lost their small office and got a table in a large room and my stuff was all put away, so I've had a hard time finding things. Praise be for all the mail that awaited me. I couldn't stand the gaff all these long months without it. I am with an outfit that came to us in my absence.

APRIL 4. I survived my night in the tent and slept warm and well, but this morning was cold and damp and my clothes were really wet and clammy. I visited several outfits. I had two main purposes, to get their location and make their acquaintance and to plan for services. It is now difficult to find many of them around camp as their training takes them away. Several hundred will be sixty-five miles from me on Easter in the woods.

APRIL 6. Have been trying to straighten out a matter of Jewish services; the Sedar or Passover Feast time begins

tonight, and I had told a camp where there are a dozen or more Jews that I would be on call to assist them, if needed.

APRIL 6. Tonight is cool, and I've ridden miles today. I am at one of my camps, after an Easter service. I have held two services. One was in an ancient little village church. This was very beautiful with flowers everywhere, since at this season there are millions of wild flowers, especially little yellow primroses. Our C.O.'s English relatives, and two little girls attended, so it made it more like an Easter service. Good Friday was interesting. How the hundred and fifty negroes sang! And a communion service was a "mingling of the faiths;"—Methodist chaplain in a village Congregational church using wine from a Catholic priest and wafers from some Episcopalians. Today has been dreary with rain.

APRIL 14. I have just returned after a couple of days in the field and find mail from Mother, Dad, Ellen, Clyde and Dana and a real surprise from Alice McHarg,—an autograph book with notes on its pages from a whole flock of people in Groveton. Over sixty pages of friendly greetings. How very happy it has made me! Mail is wonderful! Last night I visited a judge and found myself in the room where the "Guy Fawkes" Gunpowder Plot was hatched. The house, dated 1580, had carved paneling, 250 year old tapestries, and incredibly beautiful furniture. Had two services today and meals at three camps. The men are moving out into the woods for training. Is it cold!

APRIL 19. This is a time of field life for me. Today was a day of much riding, hospital visiting and some church services. I traveled enough to cover all England, if I could choose my directions, but of course, I go over and over the same roads. It is beautiful though. The landscape immediately impresses one as marvelously neat. In fact, most of it is too much so, and I look in vain for a patch of woods that look God made. Another characteristic is the multitude of tiny villages, two or three miles apart, each an entity in itself, each ancient. I suppose that was a considerable distance centuries ago. I had a good church service with colored troops. How they did sing! Especially without the organ on,

"Were You There?" and "When Israel Was in Egypt Land." This is held in a "Congo" church and I had a civilian organist. I got stuck in a muddy field today, trying to pass on one of these thread-narrow roads in a quaint, especially out of the way village. It was rather an event for the people.

APRIL 20. Here and there in my roaming today I have seen men rejoicing in mail, so I hope to get some at my own camp. I'll be there late tomorrow evening. Today I visited three companies practicing various river operations, bridge-building, etc. Had fun helping a bit. The fresh air was especially good after a heavy rain yesterday and last night. One company where I ate was in a pasture full of sheep and young lambs, and they b-a-aed so continuously that it was actually nerve-wracking. I held church service in spite of that, using my truck for an altar. One of the congregation was David Tuttle of Wilton, neighbor to Uncle Paul. At the edge of the field was an ancient house thatched, criss-crossed with black timbers and lopsided.

APRIL 23. Had five services today, scattered over the English country side. One was in a Congregational church, my last for the day. The music is completely unfamiliar, even in most cases if the words are familiar, and that is not often true. The church is in a picturesque town, a jumble of quaint, tiny, paved stone houses clinging to a green hillside. The choir, except for three adults, was about eight boys around ten, from an orphanage.

APRIL 25. A long journey today was prevented by scarcity of vehicles, so I "hitchhiked" with an officer, making the rounds of men in training areas and firing ranges. One stop was on a hill higher than any I have found before and the scenery was like a dream. Apple trees are now in blossom, for instance, and near at hand were the blossom colors in contrast with the old houses and all the various shades of green—and then, in the distance, the rolling hills, jigsawed with farms and fields and villages and churches. So many times I wonder how men can look on a world so beautiful and go to war as aggressors. Tonight had to attend an hour

and a half lecture for the men. One way or another, we manage to work morning, noon and night.

APRIL 26. I held a well-attended service for colored troops in a village Congreational church, attended a lecture on maintenance of vehicles and a film on bridge-building, got out a number of business letters, etc. Another day of beauty outside and loneliness in my heart. I know my Ellen will stay the same, but I can't forget how my boys are changing. Will I ever be on close terms with them again? Sometimes when tired and lonely, I hope they'll grow up enough to be a bit proud of their father. It would have been so much a happier and easier life in a parsonage. Some people may enjoy war's hardships or dangers, but not I—yet some of us must be with the men. That is our way to justify religion in a mad world.

APRIL 27. After a hard day's work, I borrowed an English bike and went for a ride. It has been fifteen or sixteen years since I was on one and I wobbled a little and fell off on a hill. I rode about two miles, however. It was a gentle upgrade, and these bikes push very hard. It wasn't one of the sort that have a gear shift. So I had a fine ride back. I fell off in front of about fifteen girls, so they had a good laugh. Another funny thing was that although I have been riding on the left side of the road for going on two years, it was the first time I had steered anything, so I had a tendency to want to go on the right hand side, and going through a village a girl called to me to get on the right (left) side. It was beautiful country and would be marvelous to have a month to ride around by bike. I remember now how I fell off. I passed a wayside pub, going down hill and noticed the sign called "Adam and Eve Inn." Looking at it I bumped the curb.

APRIL 28. Today I have been roaming the country, hitchhiking from one unit to another, that is, getting one to take me to the next. In the morning, for example, I rode around with a battalion commander, to see his men at work and training. Two stops were at road jobs, men helping the British and getting training in fixing roads, laying drainage pipes, etc. At one stop, I tried my hand at the jack hammer, the big drill that breaks up the road. And did it jump around!

And then at the next place, they had a Diesel road roller and I operated it up and down on the job. The major I was with looked in wonder to see me at the wheel. First time in nearly two years that I've had a steering wheel in my hands. Had a really close escape tonight. I went up to the mess hall to write a letter to Ellen and get a cup of coffee. I stayed late talking. While there a parked jeep ran away down hill and demolished the tent and cot I might have been in if I hadn't had the notion to linger at the mess hall. Rather a strange feeling to contemplate the wreckage.

APRIL 29. I visited six outfits today and am staying in an empty tent left behind when a company moved out unbeknownst to me. Fortunately others are in the same field, I'll get fed. I also visited a wealthy judge on a famous estate, a Church of England rural dean, and a Welsh Congregational pastor. This, besides hours of travel, meals, seeing Army officers and men, getting a haircut, etc. makes me ready for my bedding roll. Incidentally I visited also a beautiful church and a tiny, unused, ancient chapel, which I may use. In it were several Roman statues of soldiers dug nearby. The manor house had cannon ball marks over three hundred years old and was where the Gun Powder plot was planned.

APRIL 30. Had a nice service today with colored troops. I had a sergeant volunteer to sing "Go Down Moses" as a solo and the rest of us joined in. Then I spoke on Moses leading the children of Israel out of bondage. It was a tremendously beautiful day. We are all very anxious to get big jobs over here done and get home.

MAY 1. I am at a place I've not visited before, with old troops, who, as so often they do, are in a new location. En route I visited one of the most beautiful gorges you ever saw, a Dixville Notch on a larger scale. Breath-taking! When I see such things I so long to have my family with me. Wish I could write home what I really see, but I guess I'll have to wait 'till it is all over.

MAY 5. I am always very rushed. My regular things to do take full time, and there are extra things. This morning,

I went to the "Gunpowder House" and with four men, cleaned up the six to seven hundred year old chapel. I will use it Sunday. It had fallen into ruins, to some extent, and the family are spending considerable money. They have an architect and carpenters, put a new roof and a new stone floor, for example. Then they are seeking ancient church furnishings, and have some already. One item is a set of "choir stalls," three joined intricately carved seats, dated 1670 and formerly from Chester Cathedral. What a joy to fix up such an ancient church! The owner, a judge, is a "lay leader" in the church of England; will possibly speak the first Sunday. Today at a church service I received a Methodist boy into church membership and will write his pastor. He had been in correspondence with him. It was a great thrill and privilege.

MAY 6. The first service in this old chapel was to have been only for the family, but their interest in the Americans prompted an invitation to us. I rushed into our nearest town and got my robe pressed. It wrinkles over night, but the parish vicar and the estate owner, a judge and Church of England layleader, will be robed, so I want to look as good as possible.

MAY 7. Sunday is a busy day. We had the long-planned service today in the 650 year old manor chapel. We had a procession from the house, with me at the end where their bishop goes. I had a Cambridge University professor of music as organist. At this service I baptized and received two splendid men, nineteen and twenty years old. The judge recorded the baptisms in the church records, the first in many generations. How I longed to have my family at this service, the first there in over 200 years! The last was a wedding 200 years ago this year. The judge gave a fine fatherly talk on "God is Love,"—even in war and trouble. He is seventy-seven. The quartet sang here, also. After the English church service, I had lunch with the curate and vicar. The vicar is an old man, a bit rambling, but a saintly man. It spoke well of him that the children were at his church in good numbers and clearly liked him. The housekeeper put a two inch square piece of bread on each bread and butter plate, and later on,

put another like it. A plate of butter, or margerine was present so I took a little, but neither of the others did. Was it there for looks? I promised the vicar some tea. He is very fond of it and can't get enough. People with children get some for them, but childless people go short or drink coffee. At another service today a young colored man asked to be baptized. It's a real thrill to have these things happen.

MAY 8. I am at my most distant point on a beautiful evening. I have seen scenery people pay much to get to in peacetime summers.

I long for home, peace, freedom, and loved ones. I hope to do a share of what's ahead and yet go home. Today I stood in the cleft of the Rock of Ages. It was only a bit off my road. I am writing this in a kitchen which has about twelve big smoky stoves, smoky because of soft coal. A man squats by a tin basin washing his clothes, another is "resting" on the cement floor, another pokes fires, and a late driver wanders around looking for interesting things to eat. I like to mingle with the men when they are natural. I ate tonight with some Navy fellows who saw a baseball game in New York a week ago!

MAY 9. My principal duties today were a hospital visit, and an unsuccessful attempt to hold church. Earlier, I visited a local vicar and saw his very interesting church. One feature of it is that it has beautifully carved pews dating from 1500-1600. The ends have, many of them, crucifixion symbols, such as thirty pieces of silver, nails, and ladder. An other fine item is a sanctuary knocker, 14th century, used by people in distress. Also there is an ancient set of stocks. An early memorial in the floor has a brass figure of a lady who died in 1584. This was loose and being lifted up, was found to have been made from one 300 years older, showing on the reverse, a knight. So it is now hinged to show both. I see many things I can't describe and know they will in time help to win the war.

MAY 12. Came back to "home" camp last night. Have had to send my foot locker home. I am afraid the conquest of Europe will be longer doing than we like to think, so I

set a long date in the future. At a church service today, held in an ancient building once used as a leprosarium, with narrow windows through which food used to be passed, four British boys, a bit younger than Clyde and Dana, came in and attended service. They love to come around the camps. This particular unit is living in the ancient buildings in the center of a lovely old village, so the local people are more or less free of access to part of the area for movies, etc. Had my first Army auto accident today. Scratched my jeep, but banged up an old English jalopy. My driver is grounded. No one at all injured. These roads, many of them, are like cork-screw, and so narrow two passing cars scrape the hedges.

MAY 13. Received a wonderful box of chocolates today on the 13th. It's like being an American civilian again. I passed them all around. It was too good to keep. I did a very foolish thing today. I've been too busy to take long hikes and of course, for weeks after my diphtheria, felt unable. But I try to share the experiences of men and officers. So today I took a hike of thirteen miles, perhaps celebrating the fact that three years ago today, May 13, 1941, I heard I was a lieutenant. I went eleven fast miles, faster than ordinary hikes. Then, suddenly, my arches gave way. I was too proud to give in, and hobbled two and a half miles in agony. Now they are strapped up, but oh, me oh my, do they ache! However, since then, I've driven forty miles to see a man, called at two camps, had a time with a "bobby" who wanted to arrest two men needlessly, and written a sermon, all since seven p.m.

MAY 14. Had Ellen's letter about the service roll of honor at the church. I am thrilled to try to picture my two sons unveiling it; but it seems unreal that I should be listed on such a thing—just as it often seems unreal living these years off from home. Today I held three good services. At a colored camp, I had a theater hut nearly full. One sergeant played the piano and another sergeant my organ, and a quartet sang spirituals. A man was baptized and professed his desire to join the church. At another service a sergeant and two of his men did the same thing. Made me mighty happy.

MAY 16. Today I was travelling my parish. It was a day of feeble sunshine and frequent driving and cold showers. I felt warm enough driving, but shivered whenever I entered a room. I stopped once for tea and scones and rock cakes (about what we'd call a biscuit) in a queer old crooked black-timbered place hundreds of years old. Visited my men, who make our largest bridges, and a colored outfit I saw in a field. Strangers to me, but I gave out twenty-five booklets that I had. Tonight I've been to a school. So it goes. My feet are better today. Several others are limping from blisters, which I don't have.

MAY 17. I visited a camp for church services today and found some recent events had stirred up interest. I had eleven Bibles to give away and thirty-five men came seeking them. If half the men keep half the religious interest war gives them, it will be great. It was grand to come back from seven or eight hours in fields and woods and churchs to find letters from Ellen. I always look and hope. Ellen spoke of the boys eating cereal for a bedtime snack. I wonder if they would if they had to use powdered or canned milk. I haven't had any real milk for almost two years, except in a hospital in Iceland.

MAY 21. Have been busy as can be every minute and don't find much time to write. Today was a rarely beautiful day. At 4:30 I went to the village vicar's for tea in the garden. I've been invited for months. He was invalided out after Dunkirk. Strangely enough, the three nearest vicars were all chaplains and all invalided out. Tonight I heard a talk by, and had considerable conversation with, an American, who, after two unsuccessful attempts, escaped from a prisoner of war camp in Germany. He was poorly fed, but well-treated.

MAY 22. Had three services today. My first filled a little ancient chapel with troops, mostly colored. A quartet sang three spirituals, and how the boys enjoyed it! My second was as a guest in a very old parish church. I took the quartet along, four good-sized colored boys, squeezed into room for two. We got to the village at 1057 and found the church surrounded by walls and houses and cemeteries and gardens,

and were directed to "the steps." We ran up about a hundred stone steps, through the ancient tombs, and got in just as the service had started. I got my robe on in the entrance and took a seat. Then the curate came down and led me to my seat. This was the bishop's chair, away up by the high altar, away from everyone else. Well, I know somewhat of Anglican ritual, so I got along well, kneeling when I should and facing the altar, and so on. Then, at sermon time, the vicar came and escorted me to the steps of the high pulpit. He had the congregation stay after the service, while the quartet sang. It was Empire Youth Sunday, and who was I for such an occasion! I was a representative of the rebellious black sheep of the Empire.

MAY 24. As usual, I've been "roaming the roads," calling in at camps, a trip to visit a hospital and a church service. I preached to colored boys on "The Man Who Cut Off His Nose"—sermon on prejudice, to men who know what prejudice is, but perhaps, need to be reminded not to harbor it themselves. A plane crashed during this service, and afterward I rushed to the scene. I found the practically unhurt pilot had walked away from the broken and burning pieces. Was very glad of this.

MAY 25. Am unusually tired tonight. I have driven for hours and hours today. I visited half a dozen units, did office work, and came to a newly attached unit towards day's end. Found them to be eight miles further, sleeping out for the night. I happened to know that Joe Louis was putting on an exhibition near here, so I told them and their captain, and I took two loads of men there. I've just read mail—happy to learn from Mother's letter of Gordon's boy. Appreciated also hearing from brother Ray, and Maurice.

MAY 26. I am still at this camp. An old one, once lavish mansion is the orderly room and enlisted men's barracks. The estate owners built a modern home to the rear of it half a dozen years ago and here the officers live. What luxury! It is the first really centrally-heated home I've seen in England. There are glass cases of rare china and jewelry, and beautiful old furniture. Some things are very modern,—

the towel rack is gleaming metal and kept heated to dry towels. I didn't make use of any of the officer's beds last night, although they were all away. Too fancy! I put my bedding roll on the floor.

MAY 27. I've spent all evening roaming the countryside trying to find a Baptist minister so a colored soldier can be immersed. I'd take him to a river, but the rivers are low and muddy. Villages all around here have Baptist churches and no regular minister, so I'm still hunting! Heard from Dana today and from proud papa, Gordon. He certainly lived up to the family tradition of boys. I found an outfit of colored boys tented down in a field with their chaplain long miles away. I offered a service and had 300, an organist and a trio. I do need these uplifting experiences, I have so many discouragements and disappointments.

MAY 28. I had four church services and a communion service, and did a lot of running around. At my "manor house" service, I had the parish curate speak and his wife play the organ, so had to bring them from a nearby village and return them.

MAY 29. Today has seen me in the camps and in the woods. I spent hours looking for one man. After climbing steep hills on a record day of heat, near a rifle range whose bullets ricocheted all around me, I found he was miles away in a truck near a camp I'd just been to. Then off to find the colored Baptist boy and make arrangements for him to accompany me to the church about twenty-five miles away, in a couple of days. The Baptist chaplain I consulted said if I baptized him, many would consider him unbaptized. I am going to offer prayer, or something.

MAY 31. I certainly wish I could describe my work more, but I can say little of what I do, or when or what I see. The bigness of the work ahead keeps us on our toes. We are suffering from excessive heat. We wear only the heavy clothes, and this spell of heat is bad. I find about 65° is a good temperature after my stay in Iceland.

JUNE 1. How the days go roaring by! Here it is June, the month of my anniversary, and the month I began this hectic and lonely Army life. Tomorrow I am to have a twenty-four hour pass. This isn't long enough to really go anywhere because except for a few main routes, travel is very slow here. Some beautiful or historic place, only twenty-five to seventy-five miles away would take more than twenty-four hours to make the round trip, because busses and trains are infrequent. Some villages have one bus a week. Some have none and no train, and no autos in wartimes. So one sees thousands and thousands of bicycles in England. Many tandems and young couples often have a tandem bike and a little side car for the baby. People live a much simpler life here. When a bank holiday comes, thousands think it's wonderful just to hike outside town and picnic.

JUNE 2. Can't tell where I've been on this twenty-four hours of freedom, but it was lovely scenery and quaint villages and a fine old manor house turned into a hotel, beautiful rose gardens and lily ponds. Terrific taxi fare to get into the nearest place large enough for theater or cinema. It so happened that I went to a play. The larger cities have theaters and put on the better known plays. The English accent occasionally bothers me, especially the men's, but I'm becoming accustomed (or is it resigned) to it. I don't mind the real English dialect—it's the affected cultivated accent. I was scheduled to hold one and possibly two services toward evening, but a rush of business prevented my being picked up in time, so I had to wait at a station. I visited both outfits, however, Although not getting there at a convenient church time, I did errands at both places. I was pleased to show a Master Sergeant a letter from his pastor saying that the church, on my recommendation, had taken him into membership.

JUNE 4. Had a rather strenuous service last night. It was strenuous because of necessity held out doors and was an unusually large crowd, strangers, not often in touch with a chaplain. I was speaking to some three hundred, outdoors, against a gusty wind. Today has been a Sunday of shine

and showers. Have held four preaching services and a communion service. Have been blessed with mail pretty regularly lately.

JUNE 5. This is surely one of the great days of history—the initial day of invasion. I know the people back home are all anxiously listening for radio news, as we are here. By a most appropriate coincidence, one battalion had a review today. It was a real thrill on this particular day to salute the colors as they passed. There happened to be a horse tethered in the field used. He must have been one trained for society horse shows, for when the band struck up, he went around and around, at various paces, a beautiful sight to see. Tonight some of us joined the local villagers in a service commemorating this momentous day.

JUNE 7. I called on the Judge today to record services held in his chapel,—in his register. Had a service and also attended a ball game. These war days will be hard, and I pray my loved ones keep well. I have, at one time, or another, had a few gruesome jobs—crashes, etc, but the one thing I can never get steeled to is the thought of anything happening to my loved ones at home. It is an honor to be a Protestant Chaplain of one of the Army's biggest combat outfits. The Engineers in many ways are the key men. They clear the beaches, minefields, supply water, build roads, bridge rivers, and so on. Many, many hundreds of skilled workmen, who must also fight. No place for a "softie," even if a chaplain!

JUNE 8. Today I went through one of the nearly ruined, but still impressive ancient abbeys of England. I also held a church service. A shortage of transportation made it necessary for the Catholic Chaplain and I to go along together. So he had his service in the men's mess hall and I took the officer's mess hall, and we held simultaneous services. I baptized a man today. He had spoken to me concerning it on a previous visit, and we talked it over again today. I tried to make it as impressive as I could—had an officer and the boy's buddy attend him and had my cross and candles, and picture of Christ.

JUNE 9. I made a call this morning on the chief chaplain's office, and now, after five services feel the need of bed. I had pleasing services today. At one, over a hundred negroes sang spirituals, unaccompanied, so feelingly that I just listened. A local Baptist minister and his son walked from their tiny village to one service today. I gave him a part. A Congregational pastor came to another, and I included him.

JUNE 11. Held six preaching services and a communion service. Had to see officers in four different units. Had a flying visit at the Judge's and travelled by three cars to various towns for church. A memorable day of church, really. It began with a Lt. Col. leading his men on a mile hike to church, then at this service his colored quartet sang. Two good crowds at my "Gunpowder" chapel. Twenty-eight men at my "failure" camp, where none have attended, and a service for a group who have no chaplain. They turned out a hall full of soldiers and civilians. Seven times of speaking, singing, and praying is a real strain.

JUNE 12. Received today the metal-covered Testament Ellen sent me just in time to be a lovely present for our sixteenth wedding anniversary. I immediately showed it around, then put it in my pocket. Since then I have read the first eight chapters of Revelation. I am lacking in transportation, lately, so today I started off on a hike. Several colored men a mile and a half away wanted Bibles, so I went delivering. These English bikes are terribly hard for one out of practice. Somehow an almost imperceptible grade requires strenuous pumping, and, going down hill, the thing is so geared that on the slightest down grade you must coast and can't pedal. Two hand levers brake the wheels; the first time I had to stop, I found only the front brake worked, which made the bike tend to do a nose dive! I walked down one hill. I rode on into town, and altogether, about seven miles. Good exercise. I am so pleased with my metal-covered New Testament. I want it for several reasons; it will be a gift from my wife, close to my heart; and it will, by its novelty, make men think of the Bible; and it will be a good item in my collection, when I bring it back from war.

JUNE 13. I have begun this anniversary day by reading several chapters in my metal-covered Testament. I slept uneasily and wakefully last night, woke up early, felt as though I were late—thought my watch might be wrong, got up and found myself first at the breakfast table. Several didn't make it at all. Tonight the C.O. of a colored group invited me to the field where his men are tented to hear an eighteen-voice choir sing. They were in grimy fatigues, surrounded by grim reminders of war, but it was a church for a while. They sang familiar and new spirituals. Their first number was the "Our Father." They kneeled with clasped hands and hummed the accompaniment while the sweetest tenor I ever heard, stood and sang it.

JUNE 14. I was gone on a trip for six hours today, hospital visiting, etc. through fierce, brief showers and welcome sun. When I returned I was happy to have a V from Clyde dated June 5. I had to laugh because Clyde ended with the old phrase, "Don't let the bed bugs bite," and just after reading it, I had to go to see a training film on how to get rid of body lice. It showed pictures of itchy, squirming soldiers. I am greatly interested to hear my family's reactions to the doings across the way. Knowing many in it, I was deeply interested. Tried hard to make the first day. Probably very lucky that I was refused.

JUNE 15. How the sun shone today, just brightly enough to make the rain this evening seem worse. Still, I kept a long desired date to see the United Kingdom's oldest castle. It was a wonderful thrill. It is 914 years old and has dungeons and ghost stories and chapels and crumbling towers and everything it should have. It is mostly in ruins; one wing is modernized and lived in. King Canute, who told the waves to stop, is connected with it, and King Harold, defeated by William the Conqueror at the 1066 Battle of Hastings, lived there. It was a two hours never to be forgotten.

JUNE 16. I held two well attended church services today, one with whites and one with negroes; one in a mess hall, the other in a field. I got to a nearby town today to look around. It's only a few miles and I've often been through it,

but never been free to stop. One thing I did was climb 204 steps, narrow, circular ones, to the open roof of the tower. Thousands of initials and names and dates were carved. I noticed 1747 and 1755, and probably there were many older ones.

JUNE 18. Yesterday, at my old manor house, I made a speech to open a charity lawn party. One thing of interest was an exhibit in the house of "Grandmother's Treasures." Makes me think of Stratford and our "Old Home Days" with the treasures of New England homes of early days. Today I was happy to receive "Father's Day" cards and letters. I have good reasons for feeling lonely these days. I am chewing a piece of gum from one of the letters. Gum I seldom see, and it sometimes is nice to chew a piece when blue, upset, or busy. I hear a newscast in another part of the building. Our invasion does well, apparently. England is bothered just now by robot planes.

JUNE 20. After a busy day another officer and I hiked three miles last night to a cinema. We shared a cab back, at two bob each. The driver, like many here, went nonchalantly from side to side. They are fond of that way of driving, and keep us on edge, in our vehicles. Today I visited a nearby colored camp and gave out Testaments and other religious items. Then I was a hitchhiking chaplain. Part of my ride was in the back of a big truck, with a group of colored soldiers. One was a two degree man, had been a social worker. It was interesting and profitable to discuss the race problem with him.

JUNE 22. I was totally unable to write yesterday and unable to write Ellen. It was her birthday. I thought of her all day long and mentioned the fact to several that I'd like to send a present of myself to her. There is little I can write these days—big days. Ellen is a very good guesser, I've found. I was in a kitchen this morning at 4 a.m. because I was in a tent with not enough blankets and I woke up chilly. Had a good time talking with cooks and KPs, and the stragglers that wander in and out of a kitchen at night.

JUNE 23. Today I held church for a large group, and in two camps I used a loud speaker system to broadcast religious records, of which I still have four, to many hundreds of men. Many spoke in appreciation. I have on the two sides, "The Old Rugged Cross" "Abide with Me," "Lead Kindly Light," "Rock of Ages," "Now the Day is Over," "Holy, Holy, Holy," "I Come to the Garden" and "When Morning Guilds the Skies." If I thought a store would pack them well I'd send for a few more. I wish I could see a movie of the boys, so big and fine looking. They're going to be away ahead of me in everyway, I hope. I'd love to be hunting and fishing and hiking and model-building and things with them. I always found my Dad someone to be proud of and want to be somebody for. Hope I can inspire Clyde and Dana.

JUNE 25. Various things keep me on the jump. Had only one service today, but various things keep me on the jump. Three years ago today I left New Hampshire for the Army. Many a mile I've gone since then, and many to go. But I wait only for the miles of the homeward journey. Was glad to hear from Wendell.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

JUNE 27. I am in a field in the drizzle. Held two church services on the channel, one for my men, one for the invasion craft crew. On the beach, waiting to drive aboard, I read my Testament. It came so that Hebrews 11 was the one to read. A wonderful thing to read before such a trip. These people are back in shattered houses; they sit by the road, milking, like the French Canadians; they hold up two fingers for "V" for victory. The only Jerries I've seen were groups marching to the prison pen.

JUNE 28. I am only in the backyard of the war so far. This is a marvelous undertaking, and one can understand why it was wise to wait until things were ready. The ships make the water look like a Sunday highway; the planes fill the sky. I met three little girls and managed to speak enough French to learn they were Morrisette, Gabrielle and Paulette, 3, 11, and 14. I asked Gabrielle where the Germans were and

she said she didn't know, then she said they were mostly in the cemetery of a certain town. They spoke no English. I must remember to pick up nothing, poke into nothing, and take no chances of mines or booby traps. I am terribly dirty, quite tired and haven't had a normal meal for three days. It was exactly three years after my first night in the Army I spent my first night in France.

JUNE 29. I had a bouquet of roses pressed upon me by a group of children as I slowed down at a crossroad. Sent the rose petals in a letter to Ellen. There are literally thousands of souvenirs around, and when I can I will send my boys home some, such as the famous wooden bullets, insignia and so on. I walked a narrow road today, that had some object on almost every square foot. I feel that peace is not too many months off. I had my clothes hanging from a tree today trying to get a few wrinkles out of them when a sudden shower came up. Had to hurry to get them in the tent. Right now I feel wonderful, for the reason that I have clean clothes on. The ones I took off were terrible, but we were all the same way, and it got so we didn't notice it.

Two years ago today I was to be released from the Army—still have the order but also one cancelling it and putting me on indefinitely extended status of active duty. So here I am in "la belle France." It has rained or poured some or all of every day since I arrived. I have had a variety of duties today. Some were pleasant and some very disagreeable. Am tired and wet tonight, but wrote a sermon on "Hard Men" trying to show that some of the kindest and most decent men have really been the hard men. There is a verse in the Bible that says men must endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Seemed an appropriate title or subject after a visit with one of the units that had the honor of being in on D Day. My first mail that has come to me here was dated June 13. Everytime I have been at a new address, the first mail has had that address. Heard also from Mother, Dad and Ray. Mail is a wonderful thing when one sits where I am. I had occasion at a home today, trying to talk enough French to get some information. They got out

their few treasures of good dishes, a fine old brass bowl, candle sticks, etc. that had been hidden for a long time. Most of them, however, report that if they co-operated with work or food, or such like, they received fairly good treatment. I talked with a boy about Dana's age who was wounded while a battle raged near his house.

JULY 3. I am very much on the go, but always thinking of home. Took laundry to a home today. Heard an interesting account of D Day. I manage to understand far more French here, and speak far more than ever in Canada. Last night I was called in as an interpreter in a case of a butchered cow. Supper tonight was the usual "K" or packaged ration, but I ate it by a roadside and made my own coffee over a fire.

JULY 6. Am busy as ever with services. The men are interested. On the Fourth a sergeant remarked that he'd never forget this holiday service, sitting on abandoned enemy equipment and then singing the national anthem to the distant accompaniment of the guns. All towns and homes are off limits, except on official business.

JULY 8. Many of my men are out on road jobs and reconstruction, so they are hard to find until night comes. I've come in from twelve to one o'clock many nights. Tried to write a sermon tonight in a noisy tent. Wrote one on walking in the right way. Soldiers who may be among booby traps should know what it means. I visited two tent hospitals today and two yesterday. I have few patients, as they usually go elsewhere very quickly.

JULY 9. Brr! It's cold tonight. It gets that way when living completely out of doors. It is exasperating, sometimes, to have no warm place after a cold, wet drive. We really get accustomed to it, however, and a tiny luxury becomes marvelous in our thinking. This noon, for example, at a camp, eating in a rain, we were rejoicing because we had a table, and boxes to sit on and a heated meal,—and hard tack crackers with jam—we felt rich! I held four services today. It's an up and down life: one service attracted almost no one, and competed with two poker games and a dice game a few

yards away! The other three were happy services, however. One unit was in on D Day, and since then their attitude is markedly changed.

JULY 10. Haven't been paid as yet, I have about a dollar. There's very little to need money for here, just laundry, orderlies, or an occasional replacement of clothing. Had a variety of tasks today. One odd thing was the giving away of odd boxes of talcum powder found in some Jerry position we were checking for mines and booby traps. Some of my duties, naturally, are not such as to make one happy.

JULY 12. Received a V from Dana to cheer me up. However, it has been a good day; hard, rewarding work. I had an interesting talk with a man who managed to have a chance for his neighbors to listen to Allied programs. I have many such contacts.

JULY 14. The good old 13th brought me letters from Ellen and the boys, brother Larry, and others. Tonight being Friday, I held a Jewish service, this being for me a weekly task I've assumed here in France. There are few Jewish chaplains, and the men go months without a service. I have prayers in English and in Hebrew, which many of the men know, but do not understand! and an Old Testament sermon. One highlight today was a visit to see Chaplain Nicholas whom I was with at Camp Blanding. He is a Lieut. Col. Divisional chaplain. About eleven tonight, a young officer and I made coffee and ate canned chopped egg and pork. Get a grand hunger from hard work and outdoor life.

JULY 17. I was hospital visiting, among other things and spent several hours at a camp. I held a good service, and finding a player there, had a community sing. Ended with "God Bless America." One of *our* huge shells had just whistled overhead, and I told them to make the next one stop to listen! How they sang! Several of the officers play poker night after night. I don't blame them for being restless; some of them have jobs with little to do except in emergencies, while my work is never done. But it is an obsession. Some evenings, as Saturday, they crowd me out.

Friday was the first Bastille Day for the people since 1939. I got in on no celebrations. I know they did for one thing, a lot of decorating of our cemeteries as on our Independence Day. On the Fourth, the mayor of one place promised the loved ones in America that the French women would keep the graves decorated with flowers. It is amazing how soon a grassy field becomes a forest of white crosses. If only the strikers, the profiteers, the indifferent in America could see the things we see! The other day I was at a cemetery making an inquiry and a big tough Lt. Col. was there. He seemed very ignorant of such affairs, and asked if men were often brought in. He has a good safe desk job, comparative comfort, etc. So I took him to where the men who had kept him safe were arriving. He took one look at them and was gone, almost running. One of them, in a worse than usual shape, had in a pocket that still was intact a Purple Heart, won in another campaign, modestly put away, not even the ribbon worn. He had been a tiny fellow, one you'd call "Shorty," and forget. I'd like to have many people in the States spend twenty-four hours digging graves for these—better men than they!

JULY 18. About five minutes ago someone fooling carelessly with a rifle, fifteen or twenty feet away, let it go off. There's too much of that. Bought a scarf against regulations today, and gave it to a boy going home minus both feet. He worries about his mother feeling bad, so I got him a present to take to her. A good way to spend money, I think. My officers are outside my tent trying to play poker in pitch darkness. How they trust each other! Saw quite a few Jerry prisoners today, smaller than my sons, never having shaved. Poor kids.

JULY 19. Twenty-three months today since I saw Ellen at the bus station! I suppose she's had many a worry since then about me, and I've had a few! I had bad luck today in the shape of errands that took me through miles of traffic-jammed roads, on unsuccessful errands, finally being completely blocked from reaching one appointment for services. There were multitudes of soldiers and thousands

of vehicles in a tiny area. The Catholic Chaplain missed one yesterday for the same reason.

JULY 20. I held a church service for men trying to remove a demolished bridge and put in a new one; another for men back in camp, and a discussion group. Had a fierce thunderstorm tonight and now steady rain. Haven't seen six thunderstorms in these twenty-three months. The rain makes it quite chilly. There is probably much beauty in normal France, but it is pretty much a muddy rubbish pile as we see it.

JULY 21. I have spent almost an entire day in my tent. We have had heavy rain for more than twenty-four hours, and my work was almost impossible under such condiations, at least, as far as church goes, because I have no indoor meeting places, unless the group is small enough for a tent. In England, I had the use of some chapels or churches, but here there are no Protestant churches that I know of. Even if there were, they'd more than likely be in ruins. The high built buildings are bound to suffer in war. However, I am of the opinion that both sides are disposed to spare such things if practicable. I am also convinced that the enemy respects the Red Cross that I wear on my arm. Plenty of men with it are casualties, but it is during the rush of battle or perhaps by bomb or shell, which, of course, have no eyes. Where fire is directed against a seen individual, I believe that the Red Cross is respected. Having landed during the first month it is unbelievable how quickly things change—rubble cleared, traffic moving, houses, such as they are, re-occupied. This climate, like England's, is not to be compared with New England. In nearly a month, only two days have been rainless, both cloudy.

JULY 22. Last night I had to go to bed in a damp bed. I got wet feet yesterday in spite of being in my office-home-tent about all day. Today, another pair of shoes and stockings are wet. Such is life! Am still struggling with my French. Last evening a man asked if I spoke his language; I owned up to knowing a few words, so he poured out his tale of woe. His horse had disappeared, so he appropriated

one of the strays left by the Jerries and now the town mayor was having him arrested. He is sixty-two, and his three sons are Jerry prisoners, so he needs the horse, and surely, a captain could help him! Today I visited eight units, did office work, visited two hospitals, held a service and communion. Sometimes I am amazed at what chaplains do as a matter of course. And there are countless smaller items such as chasing down a man, like today, to see why it had been nine months since he wrote his mother. He has made two dangerous voyages in that time, and apparently never thought she might wonder and worry. Today I was given the most wonderful souvenir, found in a Jerry headquarters. It is a hand carved eagle, holding a wreath which encloses the swastika. I am the envy of all. We have taken it apart, it being made in sections, and I hope to box it and send it home. Have been offered a hundred dollars for it.

JULY 24. My 36th birthday yesterday was made less lonely by the fact that Ellen's two V's, Clyde's V, and Ellen's two Air mail letters reached me. Was too tired to write. Had sixteen hours work including six church services. When I came to my sixth camp last night, I found them just taking a cake out of the oven, considerably less fancy than a home-made one, but still the first cake I had seen in France. I said, "Ah, there's a birthday cake for me." I meant I wanted a piece of it. When I came out from church service, held in an ancient stone building, they had baked a round one, and frosted it with cranberry stuff, all they had. The CO got out an accordion and we had a time. For many months I've sought paratroop boots. They save wearing the required leggings. Today I finally got some after a three hour line. The war goes pretty well, and I feel better. A year or so ago, I knew it was a long, long way into the future—now who can tell what six or nine months might bring?

JULY 25. I'm back after hours of travelling and work. Three services today and some other duties. I was at one headquarters and needed to learn when two outlying companies could go to church. One was operating a quarry, the other repairing a road. So we had a three way radio

talk to get plans made. Another place I held church a driver had just finished some work and a pile driver was starting a new bridge. I hope for sleep tonight. Our sleep is sometimes badly broken, usually by our own fireworks. A V from Ellen's father came today full of birthday wishes and farm news.

JULY 27. Two services today, and three yesterday. So it goes. The men, in general, are increasingly glad to see the chaplain. This is not only due to certain inevitable everpresent dangers, but they see, I think, someone always wanting to serve them. Today I had to take a fellow who was just found in a swamp, seven weeks after death, carry him a half a mile, and see him properly attended to. From that I went on to a wrecked plane for considerably less of a poor guy, and then had to eat a hearty supper. Near by huge guns roar as they send shells to destinations miles away. Had my second shower in a little over a month. Found a company that rigged up a water tank atop of a tin hut, and a heater, so I had a luke warm shower. Luxury.

JULY 31. Last night was too noisy at too many times, so sleep was broken. Our superiority in the air is amazing, but they send some along, now and then, and our greeting to them is tremendous. Have, as usual been off on my rounds. Held three services and went to see hospitalized men. If the men are going to be laid up for any length of time, they are speedily evacuated back, and I am not apt to see them. Some are quite proud of newly awarded Purple Hearts. One of our units, without me, was in on D Day and was badly hurt, but now we only get an occasional injury from mine or booby trap. One quite exciting time was when we had to drive over a road that still had mines in it. Fortunately, they were quite hastily laid, and the spots could be seen and avoided. I am hungry after twelve or fifteen hours of work. We are supposed to get free ration of candy. Last week it was six small hard bars of "tropical" chocolate, made to be more or less hard to melt. This week we got six or seven of these rolls of colored candy, Lifesaver like affairs. Sweet, but not satisfying. This one I ate was just a mouthful and

only a tantalizer. We picked up a colored company that I used to visit in England, so today I held the first service with them. They sing well, and have a fine quartet.

AUGUST 2. The war moves fast these days. It was once almost in our yard, but miles and miles away now, even when we move. Nights are sometimes busy, however. I was a volunteer fireman one night. No casualties. I am a trigger-light sleeper. A sneeze from fields away wakes me, while some in the same field there may sleep on. A ten-year-old French boy watched my service tonight. Bright kid, he could trace routes on a map to his village, which is more than some soldiers can do. Had a piece of fruit cake that came to Chaplain Rooney. My, it was good!

AUGUST 4. It is after eleven. About a hundred miles of travel to a couple of small groups of men, a hospital, and a Jewish service. I had a wonderful treat. One water dispensing unit was so situated that I passed and visited a most lovely abbey, tall and stately, though half-ruined in 1789 at the Revolutionary time. It was finished in 1145, after many years of loving labor. Seeing this helped take away the sights I saw earlier in the day. A Jerry hospital was in a building at the abbey, and left three or four days ago.

AUGUST 5. We were due to move again today, so the morning was wasted sitting around; then, finding we were not, I went out and spent the whole afternoon visiting one of my "hard nuts to crack." I talked with a boy tonight who has little education but wants to be a minister. He decided so on the beach on D day. A thirteen-year-old boy asked me tonight for a pair of old shoes. I told him French people wore wooden shoes in war time, and he said, "But the war is all over for the French!"

Today was a good day. I held four services with an attendance of 200. I work under conditions of rather poor co-operation at Headquarters and good from the units. I find here new maps for a new area, absolutely indispensable! And one set only for two chaplains. Had hoped for mail today, but it is greatly delayed. This would be OK under war circumstances, except for the line about fast service. It's like

rotation—for a mere handful. I've not got a man home in two years for any cause. Had to see a man turned down yesterday. No family emergency could get me home, even though I've been gone two years. It is brutal, and heart-breaking—and war.

AUGUST 7. Mail! Among other letters received a "candy letter" from Aunt Amy and Aunt Ida—a little package of small candies and a letter. A fine treat. Today I did not leave camp 'till nearly noon, but visited five units and held two services. I was to hold another for a unit of colored boys, but they were transferred to another sector today. I have had and lost some ten units in the last four or five months.

AUGUST 9. We made another move, and my kerosene lamp, which works by air pressure, isn't in working condition yet, so am writing by my battery lamp found in a Jerry fox hole. It is in need of charging, though, as it is dim. I managed, in addition to moving with its packing and tent sticking and raising, to visit a unit for supper, service, and a shower. A very meager and uninteresting meal was redeemed by sugar doughnuts. We drive each other crazy talking of things to eat. It is over two years since I had an ice cream soda. The showers felt wonderful. Many soldiers peel off their clothes and climb in every brook, right beside the road—perhaps where the women come to wash clothes. Yet, this crazy army makes them wear shirts and rolled down sleeves at road repair jobs. So many "new homes" for me—I want a real home.

AUGUST 10. I came back from a service and other "parish" duties tonight and found MAIL. However, it was just time for a weekly discussion group so I have only now, at 10:30, opened it up. Mail from Mother, Larry, and brother Wendell. Our discussion, after devotions, was a red hot one on what to do after this war to help prevent another. I took care of a grandfather and grandmother, their son, and four little children, while we had to explode various shells, etc., near the house they had just returned to. Some of these homecomings are dangerous; thousands are tragic

ruins. I have a healthy respect for what these shells and mines can do, so I take good cover. It is a somewhat queer sensation to have steel miss you by four or five inches.

AUGUST 11. More mail today: Glad to hear from Bishop Hartman. That was good to come home to. I had gone to buy some clothes for my driver, and the place was moved to an unknown destination. I had a good Jewish service and managed to secure them some wine, after days of search. Each man gets a tablespoonful or so, from a cup, and we repeat a Hebrew prayer of blessing, and think of feasts with loved ones. The wine I got from an old woman who turned out to be General de Gaulle's cousin. Her four-year-old granddaughter she had with her, as she raked hay, and has never seen her papa. He has been a prisoner in Germany since before she was born. A report from First Army shows that in denominational breakdown, I led the Methodist chaplains, four, in weekday attendance in June. In fact, only three in this Army exceeded me. Interesting. One Episcopal chaplain reports 309 weekday services, 10 a day. Must be a reading of prayers in hospital wards, or in fox-holes. Incidentally, the leading Jewish chaplain held fifteen weekday services and I held five Jewish ones.

AUGUST 13. Three good services today. I am using, after simpler sermons, the series on mountains, and they are drawing the men in three camps. At one service, a few French folks came and stood nearby, so I spoke a few words in French and then gave my men an extemporaneous sermon on the same subject. I explained the service in French—at least they understood what I meant to sound like French.

AUGUST 14. I held my two services today and then stopped off to see my first movies in France. We have taken over a cinema not too badly out of repair. A long picture relieved only by Charlie McCarthy, "The Open Road." In it, people are appealed to, to pick oranges for boys overseas. (I've seen less than three dozen in two years.) Today I surprised men building a road with church set up by their chow truck. Today, I pleased many by buying 500 Air Mail envelopes, something they always need. Just told a man how

to find a lost rifle. Must get a man rosary beads. Sent a man to mail. Arranged a car for Jews—and so the day goes.

AUGUST 16. It is just after sunrise. We are still on double daylight time. After finally going to bed last night I was vexed with one of those nights of broken sleep. The principal difficulty was some huge pigs that had been barricaded in a stable to keep them out of our pup tents. In the middle of the night they smashed their way out and then went to work on a fence built around their place. I wouldn't enjoy having 400 lbs. of pig walk on me! I can smell death nearby. I believe it is a cow or two. Strange how one can eat with the terrible smells of war present. I held church last night near six dead cows on one side, and a neat grave just the other way. A lady back at our first bivouac was having a scarf crocheted as a gift for Ellen. She says that Americans gave her and her children freedom and food and happiness. I gave her cords from parachutes I found in the swamps when I had business there. I hope she can send it to me so I can send it. I'm too far away to return for it. We move frequently.

AUGUST 18. Today; two services, a Jewish service, a USO show attended, two other outfits visited and participated in dressing shrapnel wounds of a cow and a horse, to the joy of the owners. Was glad to have fairly recent mail from home. Got a letter from Mrs. Romaine. I believe she writes sporadically to half a dozen overseas. She writes long typed letters. That is good because it just rambles on about their work and house and big and little things. It is rather a tonic,—so full of chatter, that for a moment one can forget army life.

AUGUST 19. I've been a hundred weary miles, been to a hospital, three work jobs, held two services, been to Army Hdq. and visited half a dozen camps. Two years ago since I saw Ellen. Please God it will be soon only a fading memory. I got the official ballot from New Hampshire that Ellen had sent me to vote. Saw a movie held outdoors in a beautiful grove of trees. Like most of the European forests, the straight rows show it was planted, but it is ancient and like

cathedral aisles. Movies are a problem; at the beginning it is so light one can scarcely see at all, but at the finish, it was a real problem to find the jeep and grope our way home.

AUGUST 21. Today was to have been moving day, but I believe we have persuaded the higher ups in the Army to let us linger till the storm is over. What a war! We regularly move and always forward! Just think, my son Clyde is 15 this week. Two years ago I was just about to miss his 13th birthday, for I was on the high seas. The old judge, owner of the estate where I had my little ancient church in England, has just sent me a small but fine book on English architecture. He is a rare man. How I would like Ellen and the boys to visit him. It would thrill them and they would talk for months about the gardens, both vegetable and flower.

AUGUST 22. I'm uncertain of the day and date. May be the 23rd, but I remember now, it is Tuesday, because a Frenchman into whose orchard we moved today, called it "mardi". This man was a prisoner in Germany for three years and was only able to come home when three agreed to go to Germany as workers. That suggests many thoughts. I wonder, for example, if the three have survived the bombing. There are seven girls and two boys on this farm. Three girls, five, seven, and ten years, brought me a flower awhile ago. Looking for bonbons, or gum, probably, although they had six or eight packages apiece of "charms," of which we get six or eight a week. There is a fifteen-year old boy named "Pierre." He was interested to hear of Clyde and Dana. He is a head shorter than my boys. I tell him how big my sons are and say it is because they don't smoke. There are all sorts of animals here, and barnyard fowls, and also a lot of rabbits, which they raise for food. Jerry got most of them. This family did not flee, and had shells and bombs on all sides. I am "Monsieur le Pasteur" to all the French people. A "Protestant priest" excites great interest.

AUGUST 24. A boy just gave me an egg he'd traded cigarettes for. So I'll eat a fresh egg for breakfast tomorrow

morning. They give us free cigarettes, and so many men take up smoking. I'd prefer that the men have to buy them since they have little to use money for. At review today, twenty of my men who were in France at H hour plus 3 minutes, were given Purple Hearts. I've had shrapnel hit me on the first bounce, but its force would be gone.

AUGUST 27. On the move again. We drove all night and half the next morning, in and out of ditches. I had to stay awake, because the driver, like many, is blind at night. Had meant to write Clyde on the 25th, his birthday, but we were moving and lots of things happened.

AUGUST 28. This has been a not so successful day for me. My driver, for one thing, has developed choroiditis, one eye going all but blind. So I lost a nice boy. I missed a service by lack of a driver, then finally got to another and found two lieutenants and a sergeant had failed to notify C.O. or men. So I had no service. My Army life, is of course, like that. A day of happy success—a day of disappointment and frustration. As they say here "comme ci, comme ca." Returning by an unfamiliar road, as most of them are when we move frequently, we stopped for directions and heard a wild tale, corroborated, of an ambushed Jerry and his girl (his friend) tried for murder, by the Jerries, taken to the square to be hung, and saved by Americans. This was just two weeks ago. She has five brothers and a husband, prisoners in Germany.

AUGUST 30. Another day of rain. When one lives in a tent, blankets become damp, even in good weather, and must be aired. In such weather they are cold and clammy. Ugh—to crawl between such things! I managed two services this evening. One was in a pyramidal tent. The other company had no tent, but the rain was only a mist for a while just then. For twenty-six francs (52 cents) I secured a tiny stove that burns alcohol. Now, if I get fuel, I can have eggs, if I get the eggs.

AUGUST 31. My lamp is working badly. We moved today, but I held a service this evening, and a Bible class

for four men at about 9:30. These frequent moves make it difficult to get mail and supplies. We have lived out of cans and boxes for several days now, just as when we first came over, and no mail for a long time.

SEPTEMBER 1. My kerosene, or as the English call it, parafin, lamp is in need of a mantle, so I have the little Jerry candle lamp going, also the one I gave Chaplain Rooney, and they are giving me pretty good light. Already I hear rumors of another imminent move. It's a lightning war, now. The whole thing is fantastic. I have been where the enemy was a week or less before, and stores, undamaged, will be selling Allied flags, and pins, and houses will be flying our flags. Where were these things when Jerry was around? Children who never saw a Yank until a few days ago shout, "Hello! Chewing gum, please? Thank you, Goodby!" Beautiful pictures of the country around here are now available, but unsendable.

SEPTEMBER 3. Just now, everyone who can leave his work has gone to sleep or hied away to a nearby great city that is technically off limits. I bought two small bouquets of marigolds for ten francs in an open air market today. It seems queer to me with all the secular days to have market day Sunday. I have the flowers in two "vases" that were made from Jerry anti-aircraft shells, fired at Americans on D Day. We are in a new area. This is the tenth different place I've lived since the 27th of June when I arrived in France. It is a real task to set up and take down and move, and find energy for services and long journeys. Tonight I'll sleep where Germans were a hundred hours ago. It's a queer, queer war.

SEPTEMBER 6. Went on a three hour trek through some woods with soldiers and French, after three Jerry stragglers that fired on our camp. A few shots exchanged, and a few chills went up my spine. No prisoners. Two earlier, however. A fine box of candy, gum, puzzles, and blotters came today, and the boys' birthday cards. I had long looked for those cards. Quite a bit of the candy is given away already.

SEPTEMBER 10. Moved again. About a six or seven hour ride, at not much faster than a walk. It is something to take these rides. At times, it is difficult to keep in our convoy, when people crowd out, wanting to shake hands, offer a drink, apples, grapes, fruit of all kinds—and there are also hordes who shamelessly beg for things. I give nothing to those, but only to specially nice-appearing people, old people, people who help me in some way.

SEPTEMBER 11. France in mid-September is plenty chilly. I'm cheering myself up with one of the chocolate bars Ellen sent. They were long in coming and pretty well beaten up, but hope she'll send some more. For one of these I could nearly buy a village if I wanted. A package of cigarettes, a candy bar, or a bar of soap is worth in trade more than any two dollar bill you ever saw. Today I had one of the best meals in months, at a French home, with the director of a sort of Y.M.C.A. with his French pastor, and a visiting Belgian pastor. What tales I heard of war and prison and shootings! We had cabbage soup, roast beef, potatoes, brown gravy with onions, lettuce, black bread, pears, and cookies.

SEPTEMBER 12. Tonight I held service in a French Protestant church. Afterward, supper with the pastor and others at the same house where I ate dinner yesterday. The pastor has the same salary as an American private, less board and room and clothes and medical care. We took a quiet little collection, and gave him \$10.00 for himself and \$10.00 for the broken windows. (Bombed.) Had a sad experience today. Was taken to where young patriots had been shot and buried. The riddled and bloody post was near the graves. Workmen were disinterring and trying to identify them. I told bystanders these were my comrades, who had died for me and America. God bless all my loved ones in our happy, safe, and free America.

FRANCE

SEPTEMBER 13. I have ridden nearly a hundred and fifty miles today and held two church services. I had dinner along the road where I stopped to ask for water, and a very,

very lovely supper tonight, with a young, English speaking couple that I met at church last night. These two are from wealthy families, with a bit of English or Yank mixed in. They have girls, four and two years old, and a baby boy. The girls came down from bed to see me. Fortunately, I had ten little hard candies, paper-wrapped from our rations. The four year old, each time I gave one to her would say, "C'est bien!" and courtesy. The wife's father, for aiding the Free French or being suspected of so doing, has been in prison in Germany for two years. The wife's mother spent ten months. The husband has been a French officer, and was fifteen months a prisoner of war.

BELGIUM

SEPTEMBER 14. Another day of moving. After reaching my destination, I went out to hold church, but the outfit I sought had not yet arrived. However, I had a very thrilling trip, for several reasons. I had a few minutes in the most extensive and beautiful ruined abbey I have seen. Built in 1209. I was the *first* American in two villages. The people wept and cheered and laughed. I ate supper with the famous and very tough soldiers of this little country. We had fine horse steak. I was given medals for my boys, taken from some of the five hundred Jerries captured by these men, many only eighteen or nineteen. I have six eggs and some potatoes for the chaplains for tomorrow and the next day. It is quite an experience of being first in a village—to see first the suspicious looks, then joy supreme.

SEPTEMBER 16. I held the *first* American service in one of the famous Belgian places tonight. I used a Protestant church. Only a few men were present, but church people came, and we had the experience of hearing two hymns sung in two languages, simultaneously and the "Our Father" also. I read the Bible in both languages and spoke briefly in French, which is the common language of most Belgians. Somewhat different, however. Afterwards, the people and many others, got around the truck, and at their request "Auld Lang Syne" was sung in the two languages. One can-

not imagine the emotions of these people on such an occasion. At the close of the service we sang for them "God Bless America" and then, for the first time in the war years, they played on the organ their national song. They even had an American flag, dug out of long hiding, and hung at the pulpit. I had to sign a Testament or Bible or hymnal for each one—they carry them to church.

SEPTEMBER 17. Sent a little souvenir home today. It was given me by one of the congregation—the Huguenot (Protestant) cross and the dove of the Holy Spirit, a Belgian Protestant insignia. I am living in my tent but on the grounds of the most pretentious chateau we've been around yet, with swimming pool, pond, swans, mill, tennis courts, and gardens. It is interesting in these countries to every now and then see a sign "Texaco" or "Chevrolet" or "Singer."

SEPTEMBER 18. Today I met a man who gave me a beautiful automatic he took from a Jerry he captured, or more likely killed, also an interesting Belgian medal, a Russian paper bill, from a Russian Jerry, and some pictures. He asked only some candy for his children, two boys. One, a year old, named Claude, I held in my arms for a jeep ride. This man's brother was betrayed by a Jerry-sympathizing, money-seeking Belgian, and has now been eighteen months in a concentration camp. Now that the Americans have freed Belgium, he has the traitor, as he calls him, in a prison with 2,000 others. He had kept this gun for some American. I'll not use it or carry it, but would like to keep it. Probably won't be able to. I gave him one of my precious "O' Henry" bars Ellen sent me. That was a real gift. If buyable worth two or three dollars. A pack of U. S. cigarettes costs at black market \$6.00.

SEPTEMBER 23. Moved again. I held service today for a few men at work in a city. They are tenting in a park. We sang, to close, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies," with the verse about cities undimmed by human tears. It was just a few minutes after a buzz bomb had roared into the city nearby to bring tears to some. How grateful we are for American cities, safe and happy.

SEPTEMBER 24. Such a day! Moments of occasional sunshine and hours of rain and cold. I have shivered on a three hour ride, waded in deep, deep mud, eaten one meal outdoors in the rain, but managed to hold three services, seventy-five miles apart. One was in a bedroom of a chateau—a room that included a partitioned-off dressing room, a huge fireplace, with a crane dated 1711, and a platform and steps where the great bed once was. Another was in a tent, lighted and heated. The third was in an office tent, with the flap door open for light. Tonight I am staying at this unit, sleeping by a stove. Such luxury will make it harder for me hereafter. Civilians are greatly interested in photos. A very pretty girl, Dana's age, name Nicole, was greatly interested in seeing pictures of my boys. I gave her a precious chocolate bar, her mother a little package of coffee, which they never see, and her dad a cigar I had obtained. I got a "Vrai baiser Belge" from Nicole to send on to Dana, a kiss on each cheek.

SEPTEMBER 25. Back again at the "home" camp. I'm a sight from mud. There are even scrapers out to scrape the mud off the highway—mud that trucks pull out on the roads, from the woods and fields. It is, of course, terribly slippery where the mud is on the paved or cobblestone roads. Belgium has miles of cobblestones. The back roads are cobbled, indestructible and almost unridable. We have the GIs sleeping inside and the officers still in their tents. One needs wading boots to find a tent in this mud. I called at a Belgian Headquarters today and got them to give me a stove Jerry left behind. Hope it works. Also met their chaplain. They always keep enough Jerries on hand to do their work. One of them said that even if Hitler died, enough of his men would be left to carry on the work God gave them to do. Fanatics. My trip meant two good services for my most distant men, so it was worthwhile. They were pleased by the overnight visit. My whole body aches from long riding.

SEPTEMBER 29. Mud expresses our lives these days. It is terrible. In places, a foot or two deep. Given up trying to keep shoes or clothes clean. My men have two big bridge

jobs just now. One is in a quaint Dutch city, with churches that resemble forts and remnants of city walls, with turrets and towers and moat. I rode the river in an MT boat, watched the piledriver, "bossed" a crew using lumberjack tools. And at camp headquarters now in an elaborate former Jerry set-up I had a magnificent shower. That makes four in three months and four or five days. I'm a remarkably clean man by war standards.

SEPTEMBER 30. I visited several units today. Their circumstances vary greatly. One was in a former Jerry camp with many of their insignia still around the buildings. Some Belgian soldiers are there also and had just brought in two girls of their own nationality—spies for Germany. Another unit was in a chateau far classier than ours. The first piece of furniture I saw was a magnificent chest, beautifully carved and dated 1781. The third unit was in a terrible sea of mud. Checking at a cemetery today, on arrival of two bodies, found the brother of one working there. Had to shock him with the news, but it was far better than having a body handed him and finding it to be his brother. I remember now that away back in Normandy I had brought them together, happening to hear a familiar name spoken. War brings me strange and often sad experiences.

OCTOBER 3. Strange weather, many clear moonlit nights and then days of heavy rain. I held a service, today, at a unit where the wind really made walking a serious difficulty. Either it would grab you, or you'd slide, as I dangerously did while balancing a mess kit and cup. Glad to hear today that a goblet I got from a Normandy chateau arrived home safely. The kerchief was from Cherbourg. I bought two and gave one to the boy who lost both feet. I saw Cherbourg, Monteburg, Valognes, St. Lo, Carentan, Mt. St. Michel and many other places the news speaks about. Mt. St. Michel was undamaged,—Cherbourg remarkably free from destruction in business and residential areas. The others were utterly smashed.

OCTOBER 4. Held a service tonight in the great entrance hall of a huge chateau, adjacent to an ancient monas-

tery that once owned it. I had a brief visit with the abbot, a fine man. The service seemed to strike a responsive note. The lights failed and we sang, by memory, with altar candles and flickering fireplace. I also held a communion. So far in four days I've had five preaching and four communion services. I visited a fine 200 year old farm to seek a bit of dry wood and enjoyed a visit. I was interested in the shelves of gleaming brass and copper, the ancient, handpainted china. Driver and I gave a cigar each, since neither of us smoke, to the man. He pointed to two photos and said, "They are my sons,—prisoners for more than four years. These cigars will be put away for them to smoke the day they return."

OCTOBER 6. Last night I slept in what was, only a few weeks ago, a concentration camp for prisoners of war, Russians, working for Germans in Belgian coal mines. Tonight I'm in a former Jerry barracks. Just listened to a World Series by radio. Seemed hard to realize that it was 9 p.m. here and 3 p.m. in St. Louis. That all that was so far away till a flock of nearby guns shook the building, as they roared at planes overhead. No hits, no runs, no errors.

OCTOBER 10. I have just spent over three hours tonight writing to men's families to say their boys or husbands are well, attend church, and so on. More rain and deeper mud. However, I managed to hold three preaching services and three communion services, all under cover. Everything from tent to schoolroom. I have been blessed with a new assistant, who is a college graduate, a typist and a Sunday School superintendent, J. Webb Bost.

HOLLAND

OCTOBER 12. I am with one of my units. I had planned church tonight, hoping to hold it in a real building, but it couldn't be blacked out, so I'll hold a service tomorrow. I believe I have made arrangements to use a Protestant church. Unless I can find people who can speak English here, I'm licked. I am surprised how few speak French, yet may have lived all their lives near to Belgium or France. I called on

the minister of the largest Protestant church. He has a small home, modern and new, but also some very beautiful furniture. A magnificent grandfather clock, was 300 years old and a family piece. It told the hour, day, month, phase of moon etc. Everyone seems surprised at the stubborn resistance of the enemy. So many thought crossing the line would end things. What a shame that war should go on and people die when it can now have only one end. Last Christmas I said I'd be in England till June 15 and in Europe at war until Easter. Looks as though I was right.

OCTOBER 13. Today I spent a few hours touring shops in a city in Holland trying to shop for men, with very little luck. Many shops were empty of merchandise. As one jeweler said, his stock was hidden in twelve places, and ten were still in German hands. In the recent weeks, Germans literally stole what was in stores,—sometimes paying, but usually in worthless paper money. Held church in a church, with pastor, organist, and soloist, today, Friday the 13th. This was in the homeland of my grandmother's grandmother, yet was a church built by refugee French Huguenots. It was quaint and beautiful. A most interesting fact was the presence of many Bibles over 200 years old in the church where generations had read them.

OCTOBER 15. Four services today, including speaking in the largest Protestant church in a neighboring section of Holland. Every seat was taken. The church elders escorted the pastor and me in and out. They played our national anthem and sang theirs—bidden for four years. The pastor of this church gave me a beautiful Dutch Bible, 300 years old. I searched my pockets and jeep for gifts for them. A tiny can of Nescafe they said they'd save for Christmas. A chocolate bar I had from Ellen was to be shared by them with a son and daughter, now in German held territory. The pastor's wife is a cousin of Edward Bok, who was famous as editor of Ladies' Home Journal. I saw prisoners goosestepping for the first time.

OCTOBER 18. As usual, rain and mud. A sunny day is extremely rare. One of our showers today was heavy

hail. I am still sleeping outdoors. Less than 10% of us are. It doesn't bother me, so far, although I had some fear last night of the tent blowing away. Obviously the enemy is not minded to give up easily. I am cheered by the fine helper I now have. He was chairman of religious activities at Duke University.

OCTOBER 19. Today I moved again. I expected to be in a new country, but am still in Belgium. However, I'll be working in two or maybe three countries. We moved in a terrible storm. We are cold and muddy. For the first time, I am sleeping in a chateau. However, my colleague and I have taken a small unlit and unheated room. We must often sleep with units who may be in tents. It was a homesick day for me, as we came for the first time to rolling hills covered with spruce and fir and hard woods turning color. I almost looked for "Sheltering Pines."

LUXEMBOURG

OCTOBER 20. My travels today took me to a new place, the tiny country of Luxembourg, where I held a church service. Nearly every Protestant man in the company I visited came to church. I got a list of addresses from the men, to write a word home. This, I think, means a lot to the home folks. Sometimes I get rewarding answers. Including The United States, and Canada, I have now been in eleven countries: The United States, Canada, Iceland, England, Scotland, Wales, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Luxembourg.

OCTOBER 24. Have moved again and as usual in the rain. This dilapidated, but huge and once luxurious chateau we are living in is hideously Victorian, but palace like inside. Four years of German occupancy, however, has left it dirty. The little Catholic chapel was used as a storage place by Jerry, especially for scores of wine bottles. Very typically Jerry. My assistant has just got word that his wife knows of his work. She is secretary to Bishop Clare Purcell. This chateau has a few warm rooms and many cold ones. Mine being one of the latter, I am in the dining room, to be warm

as I write. It is an ornate room, panelled with pictures eight feet high, and contains a huge white tiled stove, and a mirrorless sideboard, twelve feet long. The table has eleven cushioned and carved chairs, and a round table has eight: The pictures are of knights and cavaliers and ruffled ladies. A great thick carpet is on the floor. And a radio is bringing Charlie McCarthy! The curtains are very heavy velvet, red on the side toward the room, embroidered on the other. It has been cold, clear, and beautiful today. I had to drive nearly a hundred cold miles today to hold three services. Some officer friends of mine had a great break. They left to guard German prisoners en route to America. They'll have a ten day furlough and are supposed to return here. Even so, it is priceless.

OCTOBER 30. I have recently held church and eaten and visited in a castle that once belonged to a king: in fact within five years the king stayed there. The place has the most marvelous armour and guns and spears and swords and battleaxes I ever saw. The soldiers there live in princely luxury, yet tomorrow may live in a tent in a muddy field. Sent some photos of tiny Luxembourg's capital city. Except for many castles the scenery is just like New Hampshire's North Country. I held only one service today, bringing my month's total to forty. That is enough, I guess. It would mean 500 a year. I found a separate company in Luxembourg just on the edge of moving out of a grand set up. The officers have private rooms in a little hotel; the whole outfit eats in a commandeered cafe. A five year old boy who lived up over the room where I held service, was present. I gave him a picture of Christ and in halting German, "Wie is das?" He replied by pointing to the cross painted on my helmet. The Luxembourgian children speak only Letzeburgesch, or the German it resembles. To even use the French "bonjour" cost ten marks fine to the Germans. The adults, of course, speak French.

NOVEMBER 1. The beginning of another month. The weather was so nice for a change that I played volleyball at noon. First time in a couple of weeks. Today and tomorrow

are big holidays in these Catholic countries; All Saint's Day and All Soul's Day. Today, everyone was at church and then walking, in holiday clothes. Tomorrow they'll go to church and then decorate family graves. No one wears any traditional costumes here. In Normandy and Brittany, and in Iceland, a few would.

NOVEMBER 2. This has been an interesting day. I visited a bridge job and did some interpreting for the captain in charge. Ate beside the road, then visited three sawmills run by our men. At each, in addition to talking to each man, giving religious literature and gospel stationery, I played religious phonograph records. The men were lonely. Saw three marvelous, though half-ruined Luxembourg castles. Very nearly ran down two deer. Came back to find the owner of our chateau, a prince, two princesses, his daughters, and a girl friend were here for dinner.

NOVEMBER 4. Had an interesting illustration of what being so long away means. Several of us at breakfast couldn't remember when Election Day comes, except early in November. My guess was the first Tuesday and I believe I'm right. Had a 22nd October V. from Dad today. That is quite recent. Had to see two about urgent need to get to England for marital reasons, if I can arrange matters. Also saw a man who is to be tried for stealing from the mail. A nice fellow in spite of this. I am writing at a most beautiful inlaid desk in a sumptuous room in a chateau I'm visiting. Beside me are books on rare furniture. Downstairs a great and beautiful tall clock has just belled off 11 p.m.

NOVEMBER 6. Back in my own place. I was only away a day and a half, but it always seems longer. I held five services on my tour. Today I met a chaplain who can cover all his companies on Sunday, and none are over twenty-five miles distance. I have men in a circle of more than a hundred miles. Tomorrow I am to take four or five of our officers hunting. I hope the weather is good and the trip successful. One of my companies is in a hotel! I had my fifth clean up in approximately eighteen weeks, and it was the second tub bath. Yesterday I had to tell an officer his

sister had died; here's a letter tonight of the death of a young wife. Absent, like this, we lose, mentally, our loved ones many times.

NOVEMBER 7. I have taken three officers on a hunt. It turned out to be terrible weather, and we came home very cold, but had a fine time. It was a change from the Army. We ate, in the woods, food brought by our host: sandwiches of bread and butter and fine meat. The pieces of bread were at least twelve inches in length. As is their custom they also had various drinks. In spite of the weather, we got three huge hares. Coming home it was necessary to lean out of the car in the driving cold rain, to train a flashlight on the road. As a result, I am extra wet. We had to stop en route to work on my exposed hand; it was beginning to freeze. Sometimes I have to stop to think what country I am in! It's surprising how much alike they all look, so far, except Iceland. I didn't see the part of Holland that is much different. I have seen a few windmills. Belgium specializes in white brick houses, Luxembourg has pink brick ones, and the best castles of all, with turrets and moats and towers.

NOVEMBER 9. I travelled many miles, held two services, and had some hard duties. One of them was breaking the news of a young wife's death to a soldier. His sister wrote to me and him, and I drove to his place and found our mail had come before his, so I waited for their mail. It arrived at about 10 p.m. and on check we found a letter from his wife, her last, and the one from his sister. So I told him, gave the letters, got him a quiet place in which to read them alone, and got it arranged for him to sleep, work, or loaf for a couple of days. Incidentally, he was on guard when I sent for him and I certainly didn't want him to go back to that lonely work, with his sorrow. Yesterday I had my three meals in the former homes of a prince, and a baron, and a countess. Their places combine museum furniture, usually, with the drafts of a barn and the plumbing of the Middle Ages. Last night and today we are having our first snow. It is very damp and cold. A lieutenant just remarked it was a new experience for him.

NOVEMBER 10. Back at the home camp again. The snow continued, off and on for two days putting our engineers out at road maintenance all night, bringing some trees down. My proper work was interfered with by another hunt. I seem to be the one, since I know hunting somewhat, and French somewhat. We really enjoyed the sports of kings, hunting, just as you read, the great boars and stags of Belgium in the forests. There are maps of traditional hunts, trees with painted numbers where hunters always stand, beaters, dogs, uniformed keepers, signals and ancient horns. I took ten soldiers. We saw a dozen deer but too far off, and two boars. My assistant got the finest I have ever seen, a 350 lb. eleven point, black-maned royal stag. In arranging this hunt I had to travel the countryside, jabbering French with burgomeisters and forest guards.

NOVEMBER 17. Received lots of mail from home the 15th. Wonder if I remembered to tell them I held the first United States services in Paris and Liege. My room is cold tonight; must be quite cold out. Got my best look at a buzz bomb today. Usually I hear them and they're gone too soon. We aren't bivouacked in the target cities. Held a good service with fine singing. Finished the sermon and there was a complimentary hush—showed deep attention.

NOVEMBER 20. I am now at another company, in a modern home for a change. It is a very bad day for storm. Most of the men are living at sawmills, but I hope to find a few here for a noontime service. Thanksgiving is just around the corner. Do people in America realize their blessings? My real Thanksgiving Day will be the day I walk in a door that leads to my home.

NOVEMBER 21. I got back today for the first time to the friendly little shop where I bought Bibles. I was in the city on business and crowded in a flying visit. Several men wanted ancient Bibles, and I found half a dozen more. One, at least, I'll keep and two I'd like. Guess Bibles are my whiskey. I am now in my twenty-eighth month of overseas duty. We had the usual fog and rain today. Low-lying villages were flooding and bridges out in a few cases.

NOVEMBER 24. It is half an hour after midnight. I held two services and two communion services today, and this evening have dropped in twice on an enlisted men's party, their first since May. There I led a sing that lasted an hour and a half. Guests were two princesses, daughters of the owner here and two young daughters of a nearby baron. They are just now beginning to dance. The C.O. and I talked French with the non-English speaking baron. He is a senator, has written thirty odd books and gave me one based on a romance of his own estate. He showed me a great stack of 200 year old letters he'd based it on. He has two small lakes, boats and tackle, and seldom fishes; a forest and doesn't hunt. He has a house full of marvelous and beautiful things in spite of eight years of German use in two wars. Has six daughters, seven sons, one now killed and four who have been prisoners.

NOVEMBER 28. As usual I am visiting one of my units. This is quite a luxurious chateau, too good for the majority of men. They lay their helmets carelessly on a beautiful inlaid table, and never look with appreciation at an exceptionally fine tall clock. Have had a service and communion. I am building up a comparatively large communion attendance. My Army method gets about 98% of those present to take communion. Received scores of letters today and packages of Christmas presents. I've opened some that might be spoilable. I feel so very rich. The boots Ellen sent are super-swell. Got an offer of \$20.00 and one of \$30.00.

NOVEMBER 30. I have been in two countries today, and as it happens, through a depressing series of towns and villages, still half in ruins from World War I. The people looked about done in, yet their Gallic nature was evident in a readiness to smile and wave.

BELGIUM

DECEMBER 1. I recall how lonely I felt on December 1, 1941, a few hundred miles away from my wife and boys. But it was good training for this so much longer separation. Mail rambles in here in any old order. I finally got the nearest to a Luxembourg Bible that I can. Imagine!

This civilized country has never had the Bible in its own language! I was given by the printers a child's Catholic school Bible—Bible stories used in the schools, since 98% are Roman Catholic. So I will add that to my collection. I take every possible opportunity to talk with boys the ages of my boys. How I miss them!

DECEMBER 4. Have been holding services and more services and visited different companies miles apart. My services were very well attended. Received more letters and packages. Made a great haul. We all tear into each other's packages and for a couple of weeks we are overstuffed, then come leaner days. Day in and day out I travel as though I had to set out to hold a service say in Keene, then one in Manchester, then one out at Chester, and then down in Nashua. I am a busy man.

DECEMBER 6. I am at a unit, and so many of the men are out that I'm holding service off to 8 a.m. This is the Feast of St. Nicholas. Last evening was the time that the children were supposed to put their shoes by the fireplace or behind the stove to receive presents that come to good children, or switches that come to bad ones. I guess all our units have taken up a collection of their candy and gum for nearby kids, or will do so at the time of our Christmas. This company has some musical instruments captured by others at Aachen. I can hear some men practicing on them now in another room. On the wall above me is a picture of a two year old girl whose daddy has never seen her. He wants a miniature fur jacket to send her and it took about eight of us to decide how tall his daughter may be. Folks back home just don't know how very far away we are, not only in miles, but in time.

DECEMBER 8. Three years ago today I stood on the sidewalk of Jacksonville, Florida and heard the President's war message to Congress! Today I came to my own camp from where I was last night. I held a Jewish service, the first since Normandy. It was an appropriate coincidence that it was the anniversary. Part of the service is the sipping of a little wine to remember the feasts at home. I've been

carrying some they bought months ago. They had a revenge on the Jew-persecuting Nazis by using a captured swastika-marked cup. I preached from Proverbs and gave them copies. In autographing them, one boy turned out to be a Catholic man who had driven some men. I autographed his copy as having been used by a Roman Catholic at a Jewish service conducted by a Protestant. We read in unison from them.

DECEMBER 10. The labors of the day are ended. I have held four services and been perhaps eighty miles. Driving was difficult today with rain, fog and freezing ice, but we got around. The men, in most places, all in fact, except the long, long time overseas group, eagerly welcome the chaplain's coming. After my last service seven men got together and we had a discussion of profanity. Saw a long convoy of men moving up to the front. They looked pretty sober. How my heart aches for them.

DECEMBER 12. I am a happy man tonight because I have letters from Dana, Stewart and from Ellen. Also a nice unused French Christmas card from Ellen, which she sent me to use here. An officer who missed supper has just come in and we are digging into packages for a snack. I ate one meal today by the rainy roadside, then a good supper, but am managing to down some canned chicken and toll house cookies that have come to us for Christmas. Tonight I gave a talk on Belgium and Luxembourg to our officers. The general idea was to help them have some idea of where they live and work. I have some knack at acquiring such knowledge, I guess.

DECEMBER 18. I am, as is so often the case, with a unit. Sort of roughing it for a few days. I am supposed to be a prince's guest, hunting in a couple of days, but may not be able to keep the date. This unit is very busy. I share much with them which makes us very close. There's just one spot I want to see, but this letter will be more fortunate than I who write it.

Headquarters 1128th Engineer C Gp.,
A.P.O. 230 c/o Postmaster, New York
12 January 1945

My dear Mrs. Kimball:

All officers and men of this organization wish me to extend to you their deepest sympathy in your bereavement. Both as our spiritual advisor and our personal friend, your husband, Chaplain Clyde E. Kimball, 0415638, was a comrade of many months and a friend of high regard whose loss we feel deeply.

While realizing how futile my words must be to you at this time, I do wish you to know certain facts of your husband's service with us which I am sure his strict modesty would have prevented him from telling. And particularly I wanted this information to reach his sons, of whom he often spoke to me while I compared like memories of experiences with my own son.

The mission of this organization often placed small detachments of soldiers on isolated, difficult, sometimes dangerous duties. It was your husband's invariable rule to reach these men frequently, carrying them small but very important little personal comforts as well as his message. This he did repeatedly without regard to the hardships and frequent dangers he incurred in so doing. Many soldiers of this organization whose very names will probably never be known to you or your sons thus cherish and respect their own memories of your husband.

During a recent engagement with the enemy, your husband was at the command post of the unit most heavily engaged, a post he had voluntarily selected for himself, when reports were received of an outpost position having wounded men unable to reach medical care. Immediately your husband set out with an officer of the company to rescue the wounded and evacuate them to a safe place. It was in performance of this courageous, humanitarian act that Chaplain Kimball was fatally wounded. Staff Sergeant McLenegan, who witnessed the wounding of your husband,

immediately led a second rescue party who succeeded in evacuating Chaplain Kimball to the aid station from which he was rushed to the hospital.

I am officially advised that your husband was awarded the decoration of the Purple Heart Medal for wounds received in action, resulting in his death on 19 December 1944.

Due to the existing Military situation I regret that I am unable to tell you the exact location of your husband's grave at the present time. He was interred in an American Military Cemetery near Fosses, Belgium, and his funeral services were conducted by a Protestant Chaplain.

In addition to all his military duties, your husband yet found time and energy to devote to the comfort of liberated communities. His cherished collection of old Bibles, from foreign countries will seem more important to you, I'm sure, when you know it was mainly composed of gifts from grateful beneficiaries of his kindness. In this connection I hope to send you, at a later date, the original letters received from children of two war-torn Belgian villages for whom he arranged a St. Nicholas party on December 6th.

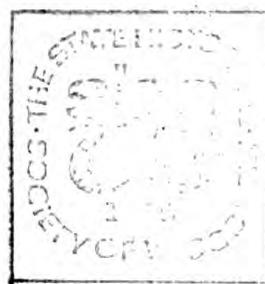
Sincerely,

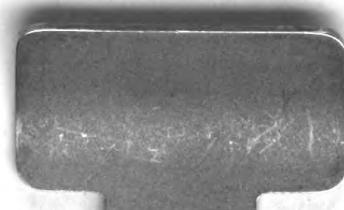
George C. Reinhardt, Col.

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